

RADIO Television MIRROR

Two Magazines in One

September

In color:
BIG TOP

Dial Dave Garroway

Pepper Young's Family

Road of Life • Big Sister

The Burns & Allen Story
By JACK BENNY



GEORGE BURNS

GRACIE ALLEN

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29¢

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For really cleansing teeth and mouth, the answer is **IPANA!**



For a breath that's Sparkling fresh!...The answer is **IPANA!**



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This Is My Last Resort!

EVERY YEAR I WRECK MY BUDGET TO GET A VACATION AT A PLACE LIKE THIS! BUT THE MEN LOOK PAST ME NO MATTER WHERE I GO!

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COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH. AND THE COLGATE WAY OF BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!

READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice, ammoniated or not, offers such conclusive proof!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

COLGATE'S FIXED UP MY VACATION SO NOW I'M SOLD ON THIS LOCATION!

Use Colgate Dental Cream

- ✓ To Clean Your Breath
- ✓ While You Clean Your Teeth—
- ✓ And Help Stop Tooth Decay!

***YOU SHOULD KNOW!** While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

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Doris McFerran, *Editor*; Jack Zazorin, *Art Director*; Matt Basile, *Art Editor*; Marie Haller, *Assistant Editor*; Frances Kish, *Television Assistant*; Dorothy Brand, *Editorial Assistant*; Esther Foley, *Home Service Director*; Helen Cambria Bolstad, *Chicago Editor*; Lyle Rooks, *Hollywood Editor*; Frances Morrin, *Hollywood Assistant Editor*; Hymie Fink, *Staff Photographer*; Betty Jo Rice, *Assistant Photographer*

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Member of The TRUE STORY Women's Group



*Make it
a
good one!*

IF YOU ARE FOND of someone who is fond of you—keep it that way! Don't let halitosis (unpleasant breath) take the bloom off that kiss . . . or turn ardor into indifference.

Unfortunately, you can offend this way without realizing it. That's the insidious thing about halitosis. But why risk offending when Listerine Antiseptic is such a simple, delightful and *extra-careful* precaution against off-color breath?

Long-lasting Effect

Listerine Antiseptic is the *extra-careful* precaution against halitosis because it sweetens

and freshens the breath . . . *not for seconds or minutes . . . but for hours, usually.*

So, when you want to be at your best, don't trust makeshifts. Trust Listerine Antiseptic. Use it every night and morning . . . and between times before every date for that lasting protection.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

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all day



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Gayla
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SET CURLS EASIER

HOLD HAIR-DOS BETTER



for NEW hair-do glamour
wear the NEW, modern

Permanized
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Gayla
HAIR NETS



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Ed Hotchner discusses everyday legal problems with Terry and Stan Burton (standing).

Know your legal rights

By TERRY BURTON

• If you have a legal problem, do you know what to do about it? Or if you have suffered loss, damage or hurt, do you know how to determine whether it's wise to take your troubles to the law—or wiser just to forget about it?

Well, chances are that you don't know what to do. That's the reason I invited Mr. Ed Hotchner, well known lawyer and writer, to visit the Burtons as this month's Family Counselor, and give us some expert legal advice.

Mr. Hotchner told us of a number of legal situations in which the average homemaker might find herself involved. For instance, if a woman is riding on a department store escalator that stops suddenly, causing her to fall down and break an ankle, she has a legitimate cause of action.

The reason for this is that the store has been negligent in running its escalator.

Or a woman might injure herself by tripping over a very small step at the door of a store—a step that because of its size is not easily seen. If that step is not clearly marked to differentiate it from the sidewalk, for example, then the store is responsible. On the other hand Mr. Hotchner told us if the woman trips going up a flight of stairs which are in perfectly good condition and have no obstacles, then the store is not held liable. It is entirely the fault of the (Continued on page 13)

Wednesday is Family Counselor Day on the Second Mrs. Burton heard M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, CBS. Sponsored by General Foods.

RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR **F**OR BETTER LIVING

CHEERS for the World's most Popular Girdle!



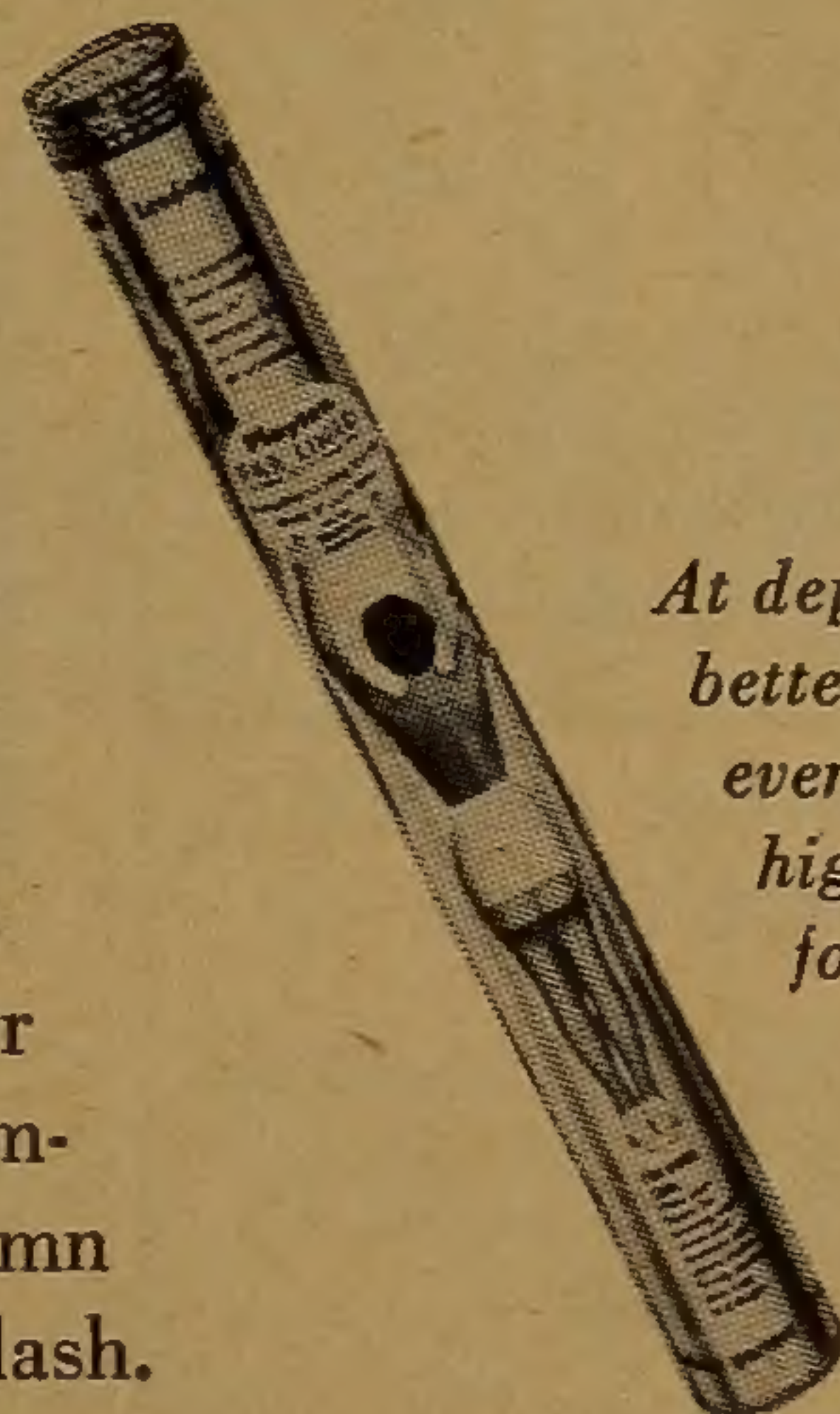
For Fall Fashions and Back-to-Campus!

NEW Playtex FAB-LINED Girdle

FABRIC NEXT TO YOUR SKIN

It's the first new kind of girdle in 11 years
 —the girdle praised by top fashion designers, the girdle that's caressed millions of women to new slimness in new comfort! Just see how the Playtex Fab-Lined Girdle gives *your* figure a slim new future for fall. With a cloud-soft fabric fused to the smooth latex sheath without a seam, stitch or bone, it's invisible under clothes, allows complete freedom of action for your active autumn life. And it washes in seconds, dries in a flash.

At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere. Prices slightly higher in Canada and foreign countries.



The 3 most popular girdles in the world

PLAYTEX FAB-LINED GIRDLE. With fabric next to your skin, for cloud-soft comfort. In SLIM, golden tube . . . \$5.95 and \$6.95

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PLAYTEX LIVING® GIRDLE. With more figure control, greater freedom of action than girdles at three times the price. In SLIM, silvery tube . . . \$3.95 and \$4.95

Sizes: extra small, small, medium, large; extra large size, slightly higher.

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TV

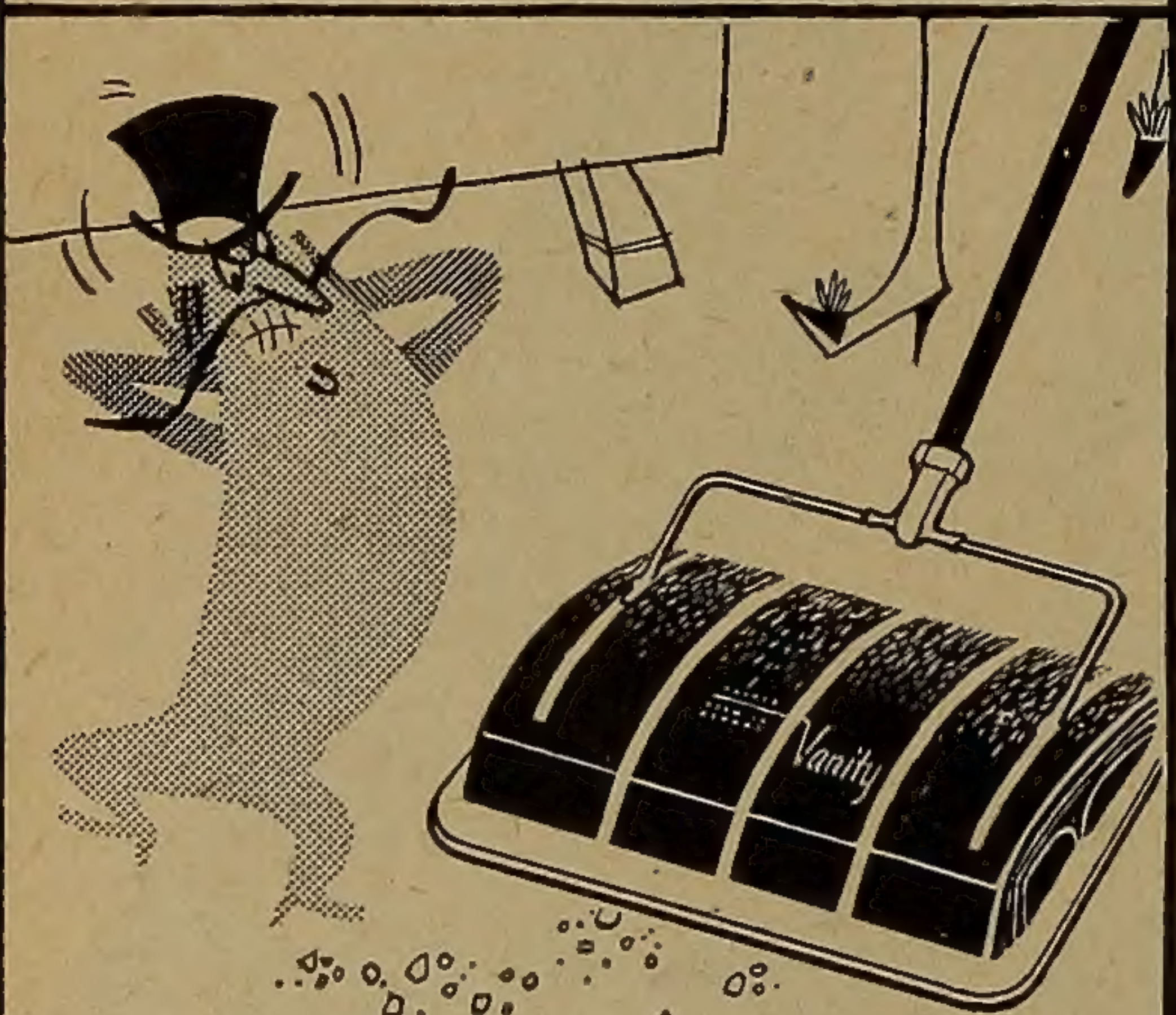
DAYTIME HIT! PLAYTEX presents ARLENE FRANCIS in "Fashion Magic," top entertainment. CBS-TV Nationwide Network. See local papers for time and channel.

R
M



BEWARE THE RUG-A-BOO!

HA! THE KIDS HAVE SPILLED CRACKER CRUMBS! I'LL GRIND 'EM INTO HER RUG BEFORE MOM VACUUMS!



FOILED AGAIN! HERE COMES HER BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER TO RESCUE HER RUG FROM THAT MESSY CRACKER DUST!



I DON'T NEED TO "BEAR DOWN" WITH A BISSELL®. THE "BISCO-MATIC"® BRUSH ACTION ADJUSTS ITSELF TO ANY RUG TEXTURE—GETS THE DIRT QUICK, EVEN WITH THE HANDLE HELD LOW!

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A little more in
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Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Bissell's full spring controlled brush.

Fall change-over



*This autumn, say these
three young Mutual misses, let
your hair down—but—keep it neat*



RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR

WELL, SEEMS it's time to start thinking about damp, gusty days and autumn hair-do's.

Long, loose hair is soon going to be in vogue again, and it is still the most feminine and becoming style of all. In fact, to Julie Bennett, Adrienne Bayan and Louise Snyder, three fetching misses we met at the Mutual studios the other day, it is a real necessity. These young actresses are all featured on radio and television and may be called upon at a moment's notice to play a certain role. This means a suitable attractive hair-do, which may have to be changed from full and glamorous, to high and chic, or smooth and prim. And don't have the mistaken idea that busy girls like this can always go running to a beauty salon. On the opposite page you can see their own Mutual beauty parlor in operation—combined with rehearsals for their Sunday shows.

Julie Bennett (A), who appears on The Adventures of Nick Carter, is fortunate enough to have long red hair that is naturally wavy. Her only complaint is that the wet fall weather makes it curl *too* much. But when this happens she brushes it under to give a page-boy effect and holds it with hidden bobby-pins and lacquer, or else gathers it back with a fine net.

Louise Snyder (B) has the opposite problem. Not enough wave! When we visited the Mutual lounge she was taking advantage of time between rehearsals of The Shadow to give herself a permanent to hold the curl in her hair when she wears it loose, and to make it easy to whisk into a pert up-sweep.

Says Louise: "Some permanents are a good bet for almost everyone. You know your own hair and how you may want to wear it. But you must plan carefully the most useful basic style for you and decide how tight a curl to have.

We asked Louise if she had any special home permanent hints. "Definitely," she said, "from long experience! Read the directions. Don't improvise as you go. The perm-ing is the result of a subtle chemical action and woe to the woman who interferes with it."

But you may discover some helpful tricks for yourself apart from the process, itself, as did Adrienne Bayan. Adrienne (C) is featured on True Detective Mysteries which is directed by her husband Murray Burnett, a gentleman who heartily dislikes artificial-looking coiffures. When Adrienne takes a permanent she trims her hair about an inch and a half. This takes off the tighter end curls which usually fluff up and out, and leaves the bigger base waves. But Adrienne does add this word of warning. "Before you run for the scissors and start hacking, make sure you cut just above a wave ridge so that the curls taper off in a curve and not a sharp hook."

And remember—that boyish, outdoor look may go fine with a pair of dungarees, but in your new autumn black you want to look like the charming woman you are.

FOR BETTER LIVING

"I was shipwrecked 5 times in one day!"

says EVELYN KEYES, co-starring with Jeff Chandler in "SMUGGLER'S ISLAND" a U-I release, Color by Technicolor



"If sweeping floors is rough on your hands, imagine mine after retakes of this shipwreck scene for 'SMUGGLER'S ISLAND.' The heavy oars made my hands sting.



Learning the ropes on a sloop left my hands raw again ...



But between scenes, I used soothing Jergens Lotion ...



It kept my hands lovely for romantic closeups!"



Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS FILM TEST?

To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by upper layers of skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion. It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients that doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat the skin with oily film.



Prove it with this simple test described above ...

You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret.

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world

STILL 10c TO \$1.00 (PLUS TAX)

The old and the news



REPORTING an eclipse of the sun from the jungles of Brazil, giving listeners a tense description of the state-by-state returns during a hotly contested Presidential election, commentating with quiet dignity on the next selection of the NBC Symphony orchestra, bringing the theatre into your own living-rooms each weekday morning on his WNBT Footlights and Klieglights program and covering the news wherever and whenever it happens is the day-by-day job of Ben Grauer, one of the most popular and busy personalities in radio and television.

People in the broadcasting business have stopped wondering "how he does it." They just expect Ben to have an inexhaustible supply of energy and he has never given them any reason to believe otherwise. But, like any other active man, Ben has his hobbies to provide him with badly needed relaxation. He is an ardent book collector and lists archeology as his number two hobby, placing special emphasis on the culture of the ancient Maya. One need only step across the threshold of Grauer's bachelor apartment in mid-town Manhattan to see samples of his collections.

His walls are lined with well-filled book cases and shadow boxes holding some pieces of Mayan handiwork. In fact, his library became so space consuming that he had to talk the management of his hotel

into renting him an unused electric closet for additional storage room.

Browsing through the Grauer library, you will see rare first editions, books on games of all descriptions and a goodly number of foreign language volumes. Since he makes his livelihood through the use of words, the study of word derivations is Grauer's pet hobby. His most prized edition is one of the twelve existing copies of the first dictionary printed in the Western Hemisphere, *Molina's Diccionario*, published in Mexico in 1555. He also has a first edition of *Webster's Dictionary* bearing the publication date of 1828.

IN A slightly lighter vein, Grauer collects joke books and volumes on the origin of slang terms. His oldest book in this line is the first dictionary of slang ever printed in the English language titled *New Dictionary of the Canting Crew*, published in London in 1695. He proudly displays a third edition of Joe Miller's joke book, which is considered a collector's item.

Although his interest in book collecting and word origins dates back as far as his school days, Grauer first discovered the fascination of archeology as a direct result of his NBC work. He was sent to Mexico on an assignment in 1940 and he has been south of the border six or eight times since then for both business and pleasure.

During these trips he developed a great curiosity about the culture of the Maya and Olmec tribes. He has participated in two exploratory expeditions to Mexico and Panama as guest of Dr. Mathew Stirling of the Smithsonian Institute. The Mexican expedition made an important contribution to archeology by finding the largest sculptured stone head as yet unearthed. Grauer takes great pains to explain that he had nothing to do with this discovery—"It was wonderful of Dr. Stirling to allow me to come along."

When asked if book collecting had ever produced an unusual anecdote, Ben thought a bit and then smilingly came up with this one. In 1946 he was appearing as co-emcee on an NBC-BBC program titled *Atlantic Spotlight*, in which Leslie Mitchell interviewed personalities in London and then switched to Grauer conducting interviews in New York. While visiting London a few months after the series was concluded, Ben was hunting through the book shops at Charing Cross Road and his voice was recognized no less than three times in an hour by various shopkeepers as "that American chap who chats with Mitchell on the wireless each week." In his sixteen years in radio, Ben has never once been recognized by his public in America. Now what is that old story about a prophet being without honor in his own land?

Should you remarry against your child's wishes?



Nora Drake is featured in *This Is Nora Drake*, on M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, CBS. Sponsored by the Toni Company.

Here are the names of those who wrote the best letters of advice to Nora Drake in June's daytime radio drama problem.

IN JUNE RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR reader-listeners were told Nora Drake's story, and asked if it is wise for a parent to remarry against a teen-age daughter's wishes. The editors of RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR have chosen the best letters and checks have been sent to the following:

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS to Mrs. E. B. Covill, Fairhaven, Massachusetts, for the following letter:

There should never be any hesitation to remarry against your child's wishes, if all other factors are favorable for remarriage.

Grace's objections naturally stem from a selfish fear of the loss of her father's love, a fact wielded by her mother, a jealous ex-wife, as an evil tool. To counteract this, it is necessary to prepare the child in an assuring manner that she will not lose any parental love, but regain the home life lost to her by divorce.

Dr. Sargent's courtship of Nora should include courting his daughter to the idea that his remarriage will bring happiness to them.

FIVE DOLLARS each for the five next-best letters in answer to the problem has been sent to:

Mrs. Daniel Constant
El Paso, Texas

Mrs. Ivern Boyette
Springhill, La.

Mrs. Nona Barbaric
Shinnston, W. Va.

Mrs. Hazel Heald
Somerville, Mass.

Mrs. Maria Rembert
Chicago, Ill.



You, too, could be more charming, attractive, popular

Know This Secret of Summer Charm:

- Odo-Ro-No is the only deodorant guaranteed to stop perspiration and odor for 24 hours or double your money back.*
- No other deodorant is so harmless to fabrics.
- No other deodorant is safer for skin.



*Double your money back if you aren't satisfied that new Odo-Ro-No is the best deodorant you've ever used. Just return unused portion to Northam Warren, New York.

New
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CREAM or SPRAY

GUARANTEED Full 24 Hour Protection

SEND FOR.



*7 Secrets of
Popularity*

written under the direction of
Laraine Day

Get this wonderful book now — prepared for you under the direction of lovely Laraine Day, star of screen, radio, and TV. Regular \$1.00 edition, it's yours for only 15¢ (to cover postage and handling)... see the coupon. It gives dozens of valuable tips that will help fill up your date book, make you happier, more popular—all in one book for the first time! Clip the coupon now!

Find Tips Like These
In This Amazing Book:

12 questions to ask yourself
about your charm

How to be your real self

How to talk to a date

Some tricks for forgetting
self-consciousness



NORTHAM WARREN, Box No. 1500, Dept. C-1
Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

I enclose 15¢ in coin (to cover postage and handling) and the word "Odo-Ro-No" from the cardboard container of an Odo-Ro-No Spray or Cream package, for which send me the new book—"7 Secrets of Popularity."
(Offer good while supply lasts)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

THE LABOR DAY WEEKEND

ranks with other holidays as a great toll-taker by way of automobile accidents. Sure, you want to have a good time—but stop and think: can't you have it right at home, save your driving for some other weekend when traffic isn't so heavy? But if you must drive, take care, won't you? Remember, when you're driving you have two people to think for—yourself and the other fellow!



Art
Linkletter's

Nonsense and some-sense

GOOD OLD DAYS NOTE

A statute on the law books of Kentucky, plainly designed to protect the weaker sex, plainly states that, and I quote, no female shall appear in a bathing suit within this state unless she be escorted by at least two peace officers or unless she be armed with a club . . . Sorry I wasn't able to warn you girls—and guys—earlier in the swimming season, but the matter was just now brought to my attention!

READERS' OWN VERSE—

The Truth About Fathers
Any child who's often bad is
Bound to learn with satisfaction
That a disciplining dad is
9/10 threat and 1/10 action.

—Richard Wheeler



SEPTEMBER

This month hath, among its thirty days, some mighty pretty ones. Nice, lazy, not-too-hot days, when you quick crowd in a lot of picnics and some extra swimming and all the summer-fun things, because you realize that there aren't too many such days left this season. (To prove it, had you taken into consideration that, come September 1, there'll be only ninety-eight shopping days till Christmas?) Our wise and witty friend, *The Old Farmers' Almanac*, gives the lie to my statements about this month's lovely weather by stating baldly that, the first few days anyway, it'll be pouring rain. And it reminds us, along about mid-month, that the hurricane season will be upon us. Oh, well—you'd better pay attention to them and not to me. They've been in the weather-predicting business for quite a spell, doing a fine job of it, too. As for me, I'll have to admit I'm a weather prophet without honor even in the bosom of my family. Lois always asks me what I think the weather's going to do today and when I tell her solemnly that it's going to be fair all day she says, "Fine. I'll be sure to take my umbrella."

IT HAPPENED ON HOUSE PARTY—

Linkletter (to little girl): Do you come from a big family or a small family?

Little Girl: Small.

Linkletter: How many sisters or brothers have you?

Little Girl: None. That's fewer than not any!

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAID:

"Demonstrations of love are never altogether displeasing to women, and the most disdainful, in spite of all their coyness, reserve a little complaisance in their hearts for their admirers."



READERS' OWN VERSE—

Pause That Doesn't Refresh

Man waits on trains;
 He waits on busses;
 He waits in dusty
 Terminuses.
 He waits to view
 Great works of art;
 He waits on games
 And shows to start.
 He waits on plumbers
 (Waits and curses!)
 Waits on dentists,
 Bell-hops, nurses;
 He waits to eat;
 For clerks to clerk;
 He waits on coffee
 Pots to perk.
 He waits while bosses'
 Axes fall;
 He waits on woman
 Most of all.

—Ray Romine

In case you care

Labor Day first celebrated—first Monday in September—sixty-nine years ago this month . . . On September 7, 1533, Queen Elizabeth was born . . . September 13th marks Springfield, Minnesota's, annual Sauerkraut Day . . . The 25th is the 438th anniversary of Balboa's first sight of the Pacific Ocean . . . in 1776, on the 22nd, Nathan Hale—did you know he was only twenty-one-years-old?—was hanged as a spy . . . The 14th is the 137th birthday of the Star Spangled Banner.

IT HAPPENED ON HOUSE PARTY—

Linkletter (to young farm boy):
 If you were going to milk a cow,
 which side would you take?
Farm Boy: The outside!

Art Linkletter emcees House Party, Monday through Friday at 3:30 P.M. EDT, Columbia Broadcasting System; sponsored by Pillsbury Mills. Life With Linkletter is seen Friday at 7:30 P.M. EDT over the American Broadcasting System's Television Network; sponsored by Green Giant.



FUN AND GAMES—

Here's a strictly-for-fun game with which to test your memory for names, or to use as the basis of a party game. Now certainly the names of presidents of the United States are among the most familiar to everyone. But do you know the middle name of, say Herbert Hoover? Or that Calvin Coolidge's first name wasn't Calvin? Here are names of past presidents—can you supply the full name indicated here only by the initial? (1) Warren G_____ Harding (2) J_____ Calvin Coolidge (3) Herbert C_____ Hoover (4) S_____ Grover Cleveland (5) Ulysses S_____ Grant (6) William H_____ Harrison (7) T_____ Woodrow Wilson (8) John Q_____ Adams (9) James K_____ Polk (10) Rutherford B_____ Hayes. And now here are the answers.

Answers to Fun and Games: (1) (9) Knox (10) Birchard. Henry (7) Thomas (8) Quincy (4) Stephen (5) Simpson (6) Gamaliel (2) John (3) Clark

Of course you've heard—

"Monday's child is fair of face, Tuesday's child is full of grace" and so on. Kids recited it in my day, still do, probably have since some old-time wit first thought of it. But did you know that there's a days-of-the-week verse about, of all things, manicuring? Don't think you need to take it seriously enough to let it be your irrevocable rule in such matters, but anyway, here it is: Cut your nails on Monday, cut them for wealth; Cut them on Tuesday, cut them for health; Cut them on Wednesday, cut them for news; Cut them on Thursday, a new pair of shoes; Cut them on Friday, cut them for sorrow; Cut them on Saturday, see sweetheart tomorrow. Cut them on Sunday, cut them for evil—

The whole of the week you'll be ruled by the devil!



Culinary cut-ups

Tiny Ruffner is one man who really puts his heart into his work. At right, a congratulatory kiss to a WIP contestant.

Below: The Kitchen Kapers version of a dignified interview, conducted by Johnny Wilcox, left, and co-emcee Mac McGuire.



TAKE THREE HUNDRED and fifty happy housewives, add a couple of sparkling emcees, flavor with a perfect foil of an announcer, garnish with a clever quiz, and what have you got? Philadelphia's original fun-drenched housewife food quiz jamboree, Kitchen Kapers.

Leading the parade are co-emcees, Tiny Ruffner and Mac McGuire. Six-foot seven-inch Tiny still gets congratulations and remembrances from Kitchen Kaper contestants for his many years on radio's famous coast-to-coast Show Boat hour. Tiny does a great deal of radio and TV work in New York, and commutes each week to the Quaker City for his "Kitchen" stints.

Co-emcee Mac McGuire who also tops six feet by four inches, is by all standards Philadelphia's leading radio personality. He does the fabulously successful and highest rated morning show in Philadelphia, WIP's Start the Day Right, at 7:00. On top of this, he also master-minds the Matinee McGuire sessions heard daily from 3:00 to 4:30 P.M. In addition, he owns his own record company; leads, directs and sings with his own five-piece unit, the Harmony Rangers; makes dozens of personal appearances in and around Philadelphia; and as if this were not enough, he does six half-hour coast-to-coast programs on the Mutual Network.

But, as the old saying goes, "When you want a job done right, give it to a busy man!" Never was the saying more true, for Kitchen Kapers is riding the Philly airlines high, wide, and extremely successfully.

Whoever selected the announcer for the show did so out of sheer, unadulterated inspiration. He is five-foot five-inch Johnny Wilcox, a lad of many talents, himself. Johnny came to the Quaker City back in 1948, a native of Minnesota. With a long and distinguished Western career before the mike, Johnny immediately ingratiated himself into the hearts of all in WIP-land. His sense of humor, his excellent voice, his fine sense of delivery and timing, plus his size all combine to make him a perfect foil for the gigantic Ruffner-McGuire twosome.

On each show, housewives vie for varied prizes, including Lewyt Vacuum Cleaners and vacation trips to Mexico; for in addition to everything else that keeps the pot stirring, Kitchen Kapers boasts some of the finest contests and awards of any similar program. Completely sold out most of the time, Kitchen Kapers rides along, first in the hearts of housewives within a seventy-five mile radius of the Liberty Bell.

(Continued from page 4) woman. The way Mr. Hotchner explained it to us is if any injury that happens to a person is caused by someone else's negligence—lack of repair—obstacles in the way—then the person has every right to sue.

A couple of other specific examples which Mr. Hotchner mentioned were these: "If, while a woman is having a permanent wave at her beauty parlor, the machine burns her scalp, then the owner of the shop is liable for her injury. Or if a woman buys a pressure cooker which, when she operates it, *exactly according to direction*, explodes and burns her, then she can file suit against the manufacturer."

I asked Mr. Hotchner, in considering whether or not a person should sue, shouldn't he or she take into account all the expenses involved for lawyer's fees and court fees.

"You have to take the case and weigh all the facts and finally determine whether or not a lawsuit will be worth your while," Mr. Hutchner said. "If you're not sure, a lawyer will be able to tell you. Most negligence suits are handled on what is called a 'contingent fee' basis. This simply means that the lawyer you consult charges you nothing at all for his services until the case is won and then he takes a percentage of whatever he recovers. If he fails to recover anything, then you owe him nothing."

Another question I asked Mr. Hotchner was what to do with a very small case which involves a twenty-dollar dress that has been ruined by a dry cleaner.

Mr. Hutchner said that in most cases the cleaner will settle out of court, but if he won't, the case can be taken to a Small Claims Court. Almost every state has Small Claims Courts now to which you may apply yourself, without a lawyer's aid. If the loss or damage involved is around \$300 or less, you can file suit with very low court costs. The two parties will plead their own cases.

Before Mr. Hotchner left he listed a few basic rules for all of us to keep in mind in legal matters so as to get full protection from the law.

1. Always get the names and addresses of all witnesses—people who have seen exactly what happened.
2. When you need a lawyer, consult him promptly.
3. Never try to handle a lawsuit by yourself—with the exception of a Small Claims Court case.
4. Never sign any paper (especially after an accident) until you consult an attorney.
5. Be careful what you say at the time of an accident to the defendant's attorney.
6. Take photographs as soon as you can. Frequently they are tremendously helpful in a lawsuit.
7. Remember, anything that helps retain facts as they were at the time of an accident or dispute will be of tremendous value six months later when the case might come up in court. So keep a record of details.
8. And last, and most important . . . a lawsuit should never be regarded as a quick way to make easy money. However, if you suspect that an injury you have received is the result of someone's negligence, you shouldn't hesitate to consult a lawyer.



Blemishes*. "I started using Noxzema for some annoying blemishes*," says Joan Murray of Rye, N. Y. "It helped my skin look so much smoother and softer, I've used it regularly, since! As a make-up base, Noxzema helps powder *stay on*."

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No need for a lot of elaborate preparations . . . no complicated rituals! With just *one* dainty, snow-white cream—*greaseless, medicated* Noxzema—you can help your problem skin look softer, smoother and lovelier!

The way to use it is as easy as washing your face. It's the Noxzema Home Facial, described at the right. Developed by a doctor, in clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women, with problem skin, to look lovelier!

See how it can help you!

With this doctor's Facial, you "creamwash" to glowing cleanliness—without any dry, drawn feeling afterwards. You give skin the all-day protection of a *greaseless* powder base . . . the all-night aid of a *medicated* cream that helps heal*, soften and smooth.

*externally-caused blemishes

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Morning—Apply Noxzema. With a damp cloth, "creamwash" as you would with soap and water. No dry, drawn feeling afterwards! Now, smooth on a light film of *greaseless* Noxzema for a protective powder base.



Evening—"Creamwash" again. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it feels! See how you've washed away make-up—without harsh rubbing! Now, lightly massage Noxzema into skin to help soften, smooth. Pat extra over blemishes* to help heal.

Money-Back Offer! If this Home Facial doesn't help skin look lovelier in 10 days, return your jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money back.

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// "Long-hair"

with a

crew cut

EVERY Sunday evening one of America's most famous "long-haired" musicians, the young concert pianist, Eugene List, can be heard presiding over one of New York's hottest record programs, devoted to the art of jazz piano. At 8:35 on WNEW, Eugene flips the platters, comments on outstanding jazz techniques and styles—telling why certain favorites "send" him—and in general, acts completely different from the popular conception of a highbrow pianist.

The blond-haired artist, who made his debut at ten with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, says this is one of the most pleasant jobs he's ever had. "It's something I've always wanted to do because jazz, in all its forms, has long been my pet hobby. I'm especially interested in the men and women who excel in it at the keyboard. It's also fun because I have a chance to dispel, at last, the odd idea that serious musicians and jazz don't mix, or if they do it's only with condescension on the 'long-hair's' part."

Actually Eugene says that countless professional concert artists share his enthusiasm for and believe in the importance of our American jazz. But like all personal tastes, their interest in jazz is not apparent in their professional lives; hence the popular myth that a classical musician is not equipped with the sensibilities to appreciate jazz.

Eugene himself does not play jazz—only an occasional popular number for his own amusement—as he prefers to listen to the people who really know how to play this music the way it should be done. "There's nothing worse, to my mind," he says, "than hearing a concert pianist coyly giving out with a boogie-woogie or swing number. That's one thing I don't intend to do. When I play some Gershwin or Rogers' favorite—behind closed doors—I always think how much better an artist like Art Tatum, Teddy Wilson, Mary Lou Williams or Count Basie could handle the number."

Eugene feels that these pianists and others like Erroll Garner, Joe Bushkin, the late Fats Waller, Jess Stacey and that master of the sophisticated style, Cy Walters, have created individual styles and techniques that establish them as first-rate artists among our American musicians.

These, he adds, are only a few of the notable contemporary jazz pianists, not to mention such past greats as Pine Top, Jelly Roll Morton and others who have played an important part in the history of jazz. Through his program, Eugene hopes to show how vital a force the jazz piano has been in the development of our popular music and how it has influenced modern serious music, such as the piano works of Stravinsky.

For his weekly Jazz with List show, Eugene commutes between New York and Dorset, Vermont, where he and his wife, the concert violinist, Carroll Glenn, have a summer home. Having spent the winter on a transcontinental concert tour, Eugene is spending as much of his time in Vermont as possible, to be close to his new little daughter, Allison.

This Gorgeous Book is Really . . .

HOLLYWOOD IN REVIEW



Elizabeth Taylor



Farley Granger

Here is the most colorful and glamorous movie book of the year. It is a treasure-mine of information about the stars . . . a real Who's Who in Hollywood. Here is just a brief description of this truly lovely book:

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IF POLIO
COMES...

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GET OVERTIRED

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RECOMMENDED BY THE NATIONAL
FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS

The above polio pointers are excellent reminders as to what precautions should be taken during summer months—the months when polio is most prevalent.

R
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In the ICE BOX by the
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**SAVES UP TO
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Beverages!**



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YOU SAVE money, time and work when you keep Kool-Aid in your ice box by the pitcher full. Simply dissolve a 5¢ package of Kool-Aid in 2 quarts water, sweeten to taste. Keep in space-saving ice box pitcher. Then it's always chilled, fully blended, ready for quick serving. Handy for your children. Six delicious flavors. Kool-Aid is a year 'round favorite.



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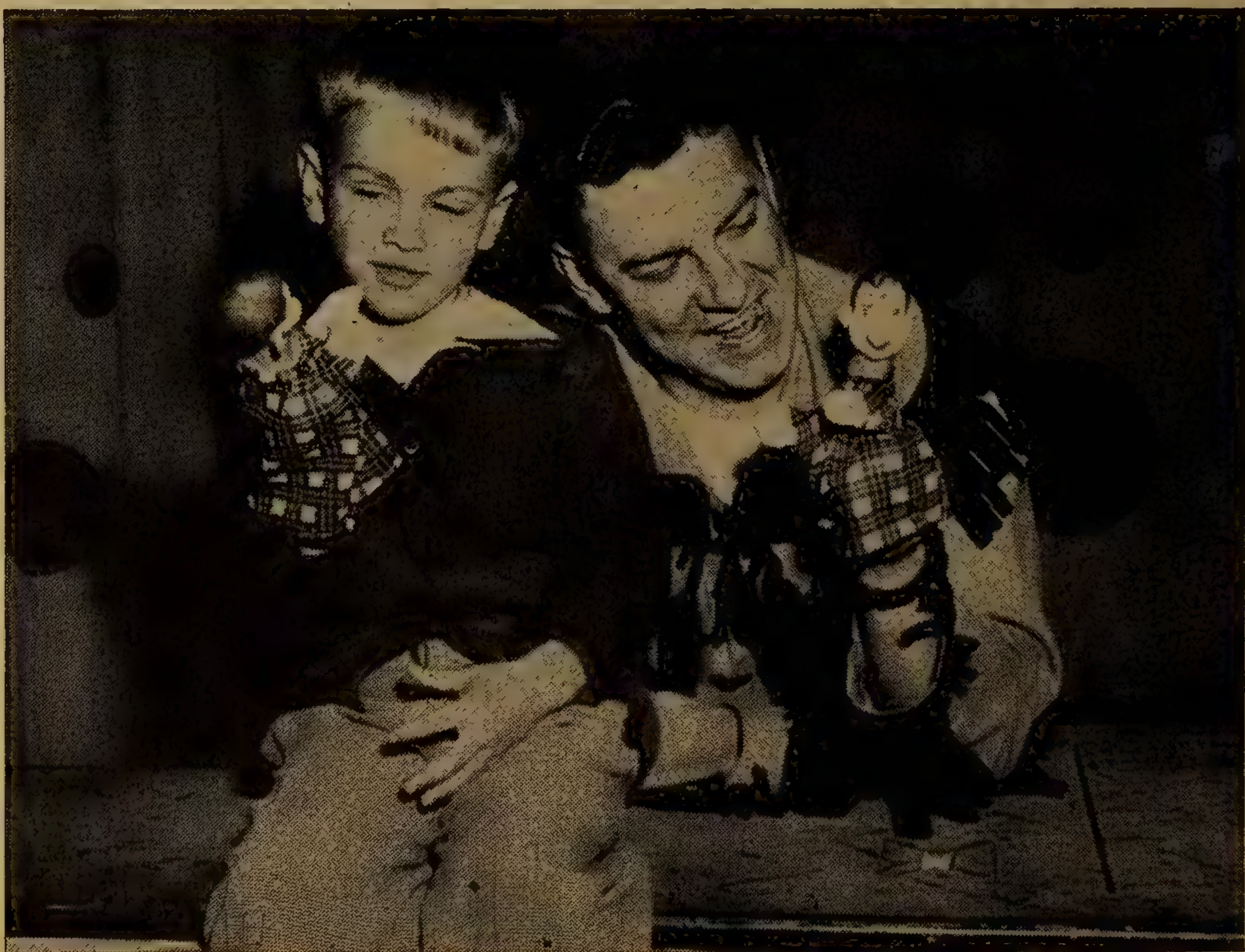
AT GROCERS

"KOOL-AID" IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF PERKINS PRODUCTS CO. ©1951 PERKINS PRODUCTS CO.

COAST-TO-COAST



Otto Preminger (left) producer-director of the suspense film, "The 13th Letter," tells John Shuttleworth (Dick Keith) of True Detective Mysteries all about the film—except—"who dunit."



Little Wayne Van Nostrand, a "peanut gallery" fan, is having a wonderful time working his new Howdy Doody hand puppet. Bob Smith, creator of the show, explains just how it should be done.

Robert Murphy

ABC's ROBERT "Ace" Murphy shrugged his shoulders, rubbed his eyes and commented: "For most people, if an alarm clock sounds off at 5:00 A.M., it must mean: 1. A special occasion (getting an early start for a trip, etc.) or 2. The alarm clock is busted. For me, 5:00 A.M., Monday through Friday, is rising time for work."

"Ace" gets up before daybreak to announce a network newscast for Alex Dreier at 6:45 A.M. At its conclusion, Bob dashes over to rehearsals for Don McNeill's Breakfast Club. After announcing the 8:45 to 9:00 A.M. portion of the show, Mr. Murphy, himself, eats breakfast.

At 11:00 A.M. Bob speaks the words which put WENR-TV on the air, and then continues for two hours as co-emcee, with Kay Westfall, of the Bob and Kay Show. Following this show on Wednesdays, Bob joins Don McNeill's TV Club, announcing and doing "bits" on the program. Rehearsals, actual showtime, and postshow conferences bring Bob's closing time to 11:00 P.M. This makes a grand total of seventeen hours since he dragged himself out of the sack.

"So what," you say, "he has the weekends." Bob's only reply: "What weekend?" For the past four years he has emceed WENR's Amateur Hour each Sunday afternoon.

When Bob is home he spends his time with his family—wife, Louise, and six children, ranging in age from ten months to nine and a half years.

Peace and quiet? Bob claims the only place he can find the words is in the dictionary.



Only one soap
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Exciting Bouquet

And Cashmere Bouquet is proved extra mild... leaves your skin softer, fresher, younger looking!

Now Cashmere Bouquet Soap—with the lingering, irresistible "fragrance men love"—is proved by test to be extra mild too! Yes, so amazingly mild that its gentle lather is ideal for *all types* of skin—dry, oily, or normal! And daily cleansing with Cashmere Bouquet helps bring out the flower-fresh softness, the delicate smoothness, the exciting loveliness you long for! Use Cashmere Bouquet Soap regularly... for the finest complexion care... for a fragrant invitation to romance!

Complexion and
big Bath Sizes

Cashmere
Bouquet
Soap

—Adorns your skin with the
fragrance men love!





The "tissue test" proved to Alexis...



that Woodbury floats out hidden dirt!

The "Tissue Test" convinced Alexis Smith that *there really is a difference in cleansing creams*. Alexis is co-starring in the Paramount production, "Here Comes the Groom."

We asked her to cleanse her face with her regular cleansing cream. Then to try Woodbury Cold Cream on her "immaculately clean" face and handed her a tissue.

The tissue told a startling story! Woodbury Cold Cream floated out hidden dirt!

Why is Woodbury so different? Because it has Penaten, a new miracle ingredient that actually penetrates deeper into your pore openings... lets Woodbury's wonderful cleansing oils loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

It's wonder-working Penaten, too, that helps Woodbury to smooth your skin more effectively. Tiny dry-skin lines, little rough flakes just melt away.

Buy a jar today—25¢ to 97¢, plus tax.



**Woodbury
Cold Cream**

floats out hidden dirt...

penetrates deeper because it contains Penaten



**Madaline
Belgard**

SHE IS A TV veteran at the ripe young age of eight! And she is the youngest long-term contractee on television. Her name is Madaline Belgard and she plays the role of Teddy Lawton in Carlton E. Morse's One Man's Family over NBC-TV.

Madaline started her career two years ago as a model, working briefly and occasionally after school or on Saturday mornings. From modeling she went into small parts in movie shorts and on television commercials. She had small bits in two movies, "The Killer That Stalked New York" with Evelyn Keyes and "The Sleeping City" with Richard Conte.

One day, in the middle of a modeling assignment Madaline was whisked off to NBC's television studios by one of the models who had heard that they were looking for a tiny girl to play an important part in Martin Kane, Private Eye. Madaline got the part.

After that she appeared in some twenty other TV productions, among them "Mr. Barry's Etchings" for Kraft Theater; "Mr. Cobb's Daughter" for Pulitzer Prize Playhouse; the Beatrice Lillie show; the Kate Smith Show and others.

Each time Carlton E. Morse saw the child on television he made a mental note and when it came time to look for a "Teddy" he knew just where to find her.

The little TV star attends public school and is in the third grade. She loves dolls, has a large collection of them—some "to play with" and others "just to look at and admire" and she spends much of her spare time making new clothes for them. She also collects records, preferring albums of musical comedies. She is an avid reader and has begun a collection of children's classics.

Another favorite pastime for Madaline is fishing in Central Park's lake with her brother and favorite companion, David, ten. Madaline loves dogs and has a new puppy named, appropriately enough, "Teddy."

Poetry

LAZY DAZE

Filled a ship with wishes,
Set an elf to steer it,
Launched it in a frowny brook
With a wind to veer it.

Drew a picture in the sand,
Watched some ants parade,
Threw a pebble out to see
The ripples promenade.

Looked at busy dragon flies
Blue as elsewhere,
Listened to the bumble bees
Ambient as the air.

Brook had little pushy ways,
Ship received some knocks
Fretting at the willow boughs,
Chafing at the rocks.

Day began to fribble out,
Elf departed gnomeward,
Ship and cargo disappeared,
Ho,—hum,—homeward.

LINN

SUMMER CARNIVAL

There's a carnival of laughter in
your eyes
And gay, light music like a carousel
Pervades the air when I am walking
with

Your hand in mine. I'm lost be-
neath the spell

Of springtime magic, frothy as the
pink

Of cotton candy in a paper cone . . .
There's never time enough to stop
and think

That such as you could never be my
own.

For, like the carnival, you've come
. . . and gone . . .

Before I've had a chance to weary of
The sweet excitement . . . There's
not even time

To wonder if . . . perhaps . . . you
were my love!

BONNIE E. PARKER

IN SAECULA SAECULORUM

The caissons roll. Whole world seems black as night:
And yet eternal stars still shed their light.

Despite the gas and guns, massed bombs, fear, pain,
Proud sun will set in truth to rise again.

The constant moon her rigid circuit rides,
Immune to cataclysms ether hides.

In man's destruction man shall pay the score:

The Universe remains intact though jet planes roar.

MIRA CHAMBERLIN

RADIO TV MIRROR WILL PAY \$5.00 FOR DECEMBER POETRY

A maximum of ten original poems will be purchased. Limit your poems to sixteen lines. No poetry will be returned, nor will the editors enter into correspondence concerning it. Poetry for the December issue must be submitted between August 10 and September 10, 1951, and accompanied by this notice. If you have not been notified of purchase by October 10, you may feel free to submit it to other publications. Poetry for this issue should be addressed to: December Poetry, RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR, 205 E. 42 Street, N. Y. 17, N. Y.



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MUM
more effective longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW
INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS
AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

Never let your dream man down by risk-
ing underarm perspiration odor. Stay
nice to be near—guard the daintiness he
adores this new *finer* Mum way!

Better, longer protection. New Mum
with M-3 protects against bacteria that
cause underarm odor. What's more, it
keeps down *future* bacteria growth. You
actually *build up* protection with regular
exclusive use of new Mum.

Softer, creamier new Mum smooths on
easily, doesn't cake. Gentle—contains no
harsh ingredients. Will not rot or dis-
color finest fabrics.

Mum's delicate new fragrance was cre-
ated for Mum alone. And gentle new
Mum contains no water to dry out or
decrease its efficiency. No waste, no
shrinkage—a jar lasts and *lasts*! Get Mum!



New MUM cream deodorant
A Product of Bristol-Myers

*A young man's fancy
always turns to
one thing—baseball*

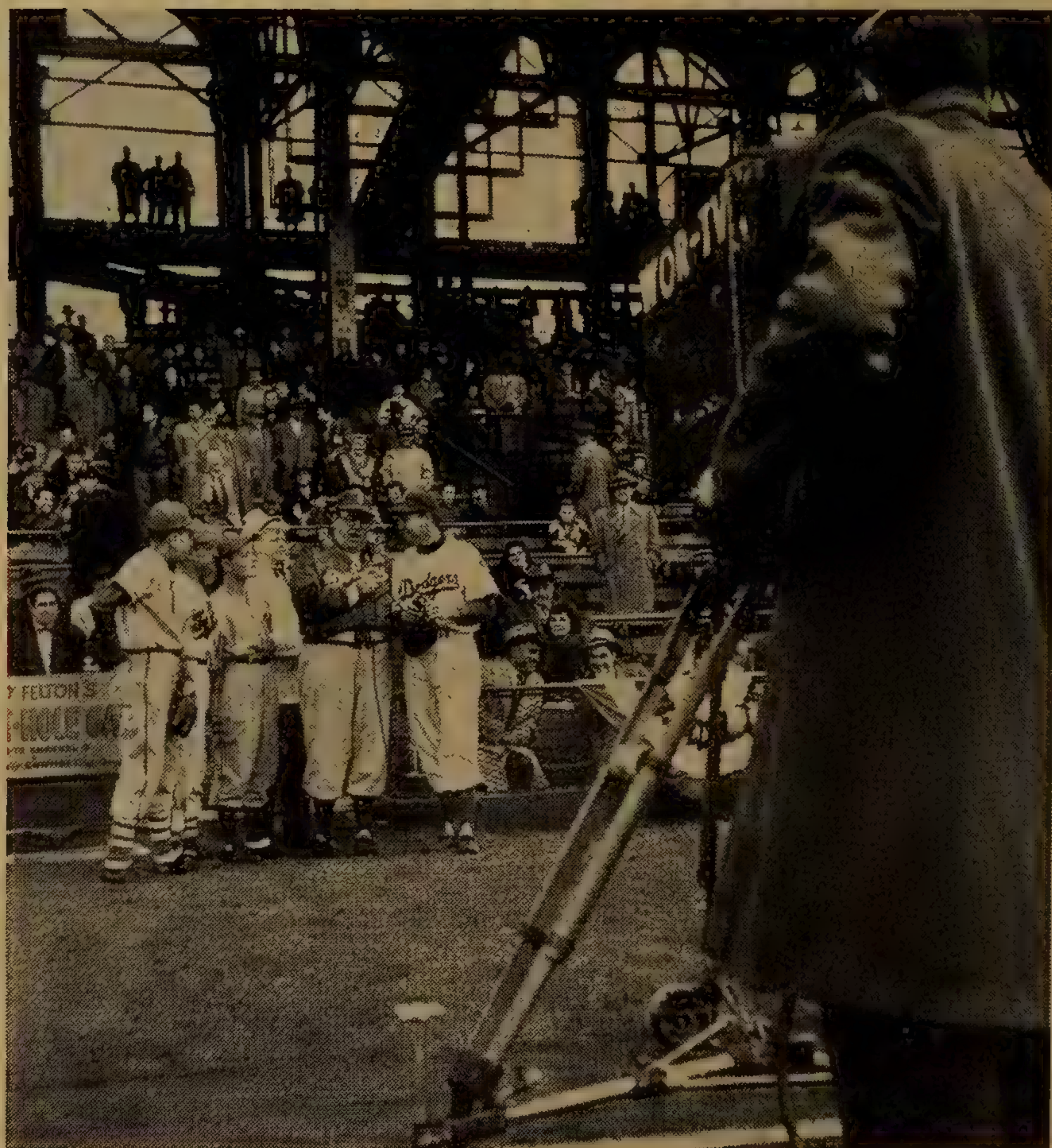
TWENTY-FIVE minutes before the first cry of "Play ball!" rings out over Ebbets Field, before the pop bottles start flying toward the umpire, Happy Felton and his Knot Hole Gang take over the WOR-TV scene. The youngsters, chosen from junior baseball leagues from Maine to Texas, chat with Dodger greats, get hints on batting and fielding, and even bat the ball around with the stars. The boys are judged for their baseball ability and Happy hands out major league equipment for prizes. But the best prize of all is the chance to meet with and talk to their baseball heroes.

Knot Hole Gang is on WOR-TV, before Dodger games. Sponsor: Curtis Candy.

Knot Hole Gang



"You've got to get a good grip on that bat and hang on to it if you want the ball to travel." Left, Cal Abrams gives sixteen-year-old Vincent Colosenio some professional tips as Duke Snider watches. Right, thirteen-year-old Joseph Vitole gets a few pitching hints from Don Newcombe.



As the WOR cameraman takes a long range shot, three young hopefuls, Joseph Vitole, Vincent Colosenio and Artie Welkner, have a chat with Duke Snider (far right). Happy Felton chooses the boys from sandlot leagues all over the country to meet and talk with their Dodger favorites.



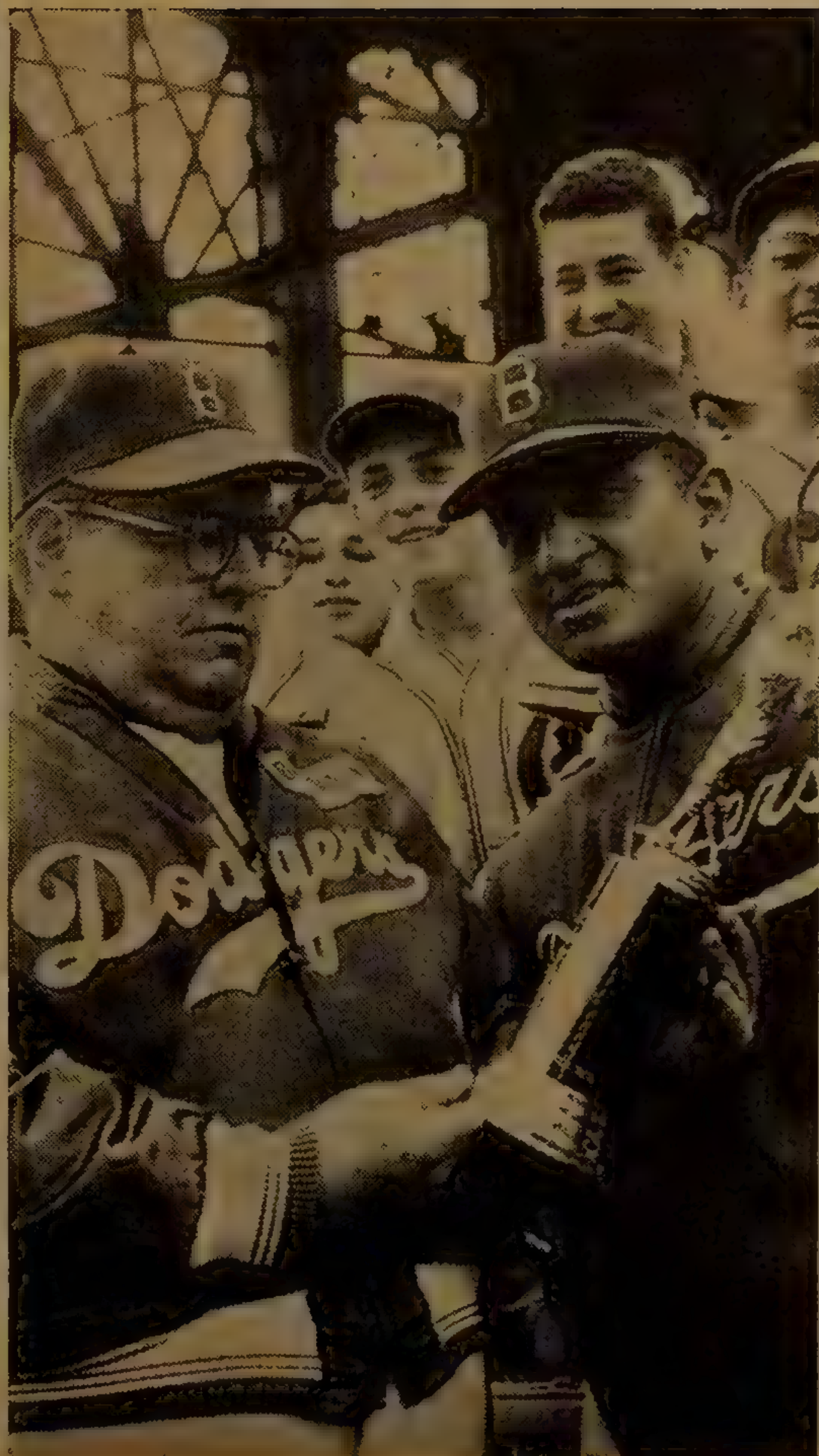
Joseph Vitole, representative of the Dohill Cubs, goes into action as ace Dodger pitcher, Don Newcombe, watches carefully so that he may be able to give constructive criticism.



The thrill that comes once in a young boy's life—Joseph Vitole, whose skill in baseball won him many Dodger friends, gets his chance to shake hands with batter, Duke Snider.



Just to prove the old arm's still in good condition, Happy Felton decides to get into the act, himself, and winds up for the pitch.



Above, in the Dodger dugout, Happy Felton and Dodger star, Jackie Robinson, talk things over with sandlot star, Artie Welkner. Left, Happy shows Don Newcombe the Kiwanis' trophy he received as a tribute to his contribution to the cause of sandlot baseball.

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5-day

**DEODORANT
PADS!**

Deodorant magic
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Dainty, moist pads
you just apply and
throw away!



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Nothing to smear on
fingers. No drizzle! No
clammy, sticky feeling!
Not a spray, cream or
liquid. No trickle down
your sides. Complete
penetration just where
you want it.

Throw it away

With it throw away hundreds of
thousands of odor-forming bacteria that
other types of deodorants leave under
your arms. It's sheer magic!

Better than Creams, Sprays, Liquids!

For stars of the screen, TV and radio,
dry, odorless underarms are a profes-
sional *must*. That's why so many of
these popular women welcome the
quicker, easier, cleaner 5-DAY PAD
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longer-lasting protection.

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Who's who

There's a quality of the young Amer-
ican wife in vivacious, auburn-haired
Barbara Joyce. She has been a wife
to Arthur Treacher in "Clutterbuck,"
the wife in the "Male Animal" and
now plays, among her many other TV

Barbara Joyce

roles, the typical
wife on the Twen-
ty Questions radio
and television com-
mercials. It was a
breath of fresh air
for her when she got a chance to play
the "other woman" in "No Time for
Comedy" with Helmut Dantine in
Washington.

Barbara who was born in Oakland,
California, wanted to be a doctor. It
was while studying pre-med at the
University of California that she
joined the Community Playhouse just
for fun. That move robbed the med-
ical profession of a very glamorous
member, for her work at the play-
house brought to the surface a hidden
talent. Barbara feels that television
should do more of the classics. She is
a believer in "true theatre" and wants
TV to bring it to the viewers. Some-
day she would like to have her own
repertory theatre in New York.

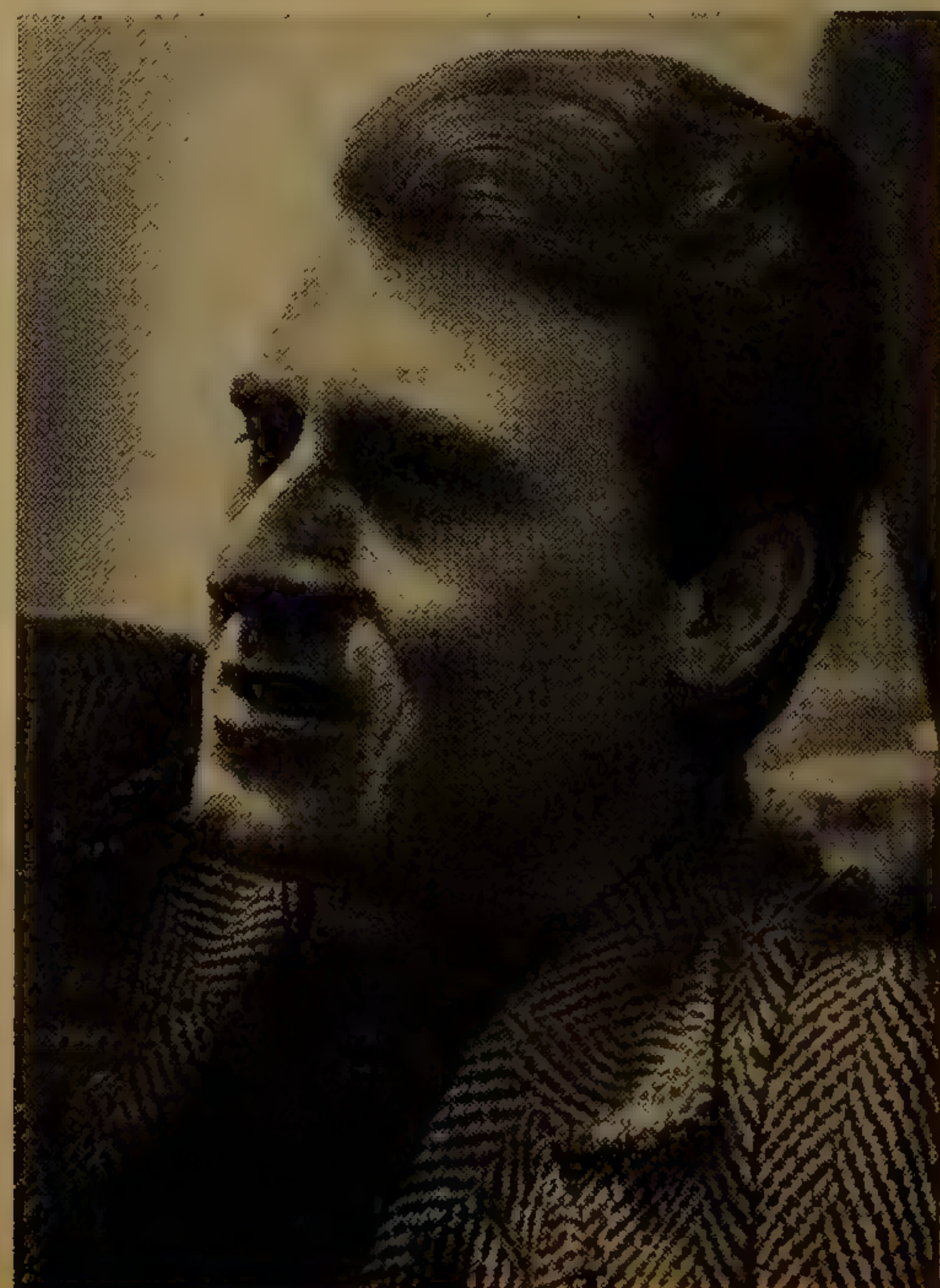


Earl Hammond, who is featured as
the young sergeant on Rocky King,
Detective, made what is probably one
of the most unusual entries into tele-
vision. At the last minute he was
called to audition for a TV show

Earl Hammond

which required di-
alects. He had no
time to prepare
any material so he
began reading a
newspaper and told
his auditioners just to call out when
they wanted a new dialect. Earl read
the paper through in twenty-one dif-
ferent dialects. Needless to say, he got
the role.

The draft called a temporary halt
to his career, but after being in the
front line infantry for a year, he
blushingly admits, he was put in
charge of a WAC recruiting program.
Earl, a handsome six footer, is a
bachelor but has definite ideas about
what his future wife should be like.
He is actively looking for an indepen-
dent-minded, willowy brunette who is
a cross between big-town sophistica-
tion and small-town sweetness, and
who can make real Southern fried
chicken.



in TV

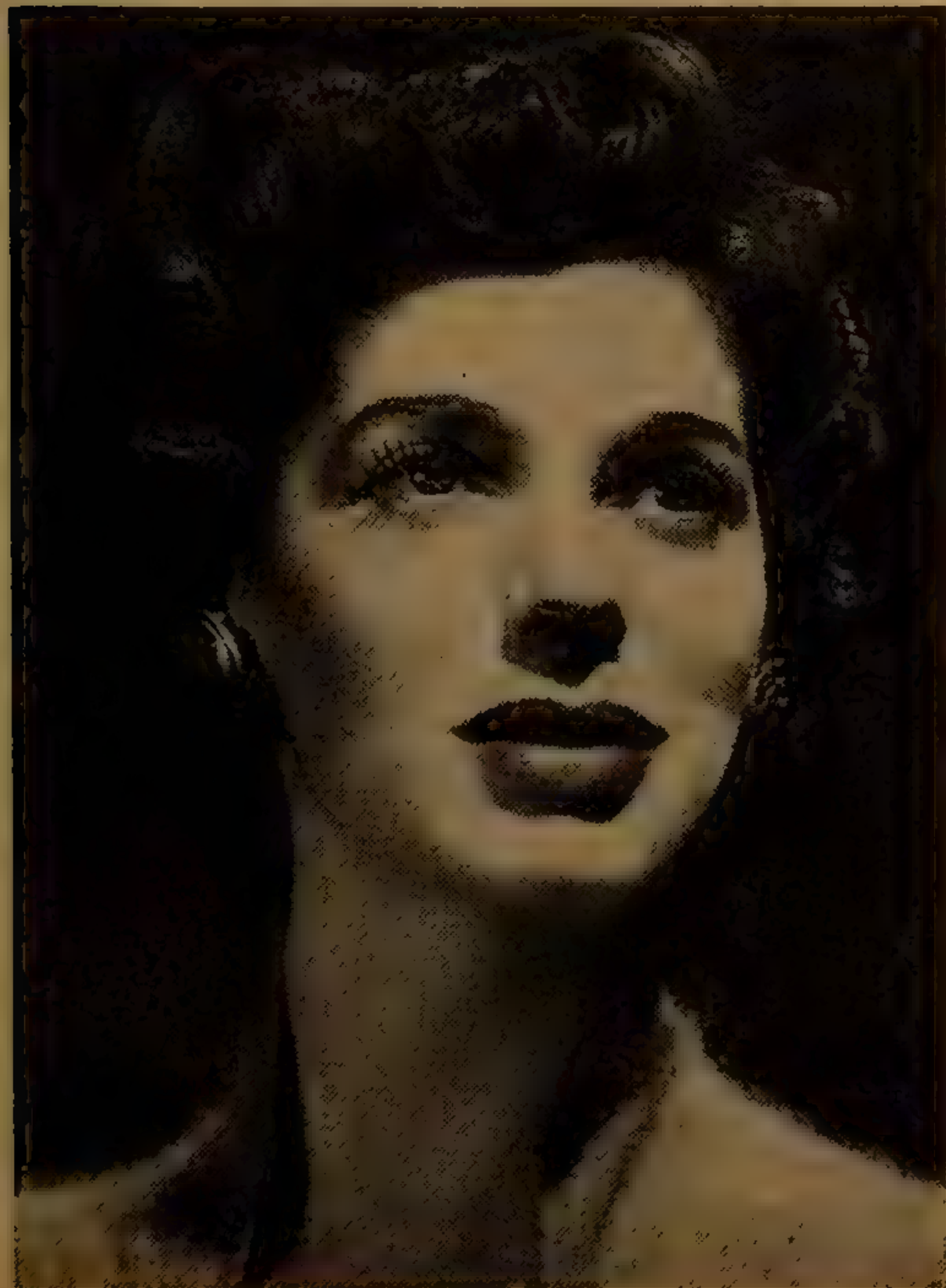
Vital and lovely Patricia Wheel has been featured on just about every major dramatic show on television. A native New Yorker, she got her start in show business while still at school. At the age of fourteen, she became a

Patricia Wheel

model, and the result was an offer for a stock company apprenticeship as an actress.

By fifteen, she had graduated from high school and went on the road with the first repertory company to entertain at Army bases. It was during this time that Pat was fired for the first and last time. She had joined a winter stock company managed by a man who didn't believe in paying his actors, or feeding them either. Her protests brought her dismissal—much to her relief. By the time Patricia was seventeen, she was very active in radio, but gave it up in 1944 to go out with the U.S.O.'s first legitimate show to the South Pacific.

Single and popular, Pat's preference for men falls into two categories—either comedians with a terrific sense of humor or else a guy who's tall, blond and blue-eyed.



When George "Gabby" Hayes, was a youngster, his father, an oil investor and hotel man, wanted the boy to join the family business. But even at an early age, Gabby was obsessed with the theatre. He had been appearing

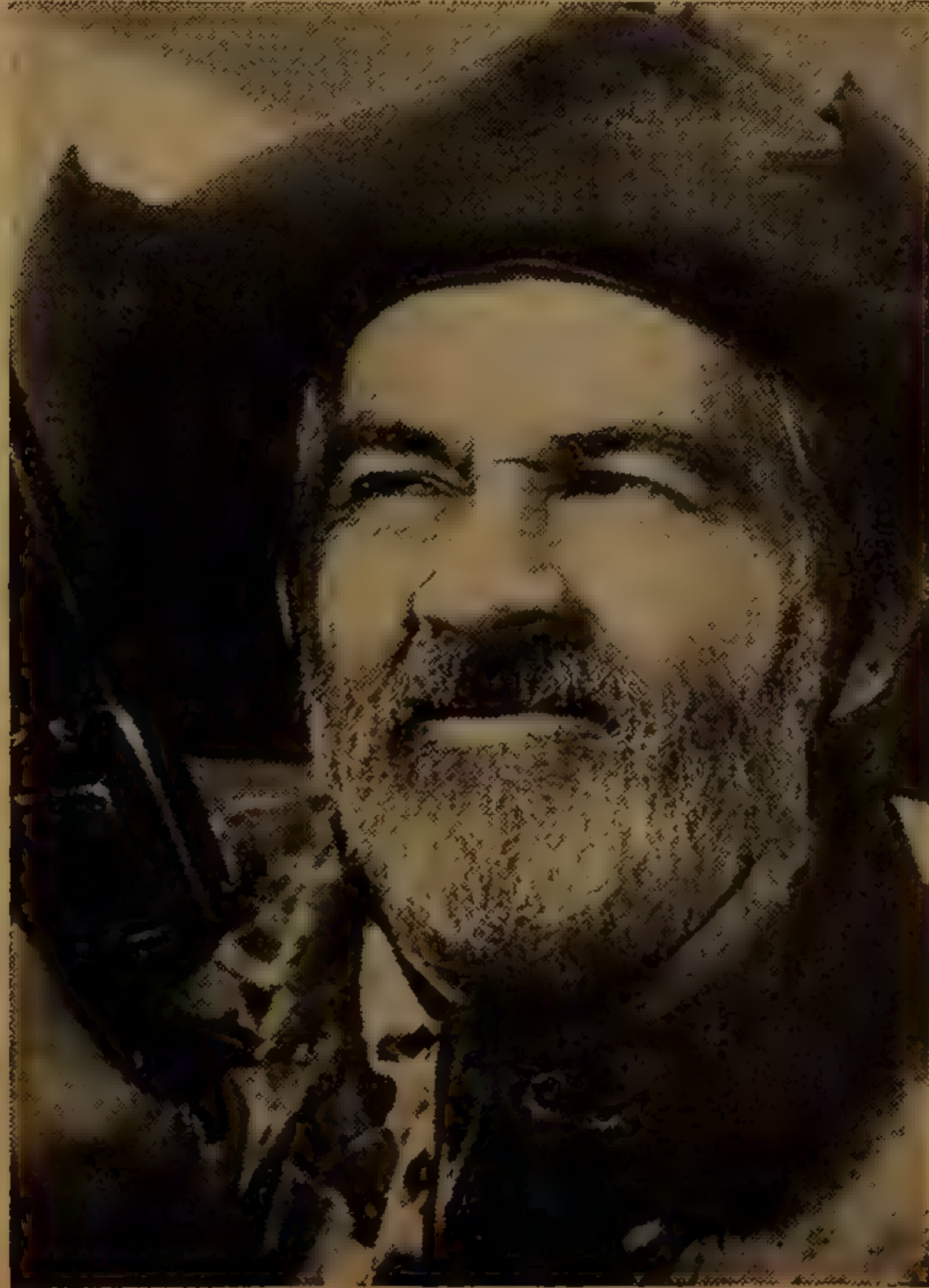
Gabby Hayes

in theatricals and later joined a stock company playing the "tank towns" doing everything; dancing, singing,

comedy and straight roles—and sometimes just gabbing away as emcee.

Gabby's beard—his trademark—has a story of its own behind it. Walking down a New York City street some years ago, on his way to the barber's, he encountered a producer who was casting a new show. Gabby had a ten-day growth of beard acquired on a fishing trip. "Just what I need," said the producer, and Gabby was signed to his first character role. From then on he was given so many bewhiskered roles that he grew his own to save wear and tear on his skin.

In real life, Gabby is literate, well-read and talks like the native of New York State he is. He is married to the former actress, Dorothy Earle.



New!
"tangerine kiss"

Irresistible

bright, sun-kissed red

For tantalizing new color...

for softer, smoother lips,

Irresistible's "Tangerine

Kiss". Creamier, non-

drying. Really stays on

longer... brighter!

Scented with ex-

otic Irresistible

Perfume.

only
29¢

Irresistible

LIPSTICK

Stay Cool...
Fresh...
Fragrant all day!

Use Dier-Kiss lavishly. Soothes, smooths, prevents chafing. Delicately yet deeply scented, the fragrance lasts longer.

DIER-KISS TALCUM
IDEAR KISS!
The "KISS ME, DEAR!" fragrance

Birth of a network



Gordon McLendon—the man who organized one of this country's major networks when all the "experts" said it couldn't possibly be done. His Liberty Broadcasting System, which is now heard in all forty-eight states, brings listeners rebroadcasts of major sports programs they would otherwise be unable to hear.

ON Monday afternoon at 3 P. M., in the Midwest hamlet of Anniston, Alabama, Mrs. Mamie Jones interrupted her ironing to turn on her kitchen radio. She twisted the dial impatiently until she had found her program. John's Other Wife? One Man's Family? No! The Detroit Tigers vs. the New York Yankees.

How can Mrs. Jones be party to these Yankee Stadium proceedings, long regarded as the exclusive listening property of the citizens of Detroit and New York? And *why* is she interested? A unique personality named Gordon McLendon is her sports godfather, as unusual and inventive a twenty-nine-year-old as radio, Texas and the sports world has found in many years.

Son of Barton R. McLendon, who owns a chain of theatres in the Southwest, young Gordon, a former Naval Intelligence officer and Yale graduate, saw in his father's acquisition of Dallas station KLIF in 1947, a chance to test out a hunch he had had for many years: that millions of Americans in all the states would enjoy hearing live or "re-created" broadcasts of major league baseball games.

But Gordon ran into all sorts of opposition. First was the conviction of radio and local baseball "experts" that listeners, say, in Dallas or Los Angeles or Oklahoma City, would not be interested in a play-by-play account of a game played in far-off Brooklyn between the Dodgers and the Pittsburgh Pirates, or any other major league game.

Second, he had to buck a baseball ruling which banned broadcasts of major league games at any time within an area of fifty miles of a minor league's club without the owner's consent.

MARCH 21, 1948, was a historic day in Dallas. On that day KLIF, with Gordon at the microphone, "recreated" from a teletype play-by-play account an exhibition game between the New York Yankees and the St. Louis Cardinals. Thousands of Texans wrote enthusiastic letters calling for more. Other Texas stations wrote, too, asking if they could hook in on young Gordon's colorful broadcasts.

Within a month, the nucleus of the present far-flung Liberty Broadcasting System was born. In sixty days McLendon had forty-seven stations in

the network. Today with more than three hundred stations LBS is operating in all forty-eight states.

While the backbone of the network is baseball and football—one major league baseball game is broadcast daily—musical, variety and news programs have made possible a seven-hour-a-day, seven-day-a-week schedule. They also have one of the most comprehensive schedules of basketball broadcasts ever lined up by any network. During the off-season in sports, Liberty broadcasts Great Days in Sports which recreates famous baseball games, fights, hockey games and tennis matches.

Raymond Swing is Liberty's newscaster. Liberty broadcasts fifteen minutes of the United Nations General Assembly five days a week. The program consists of five minutes from the floor, five minutes from the chambers and five minutes from important members.

The network's Hollywood show comes direct from Herman Hoover's *Ciro's* on Sunset Boulevard. Liberty's disc jockey round-table features a different disc jockey from a different city each day. In place of soap operas, Liberty features fifteen minute daytime mystery dramas. Their Crosswords and Sweet Music program is a unique combination of a crossword puzzle and musical show. They also do bingo games on the air.

Secret of Liberty's meteoric rise has been McLendon's knowledge of, and enthusiasm for, baseball. On all but the live broadcasts McLendon creates his own sound effects in the studio. These include crowd noises, band music, chants of the peanut and pop-corn vendor.

McLendon, who likes to refer to himself as "The Old Scotsman" and kids his listeners about being eighty-seven years old, is optimistic about radio's future. Says he: "We could not be growing so fast in a dying industry. Put on good programs and folks will tune in."

Today, Mamie Jones, the baseball-football-fan housewife joins 30,000,000 other listeners on McLendon's Liberty network, the third largest major network with over three hundred stations in forty-eight states.

Judy Canova Show

Judy: The last time I walked down Vine Street, Clark Gable gave me the double wink.

Stooge: The double wink? What's that?

Judy: He took one look at me and closed both his eyes.

Judy Canova Show: Saturday, 10:00 P.M. EDT, NBC.

Garroway At Large

"A modern home," says Dave Garroway, "is one where everything is controlled by switches except the children."

Garroway at Large: Sunday, 10:00 P.M. EDT, NBC-TV.

Life With Luigi

Olson: A good citizen is a good father. He stays home nights with his family, keeps out of trouble, doesn't drink or gamble. . . .

Schultz: . . . and twice a year simonizes his halo.

Life With Luigi: Tuesday, 9:00 PM. EDT, CBS.

My Friend Irma

Jane: The other day Irma ran across a volume of *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*, and she said, "I'd rather see the National or American Leagues. I don't like baseball under water."

My Friend Irma: Monday, 10:00 P.M. EDT, CBS.

Jack Benny Program

Benny: I managed to get three great guest stars for my television show—Claudette Colbert, Robert Montgomery and Basil Rathbone.

Babe: Gee, that's wonderful. How did you do it?

Benny: I sent them a telegram and signed it "Senator Kefauver."

Jack Benny Program: Sunday, 7:00 P.M. EDT, CBS.

Burns and Allen Show

Gracie: When George came calling we'd sit on the sofa. One time my mother came in and turned out the lights.

Blanche: Your mother turned out the lights?

Gracie: She couldn't stand to look at George.

Burns and Allen Show: Alternate Thursdays, 8:00 P.M. EDT, CBS-TV.

Can You Top This

Joe Laurie, Jr. says: A dowager was trying on summer hats in a fashionable salon. Several hours passed and the lady was not only completely surrounded by chapeaux but also completely dissatisfied with the selection. Finally, after trying on every hat in the shop, she called the manager. "My good man," she cried, "haven't you got a hat that becomes me?" The manager bowed suavely. "A thousand pardons, madam," he murmured, "but today we are selling hats, not faces."

Senator Ford's Can You Top This is heard Tuesday at 8:00 P.M. EDT, over ABC.



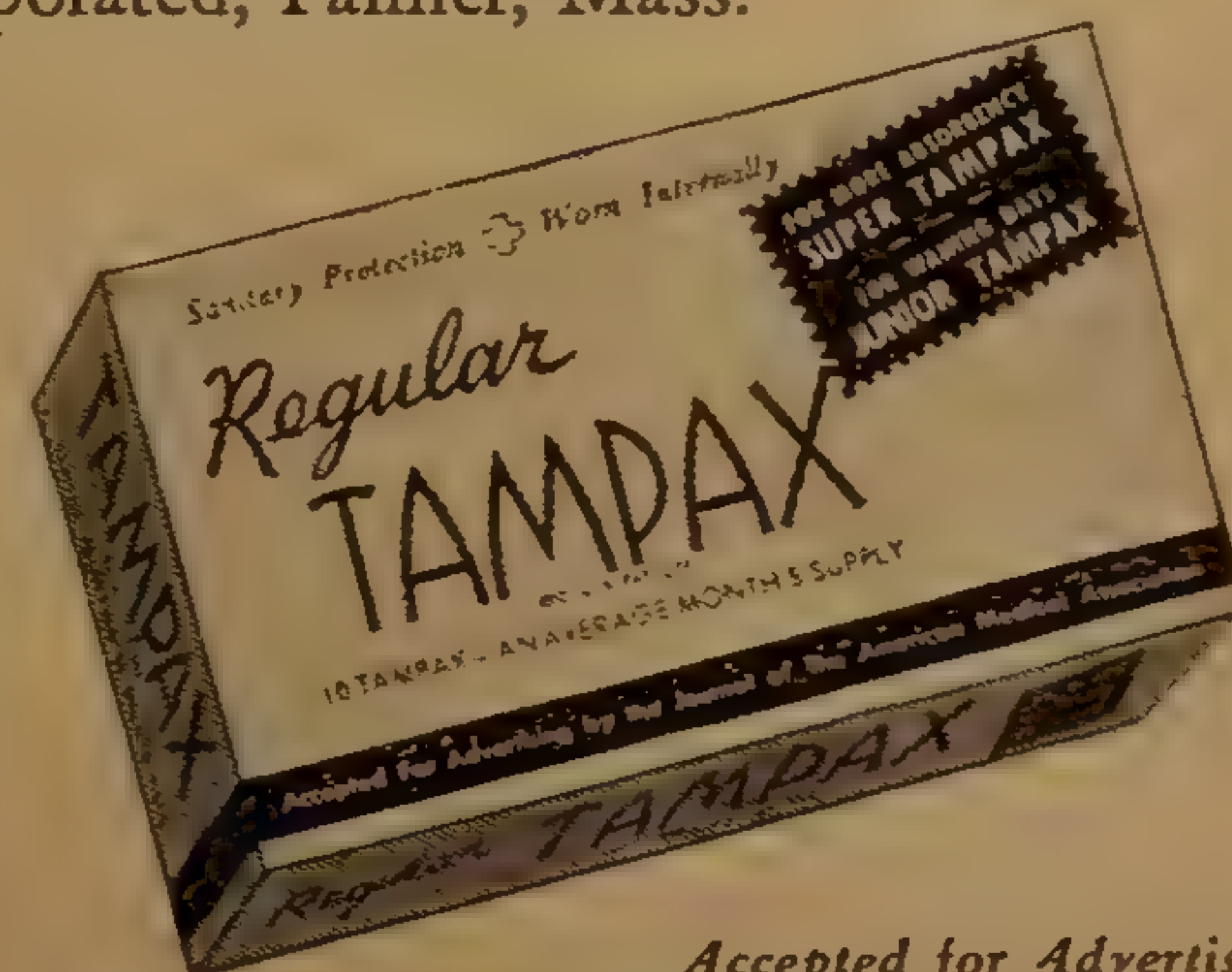
from warm pads,
from chafing
and from odor

Certainly you'll find great relief with Tampax on those inevitable days of the month which are more unwelcome than ever in summer. Tampax sanitary protection is not at all like the other kind. It can't be seen when in use. It can't be felt. It can't interfere with any activity. For Tampax is worn internally and so discards the bothersome belt and heavy pad!

And Tampax can't add a jot or tittle to the heat and discomfort of a humid day. It can't chafe. Can't cause odor to form.

May be worn in tub or shower. Ideal when swimming. Further, there are no "edges" to show under thin dresses or scanty play-shorts. . . . An invention of a doctor, Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton — highly absorbent — compressed into handy applicators. Changing quick. Disposal easy.

Buy Tampax at drug or notion counter. Three different absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Average month's supply slips into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

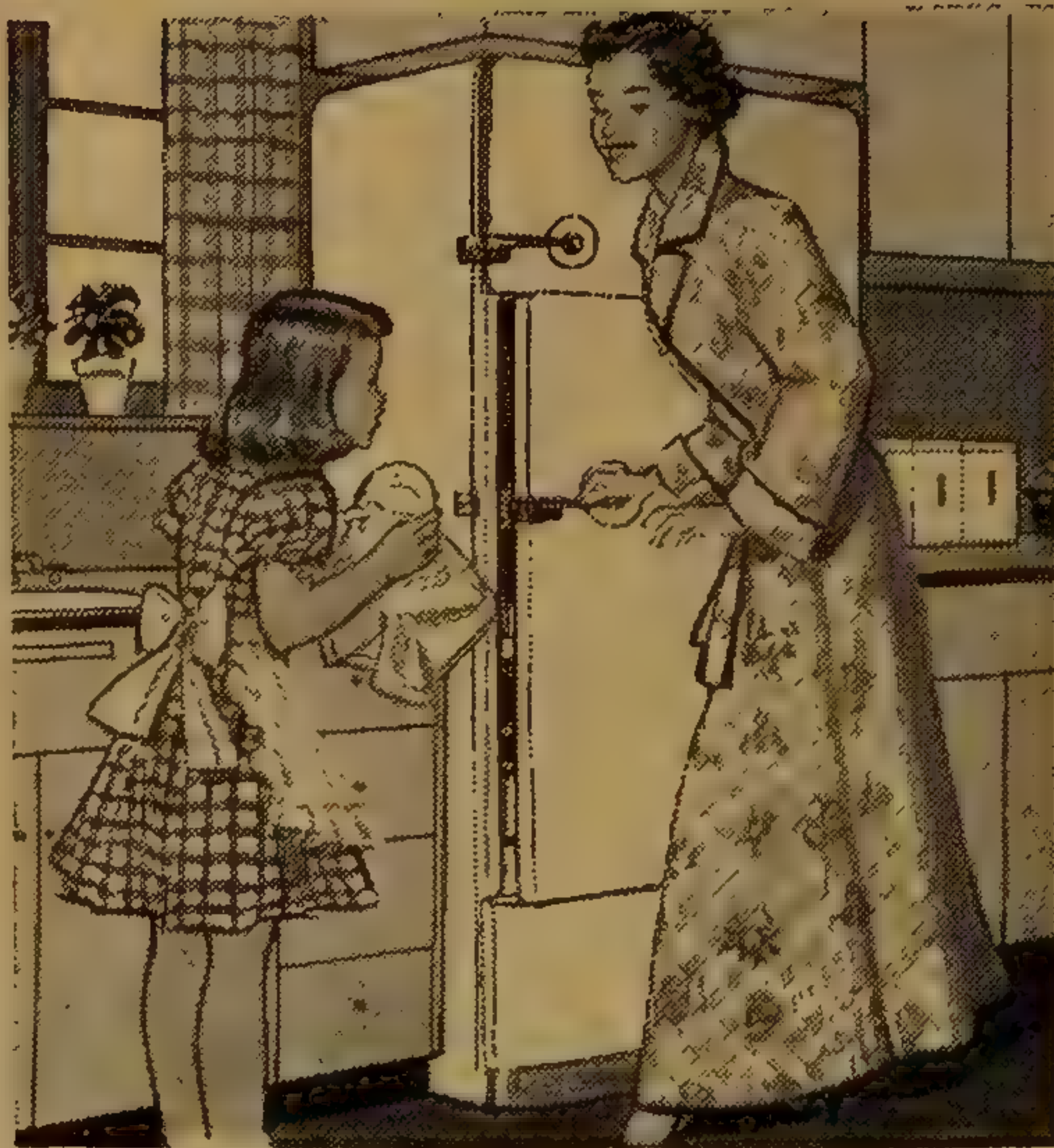
Are you in the know?



Which helps slim down
"jumbo" stems?

- ☐ Exer-circling
- ☐ Hoofing
- ☐ Flat footwear

Whether you're fairway-trotter or hiking fan—don't expect mere mileage to unfatten ankles. Better do this exercise: Lying on floor, hold leg up straight (and *still*) as you circle foot outward 20 times; then inward. Repeat with other leg. Foot circling's fine for *slender* ankles, as well. Helps keep their shape. Just as on *calendar*-circling days—the softness of Kotex keeps its shape; keeps you oh-so-comfortable. After all, isn't Kotex made to stay soft while you wear it?



Three guesses what's in this
refrigerator?

- ☐ Apple pan dowdy
- ☐ An angora sweater
- ☐ A sweet treat

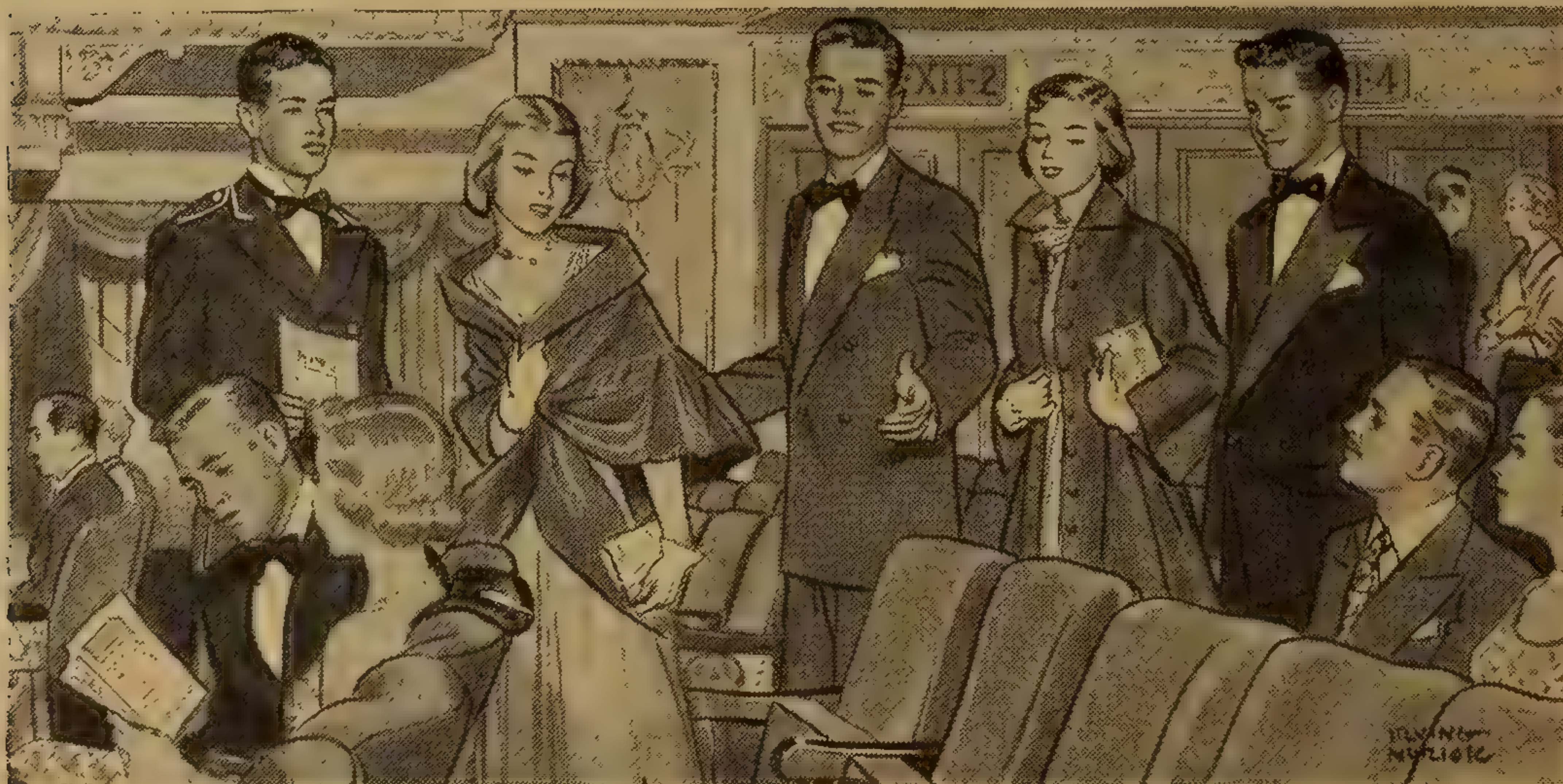
Think she's searching for a snack? Guess again! She's retrieving her best angora sweater. If *your* sweater's a fuzz shedder, wrap in a hand towel and pop it into the "cooler," overnight. Makes angora fuzz stay put. And here's another tip: At certain times, you needn't be befuzzled as to which Kotex absorbency to choose. Just try *all 3* (different sizes, for different days)—instead of just *guessing* whether Regular, Junior or Super is the one strictly perfect for you!



To revive that vacation-time
romance, try —

- ☐ A long distance call
- ☐ A torchy letter
- ☐ A short note

Has distance made your summer-resort Romeo forgetful? Don't phone! To recall those happy days, try a short note—about a book, movie or platter he'd be interested in. A light approach is the safest "reminder." So too, when your calendar reminds you it's *that* day, there's no chance of embarrassment—with Kotex. For that special safety center and soft, moisture-resistant edges give you *extra* protection. What's more, Kotex can be worn on either side, *safely*!



At this theatre party, should one of the gals be seated —

- ☐ Beside the other
- ☐ On the aisle
- ☐ Farthest from the aisle

Getting into a hassel over who's to sit where—won't get you an early dating encore. Learn your eti-cues. Even-numbered groups should start and end with a man; so here, one lad should take the farthest seat, followed by you two gals—then your squire.

See? You can travel the play-going circuit smoothly, even at trying times. Just mention "Kotex" at your favorite store. You'll find that magic word props your poise—because you know those *flat pressed ends* mean "curtains" for telltale outlines!



How to prepare
for
"certain" days?

- ☐ Circle your calendar
- ☐ Perk up your wardrobe
- ☐ Buy a new belt

Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers above can help. But to assure *extra comfort*, buy a new Kotex sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic—this strong, lightweight Kotex belt's non-twisting . . . non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. *Dries pronto!* So don't wait till the last minute: buy a new Kotex belt *now*. (Why not buy two—for a *change*?)

Have you tried Delsey?

Delsey is the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex . . . a tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex. (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

More women choose KOTEX
than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



KOTEX, KLEENEX AND DELSEY ARE REGISTERED TRADE MARKS OF THE INTERNATIONAL CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS COMPANY

Remember this date

BY BILL STERN

OFFICIALLY September is the first month of fall, but the dog days of summer drag right into September. It's hardly the time when people think of taking the most momentous step of their lives. But I want to tell you about some men and women who made such a crucial move, in face of incredible hardship and death, to plant the seeds of the very freedoms we treasure most today.

During our lifetime we have seen and heard much of religious and political persecution, so it's easy to understand the predicament of William Brewster, his wife Mary, and their children and friends. They were living in Leyden, Holland, when the big decision was made—but understand this: for twelve years, the Dutch had given Brewster and his friends refuge from the religious persecution of King James I of England. And the Dutch had no complaints, for Brewster and his friends were splendid citizens, industrious, law abiding and so honest that they had credit wherever they



September 6, 1620
Beginning
of a
Pilgrimage

went. However, the band of exiled Englishmen was not happy. Their children were growing away from them, the kindness of the Dutch could not take the place of their cherished native customs. Even worse, Holland had become dependent on England for protection from the threat of Spain's big navy, so that James was now insisting that the Dutch punish Brewster and his friends. The exiles made the decision to (Continued on page 89)

Remember This Date, with Bill Stern, may be seen each Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, 3:30-4:00 EDT, on NBC-TV stations.

Big sister asks:

Is it wrong to help those who will not help themselves?

IN THE little town of Glen Falls, Dr. John Wayne and his wife Ruth—Big Sister—have been growing apart. A number of things have happened recently which give John a feeling that the world is against him. For example, he was in line for the directorship of the Health Center, but was by-passed when a new director was appointed and now feels that he should resign. Ruth, on the contrary, feels that he should keep on with his job. There have been other instances of what John feels to be the unfairness of fate in general, and which Ruth deems simply the ordinary ups and downs of any normal life. As is often the case with a man like John—never the most stable character—he's likely, when frustrated, to strike out at those nearest him. For example, he realizes that wealthy and completely despicable Millard Parker has bullied and high-pressured Ruth, making her life miserable, and although he is aware that Parker is a hypochondriac, John adds to Ruth's misery by accepting a yearly retainer of \$25,000 to be Parker's personal

physician. In his heart of hearts he knows that by so doing he is betraying Ruth's love—to say nothing of his own professional reputation.

Ruth asks herself, now, whether it is better to let things go on as they are, or to take some definite stand. It is her way to help her family face problems—but John won't help himself. Is it wrong to try to help those who will not help themselves?

RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR will purchase readers' answers to the question, "Is It Wrong To Help Those Who Will Not Help Themselves?" Writer of the best letter will be paid \$25.00; the five next-best letters will be purchased for \$5.00 each.

What is your answer to this problem? State your reasons in a letter of no more than one hundred words and send it to Big Sister, c/o RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, New York. The editors will choose the best letter, basing their choice on originality and understanding of the problem, and will purchase it for \$25.00. Five next-best letters will be purchased at \$5.00 each. No letters will be returned; editors cannot enter into correspondence concerning them. The opinion of the editors will be final. Letters should be postmarked no later than Sept. 1, 1951, should have this notice attached.

*Heard M-F, 1 P.M.
EDT, on CBS stations,
Big Sister is sponsored by P&G's
Crisco, Ivory Soap,
Dreft, Spic and Span.*



What more can I do?

Have I failed John?

*Tops in show business, happily
married past the quarter-century
mark—how do Burns and Allen do it? Long
time friend Jack Benny knows!*

Gracie knows best

BY JACK BENNY

WHEN PEOPLE—like magazine editors, for instance—ask me to talk about George Burns and Gracie Allen, I say sure. Who better—I've known George and Gracie since they were married, and George a long while before that, haven't I? But, I add, it won't be a gag script. Straight stuff. Those two I admire too much to kid about them. Besides, someone might ask George—the all-time gag-topper, the loosest man with an insult—to do a story about me some day.

What kind of theme do you want for this Burns and Allen story, I ask next. Give me a jumping-off place. What do people most want to know about them? And the answer is: How they got that way.

I don't have to ask "what way?" How they got to be tops in just about every form of entertainment they turned their wits to, of course. Vaudeville. Musicals. Movies. Radio. And now, television. And how they managed to hang up, through all that, a record as one of the happiest married couples you'd ever hope to know.

Take the second one first. George and Gracie have some theories of their own on the subject of staying happily married for twenty-six years in a town, and a business, not noted for long stretches of connubial bliss. George says it's because he and Gracie have outside interests—different ones. (Continued on page 72)

*Long-time friends—and
friendly rivals in the
ranks of top comedians—
Jack Benny, Burns & Allen*



Burns and Allen may be seen on CBS-TV alternate Thursdays, 8 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Carnation Milk.



*George may turn his back
at home but you can be
certain he'll keep his ears
open for Gracie-isms
that make good TV idiocy.*

*Four Burns and one TV set.
What program shall it be?*

*Sandra and Ronnie don't
always feel parents have
priority—and vice versa!*



Choose a dreamy guy

Ex-bachelor girl Eloise finds that

BY ELOISE McELHONE

EVER SINCE I became Mrs. William Paul Warwick—exactly six weeks ago as this goes to press—people have been asking my husband, “How does it feel to be married to the world’s leading man-hater?”

Before he can answer, I speak up. I say, “Remember, I only hate men thirty minutes a week, on television.” Then I add, “Besides, I always said there were the dreamy men and the majority—fortunately, I got one of the dreamy ones!”

Furthermore, as you readers know, in last September’s issue of RADIO MIRROR AND TELEVISION I publicly stated that some day I would like to be married, and that I had a few hopes about my future husband. In part, I said, “I hope that he wants to live in New York City; I was born here, went to school here, and I really love the place. . . . I also cherish a hope that he is employed. . . . I’d kind of like it if he were in the entertainment business. . . . I don’t care if he’s a blond or brunet, just so there’s a brain-cell or two under his thatch. Also, I hope he has a sense of humor. And I hope he’s sentimental enough to remember that my favorite color is blue—and to turn up on my birthday with something-or-other in blue!”

I’m afraid I was describing Bill there, not an (Continued on page 70)

Leave It To The Girls
audiences know that Eloise is as eloquent as ever on the foibles of men. But husband Bill Warwick hasn’t any, she says.



marriage is merely

a matter of the right man



Eloise's kitchen is the one room that is fully furnished, thanks to a shower given her by the Leave It To The Girls cast. She even received a rolling pin—but says she doesn't intend to put it to anything but its proper use!



"I can talk almost as fast as she can," says Bill about his loquacious bride. "And I can do it louder!" He's an agency TV director.

Eloise McElhone is on *Leave It To The Girls*, Sun., 7 P.M. EDT, NBC-TV, sponsor: Regent Cigarettes; *Quick On The Draw*, Thurs., 10:30 P.M. EDT, WNBT, sponsor: Vim and Westinghouse; *Musical Merry-Go-Round*, Sat., 8 P.M. EDT, NBC, sponsor: R.C.A. Victor; *Eloise Salutes the Stars*, Fri., 11 P.M. EDT, DuMont, sponsored by Doeskin Tissues.



Midnight snacks in the shiny new kitchen aren't the extent of Eloise's ability as a cook. She claims she's a good one and Bill has yet to complain. But sometimes he does wish his wife would make her phone conversations a little shorter.



Betty Wragge, the original Peggy Young, literally grew up with the role. Introduced as a young schoolgirl, Peggy has grown up, married, and is now the mother of little Hal Trent. Betty, too, has kept pace—recently added “Mrs.” to her name.



Marion Barney and Thomas Chalmers, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Orvis Young, have been shepherding their flock through fifteen years of family ups and downs. Ma and Pa have been played by the same actors.



The cause of it all, Pepper Young is currently played by Mason Adams. Starting out as a typical American boy, Pepper got himself and family in and out of scrapes until he finally married his childhood sweetheart, Linda Benton, played by Eunice Howard.



A daytime favorite

Through the years
with
**Pepper Young's
Family**

Here's
A Backward
Look At
The Youngs

FOR FIFTEEN years, Monday through Friday, American housewives have been listening to the exploits of a typical American family. Pepper Young's Family. In the course of this listening, they have heard over ten million words, or enough to fill one hundred and twenty-five full-length novels.

The scene was laid in the small, average American town of Elmwood where the average American couple, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Orvis Young, were raising their two high-school-age children, Peggy and Pepper.

At the opening of the story, Sam Young was happily working for a Mr. Curtis—which job he lost to the boss's nephew. Then came a period of rough sledding until Mr. Young was offered a job by Mr. Bradley, father of Biff Bradley, one of Peggy's schoolmates

Pepper Young's Family is heard Mon.-Fri., 3:30 PM EDT, on NBC. Sponsored by Camay.

Pepper Young's Family and friends celebrated their fifteenth year on the air at a cocktail party. Guest of honor was author Elaine Carrington, extreme right. Others pictured include Peggy, Linda and Ma and Pa.

A good job well done, and may the next fifteen years be as successful for both star, Betty Wragge, and author, Elaine Carrington. Adding his congratulations is Walter Brooke, Betty's new actor-husband.



celebrates its fifteenth anniversary as a daily listener "must"



Biff Bradley, played by Laddie Seaman, is Pepper's best friend. While his father was missing, he lived with the Youngs. First loved Peggy . . . then Edie. Peggy and brother Pepper, played in 1938 by Curtis Arnall, pose for a brother-sister picture in the very best tradition of the times.



Curtis Bradley, played by Ed Wolfe back in 1941, was Biff's father and Sam Young's business partner. Linda Benton, as played by Eunice Howard, always loved Pepper . . . finally became Mrs. Pepper Young.



Through the years
with
Pepper Young's
Family



One of the first portraits ever taken of Peggy and Mrs. Young. In the same year, 1936, the "mysterious widow," played by Helen Brown, left, entered the picture. Pepper fell in love with this woman of mystery, little realizing that she would involve him with a ring of counterfeiters.

More Pictures Next Page

and a long-time admirer of hers.

AT ABOUT this time Mrs. Young had an emergency appendectomy. In the hospital she met Hattie Williams, a young girl whose seafaring husband had deserted her before her baby was born. Hattie, who had no home and no place to go, agreed to cook for the Youngs and, with little Butch, become permanent members of their household. Sometime later, Hattie's husband, Jack, gave up the sea and returned to Hattie. In an effort to do something nice, Mrs. Young rented a little house for her, and Mr. Bradley furnished it—even gave Jack a job in the shipping department of his business. But Jack soon reverted to his former self—be-

came surly, cocksure and a trouble maker at his work.

Eventually, Mr. Bradley was forced to fire him, and for a while Jack stayed home and looked after little Butch while Hattie went to work. But he was careless and shiftless, and one evening, while Hattie was at the Youngs', her house caught fire. Butch was saved but Jack lost his life, and Hattie returned to her former position with the Youngs.

Meantime, Mr. Bradley's business expanded and Mrs. Young inherited money from an uncle's estate. With this money Mr.

Young bought a partnership in Bradley's firm, as well as an old building on the bank of the river. This they remodeled for business purposes.

At about this point, Sam Young was approached by a few leading men of Elmwood to run for Mayor. Pete Nickerson, the "Big Boss" of the crooked organization running Elmwood's politics, had put up Bill Maguire, equally

dishonest, as his candidate, and the delegation felt Mr. Young, as a respected citizen, was their best bet. After a rugged campaign, Nickerson suddenly did a switch and threw his power behind Mr. Young—this because of a split with his party, not because he had seen the error of his ways, as Sam believed.

Pepper by now was almost through high school and beginning to take an interest in girls—although everybody assumed that Linda Benton, whose books he had carried from their early school days, was his girl. One summer Marcella Parson visited Elmwood and soon had Pepper under her spell. Linda was forgotten. Marcella, who had a real estate business in California, very nearly enticed Pepper into leaving school and coming home with her.

PEGGY AND HER dearest friend, Edie, were also having their share of romance. Edie was first dazzled by a crooked jeweler. From this she moved on to one of her professors, an Army Captain, a friend of Pepper's, and Biff Bradley. Here Andy Hoyt arrived on the scene, and the typical immature romances of a young girl ended with Edie's engagement and subsequent marriage to Andy.

Peggy, too, fancied herself in love a number of times—first with a young reporter, then an engineer, and then Frank, a young architect in whom the scurrilous Pete Nickerson had an interest. One Thanksgiving night Peggy, taking Edie along as witness, eloped with Frank. Fortunately for Peggy, it was the night the dam burst and their car was mired in the tide of rising water. By the next morning, when they were rescued, Peggy found the glow gone and the infatuation a thing of the past.

With the bursting of the dam, life changed for many people, including Mr. Young and Mr. Bradley. Their factory was destroyed by the flood, and the combination of shock and a head wound caused Mr. Bradley to lose his memory. In the course of convalescence, he disappeared and was lost for a long period of time.

One day at a mass meeting in the Town Hall, a man by the name of Woodruff incited the people so against

Nickerson for being responsible for the loss of life and property (it was his inferior materials and cheap workmanship in building the dam that caused it to give way), that they set out in a body to tar and feather and run him out of town. Mr. Young foiled this attempt. Woodruff, the mob leader, was arrested and Pete tried, convicted and sent to prison.

SHORTLY THEREAFTER a piece of property owned by Mrs. Nickerson was sold by Sam Young, as her agent, to a group from New York—represented by Edward Brewster. Brewster sold the town people on the idea of raising a large sum of money to pay for the transportation of children from war-torn countries and house them in cottages on the property. Headed by Mr. Young, who undertook the raising of the money, the town went all out—cottages were built and furnished by the people of Elmwood, and the sum over-subscribed. The project turned out to be a hoax, and Brewster absconded with the funds. Sam was tried and eventually acquitted. Later, as a result of a war plant being built on his factory site, he received six thousand dollars—used it to return every penny of the contributions.

Then Mr. Young was offered the presidency of the war project now housed on his old factory site. While this was going on, Peggy met and fell in love with wealthy Carter Trent, a young private at Camp Elmwood. Before he went overseas, he bought a little house, deeding it in Peggy's name. When word was received that Carter was missing in action, Peggy turned the house into a recreation center. A short time later Carter was found in a West Coast hospital, and when he returned home they were married—against the elder Trent's wishes—and had a little boy, Hal. Some time later Mrs. Trent was widowed, and, left to her own devices, staged an all-out campaign to break up the marriage.

Pepper, turned down by the Air Force (rheumatic fever as a child left him with a weak heart), went to work in the war plant headed by his father. Here he fell in love with his father's secretary, Diana Greene, who was a widow with a little boy, Tony. After

some time she agreed to marry Pepper, but never set a date. One day her brother, Mack, came to live in Elmwood. He was a complete no-good. One night Pepper caught him robbing Mr. Young's safe. In the ensuing scuffle, Pepper was shot in the leg and Diana, realizing she could never marry Pepper, ran away. When she later returned to Elmwood, she brought with her her new husband, and this closed a chapter in Pepper's life. At this point, Linda (who had lost her doctor-husband during the war) and Pepper picked up their old friendship, which gradually turned into love and they were married.

Meantime, Mr. Young's factory burned to the ground. Once again they were poor. Things went from bad to worse. Mrs. Young tried earning money by baking, until Mr. Young got a job as night watchman at the Elmwood bank. Eventually he worked his way up to Assistant to the President, Harvey Witherspoon.

After his marriage, Pepper, incensed by the hideous conditions of the local Shantyville, wrote a series of highly successful articles for the Elmwood *Free Press*. These exposes brought threats on the lives of both Pepper and Sam—but when the smoke cleared away, Shantyville was much the better for it. As was Pepper, whose election as Mayor of Elmwood stemmed from his honest attack on the town's slums.

During this campaign, Edie and Andy Hoyt were in a plane crash in South America. Pepper flew down to assist in the rescue. Edie was saved, but it was two years before Andy was located and brought home—a mental and physical wreck of a man whom Edie hopes to be able to bring back to normality. (Continued on page 89)

Through the years
with
Pepper Young's
Family



Carter's parents, Horace and Ivy Trent, played by Charles Webster and Irene Hubbard in 1947, lived for a time in Elmwood. Ivy often clashed with unaffected Peggy. Hattie Williams, played by Greta Kvalden, widowed, lives with the Youngs as housekeeper.

By the time Carter and Peggy were married, Stacey Harris played Carter. Marriage to Andy Hoyt, in 1947 played by Blaine Corder, changed Edie, played by Jean Sothorn, from a fluttery girl to a thoughtful wife, helping Andy with his new air transport line.



A rehearsal shot taken in 1942 of the main characters, Sam, Mrs. Young, Peggy and Pepper, then played by Curtis Arnall. At about this time Peggy met Private Carter Trent, played by James Krieger, and in due time announced their engagement.



Old Greenwich, Conn., is a peaceful town and the Swayze manse fits right into the picture except when a hotly contested game of croquet is in progress in the backyard. John Jr. is the champion.



Suzanne, Johnnie and Mrs. S, known to all by her nickname of Tuffie, faithfully follow Dad's nightly news programs, report on how his ties televise. His collection admits of a tie for every telecast.



The entire family works on the Jayhawk, a bright blue 19-foot sloop, Hurricane class. When afloat in Long Island Sound it's a good jumping-off place for swimmers, and for sails on Dad's free Saturdays.

Camel News Caravan, 7:45 P.M. EDT M-F, NBC-TV, sponsored by Camel Cigarettes. Who Said That, Mon. 10:30 P.M. EDT, NBC-TV, co-operative sponsors. John Cameron Swayze Show, Sun. 3:45 P.M. EDT, NBC, sponsored by Raytheon-Belmont Television.

Summer at the Swayzes'

THE John Cameron Swayze family, from Kansas City by way of a stay in California, have lived in Connecticut since 1947 in a white clapboard house with black trim in what was once an apple orchard, of which only two fine trees remain. Son Johnnie is now a Harvard man, lately graduated from a well-known military academy. Daughter Suzanne goes to Greenwich High. The dog, Skippy, and Kitty complete the family. It's up in the little third floor study of this house that the famous Swayze newscasts and columns, and his knowledge of Who Said That are plotted, between time for a typical American family pattern of life.

*Dad's broadcasting
chores know no seasons,
but somehow there's
time for sun and fun*



Skip, half Collie and half Shepherd dog, came with the family from California where he cost three dollars at the Humane Society kennels five years ago when John headed news and events for Hollywood NBC.

Three TV programs, one of them a daily, and a Sunday radio news program, plus five 500-word syndicated newspaper columns a week entitle a man to a little extra service. At least, that's what Mrs. JCS says.

Fourteen-year-old Suzie wore her first formal this year, dresses with Tuffie's help for a party at the Yacht Club. Suzie dances, but disclaims show business aspirations, has decided flair for drawing, painting.

Sentimental home girl with that figure —

no wonder the mail (and male) pull is terrific!

Dagmar's my sister

ON TELEVISION my sister plays a not-very-bright blonde known as Dagmar, with the kind of figure for which low-cut evening gowns were obviously invented. Off television my sister has a keen brain under her blonde pin-curls, and the low-cut evening dresses—the figure's still there, of course—are merely one part of her wardrobe. She owned only one the night they first called her to appear on Broadway Open House. And she looked just as beautiful then, was just as talented and witty, just as sweet and just as sentimental under all her clowning as she is today.

The family always knew Sis was a born comedienne, when she was Virginia Ruth Egnor, and when she took the stage name of Jennie Lewis; when she became Dagmar it was no surprise to us at all. To the home folks, of course, she is still our Sis. Home is Huntington, West Virginia, and Sis the oldest of our family of seven children. I'm next, my brother Jackie is nineteen, Mary Ann is sixteen, (*Continued on page 82*)

Dagmar can be seen three times a week—Tuesday, Thursday and Friday—on NBC's late-evening comedy show, Broadway Open House: 11 P.M. EDT, NBC-TV, sponsored by Anchor Hocking Glass Co.



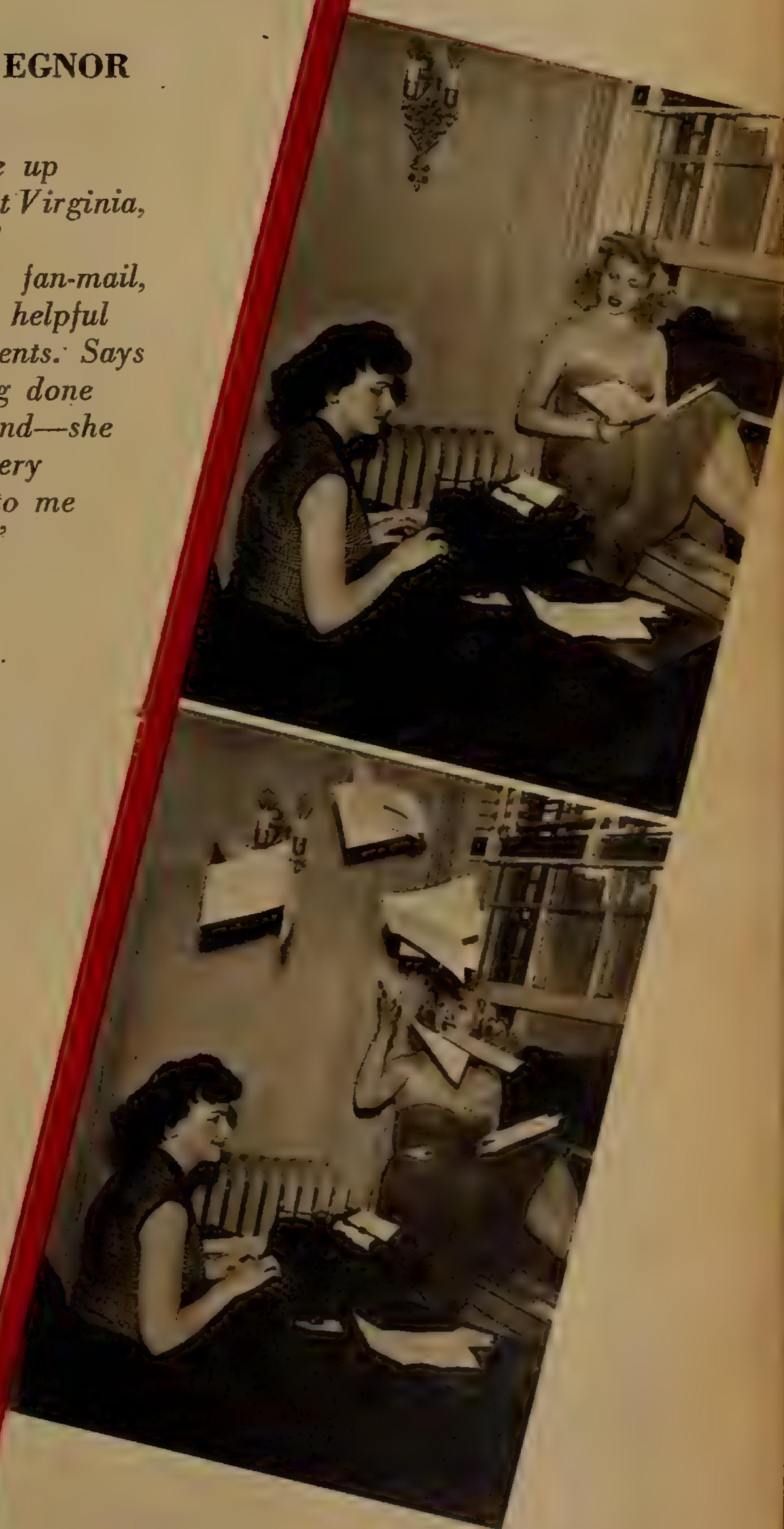
Family party on a night club date includes Dagmar and her new husband, Danny; her sister, her mother—who came to get better acquainted with her son-in-law.





BY PHYLLIS JEAN EGNOR

Sis's sister came up from Huntington, West Virginia, to act as Girl Friday and general secretary in the fan-mail, clothes-buying and helpful advice departments. Says she, "I can't get anything done when Sis is around—she keeps running in every minute to talk to me about new ideas!"





Clown of Grand Ole Opry is the Duke of Paducah, otherwise known as Benjamin Franklin—Whitey—Ford. Roy Acuff started out in a medicine show. That's his wife, Millie, playing catcher for the home team.



Grand

Down at the Opry House

DOWN IN Nashville they tell the story—the true story—of the old Kentucky mountaineer who, never having been on a train, walked some twenty miles to the station and took his first ride on the steam cars to see WSM's Grand Ole Opry. There are a lot of other stories like that, all of them true. But none of them, no matter how unlikely-sounding, come near to telling exactly how important Grand Ole Opry is to the people of Nashville and the surrounding territory—and the whole country—who love American folk music. Starting twenty-five years ago in a cramped studio, the show has outgrown one hall after another until nowadays every seat of Nashville's largest auditorium is spoken for eight weeks in advance of each performance. Records made by Opry performers have reached a staggering total sale of more than 150,000,000 discs. On these pages are some of the people—there are a great many more—who've made this show so fabulous a success, who'll keep right on to greater successes.

Grand Ole Opry is heard every Saturday at 10:30 P.M. EDT over NBC network stations, sponsored by R. J. Reynolds Co.

Hank Williams began singing when he was eight, has been at it ever since. On the side, Hank and his wife, Audrey, run a kind of "boots and saddles" emporium for cowboy gear.



Bumptious Minnie Pearl is Ophelia Colley by birth and Mrs. Henry Cannon by marriage, a schoolteacher before starting her "Howdee-e-e-!" act.

Ole Opry's getting grander—and livelier—every year it gets older!



Red Foley got a start-to-fame guitar when just a kid. His father took the instrument in on a bad debt, Red says.

There's a reason for putting the "little" before Jimmy Dickens' name—he measures in at four feet eleven inches!

Ernest Tubbs' record shop (and his recordings) keep him a mighty busy man. Another Hank—Snow—pauses for refreshment.



Robert the



• Take a cue from Robert Q if you want to learn how to answer your mail briefly and to the point. For instance, when a fan asked what the Q stood for, Bob answered succinctly, "Dear Miss M. That is the Q-uestion. Sincerely, Robert Q. Lewis." (Actually the Q stands for Exactly Nothing. Bob merely wanted a middle initial as he confessed in a RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR story last July.)

Here are more typical excerpts from Mr. Lewis' mailbag and some typical Robert Q-ute answers:

Dear Bob:

After seeing you on TV I'm curious to know why such an incredibly handsome young man is willing to wear glasses.

Miss J. D., Boston, Mass.

Dear Miss D.:

After reading your charming letter I suggest you see *your* eye doctor immediately.

Dear Robert Q:

My sister's boy friend says you're forty, my mother says you act fourteen, and my sister says you're wonderful. How old are you?

Johnny N., Hollywood Calif.

Dear Johnny:

I'm as old as I feel which, before I got to the part about your sister, was terrible. (Confidentially, I was thirty last April 5.)

Dear Mr. Lewis:

Do you like being a Godfrey eight-week summer replacement on his morning radio program?

Marilyn L., Des Moines, Ia.

Dear Marilyn:

This is a question I want to answer seriously and sincerely, because I have never enjoyed doing anything as much and I am very grateful to Arthur Godfrey for the opportunity of taking over his program during August and September.

Dear Bob:

I never heard you speak of owning a pet. Do you?

Jane G. T., Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Jane:

I have recently acquired a dog—I guess he's an autograph hound. Anyhow, I named him Matinee. He was sick as a man recently and some of his reactions were so slow I was thinking of sending him to an analyst, until I remembered he isn't allowed up on couches.

Dear Robert Q:

When are you going to play your latest records on your CBS daily radio (Continued on page 81)

Robert Q. Lewis is heard on The Show Goes On, Sat. 9:30 P.M. EDT, CBS-TV, sponsored by American Safety Razor; Arthur Godfrey Time, M-F 10 A.M. EDT, CBS, sponsored by Toni, Reid-Murdoch, Rinso, Pillsbury Mills, Chesterfields, National Biscuit Co.; Robert Q's Waxworks, 7 P.M. EDT, Monday through Friday, CBS stations.

*We give
you here the
ABC's of
Bob's Q for
Question and
A for Answer
fan mail*



A circus every Saturday—lions and tigers and everything— all on TV!

Big top

A FOOL about the circus? You bet I am!" says Jack Sterling, who dons a black top hat and red tailcoat every Saturday for his stint as ringmaster of CBS-TV's circus show, Big Top. Jack's enthusiasm for his job is matched by the hordes of kids—and grownups—who invade the TV tent in Philadelphia every Saturday to watch the three-ring thrills that noontime viewers can see for a flick of the dial. Big Top's hour on the channels is complete with everything from acrobats to zebras. It has three clowns and, true to tradition, their performance is strictly pantomime. Jack considers his whistle the single most important factor of the show. It's the cue that runs Big Top, as any other circus, from start to finish. Biggest problem on Big Top is timing. It's impossible to predict what animals will do—sometimes a horse or dog decides to be stubborn and take its time doing a trick. Often the reverse is true—an animal will perform with speed not exhibited during rehearsal. Jack ad libs with the kids during these unscheduled lapses. Authentic added touch: a popcorn-peanuts-and-ice cream concession. Charles Vanda produces Big Top; Paul Ritts directs.



Big Top is telecast Saturdays 12 Noon, EDT, on CBS-TV stations. Sponsored by Sealtest.



*Music by the famous
Philadelphia
Mummers Band, gaily clad,
opens, closes and
intersperses Big Top.*

*Cavorting across
these pages is
Jingle. Other Big Top
clowns: Ed McMahon,
Chris Keegan, above.*

*Ringmaster Jack
Sterling gives two young
Big Top devotees
an extra close
look at goings-on.*

*No stranger
to the sawdust is Jack.
He'd ringmastered
a traveling circus at
age of seventeen.*



Dave's happy people

A HOSTESS famous for her parties once advised, "Invite more people than the room comfortably accommodates. Crowded together, they're sure to have a good time." The lucky few who daily wedge in to watch Dial Dave Garroway agree, though Dave asked for NBC's smallest studio only because big audiences overwhelm him. Seat no more than ten, specified Dave. So ten sit—and the rest sit on the ten's laps or stand, for, particularly when touring high school classes visit, the ten often increases to forty. The kids love the crowding. They don't mind tucking their feet up so writer Charlie Andrews can get by. Boys, sitting so close, find Connie Russell's beauty breathtaking. And girls, seeing handsome Jack Haskell, wish for a boy friend just like that, please! Young musicians thrill as they watch Art Van Damme's fingers fly over the keys. Dave, of course, is just as they expected him to be: broad shouldered, easy going, confident. His shy smile at the end of a joke invites an answering smile instead of a resounding laugh. But everyone likes best—in the studio or listening at home—the way Dave joins in the audience's enjoyment of the show. "Why," one listener wrote, "he's more like a proud big brother talking about the talented youngsters in his family than he is like an emcee!" That's why the staff at NBC have started to call the cast of the program "Dave's happy people."

Dial Dave Garroway, produced by Parker Gibbs, M-F, 11:45 A.M. EDT, NBC. Sponsor: Dial Soap.

*There's room for only ten
in the studio—so forty crowd
inside. A tight fit, but they have
such fun nobody minds a bit!*





How high is Haskell? Answer: considerably farther off the ground than Russell. When Jack and Connie sing at the same mike, as they often do, Connie's supplied a special for-standing-on-purposes platform.

Garroway gang combines business with Vitamin D, holding a conference on Merchandise Mart roof. Left to right are Parker Gibbs, Art Van Damme, Jack Haskell, Charlie Andrews, Connie Russell—and Dave.



Connie, about to sing, doesn't heed Dave's description of her "Crimson Dior gown"—actually a blue skirt and blouse. Haskell snickers as Dave adds "plunging neckline, choker collar." Connie gets it. "Who—me?"

Hold it! Show can't—and won't—go on till gum-chewing Charlie Andrews gets his daily ration. Connie has been through this before. Like cigarette cadgers, Charlie is always going to "buy a pack—some day!"

The rooftop conference went so well that one day Dave took the whole show—and audience—up on the roof. A show gimmick is argument about Connie's hair style, so this time she put it up in little-girl braids.





RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR

daytime fashions for you

In sportswear the country look is the comfortable look and the comfortable look is the fashion-wise look—what more could anyone ask? Nearly every woman's idea of perfect all-day wear is the blouse and/or sweater and skirt combination. Dyed to match in color, these separates are soft as a kitten, have as many lives. Here Anne Sargent, Jocelyn McLeod on Road of Life (M-F at 3:15 P.M. EDT, NBC, sponsored by Crisco), models three pretty sets of budget beauties, all to be found at the stores listed on page 15

Color—one of the nicest, newest for fall is rich russet, accessorized here with gold, turf brown. The top: turtle necked, drop shouldered blouse in a wonderful new fabric of 100% spun nylon that fits and washes like a dream, never needs ironing! Sizes 10-18, priced about \$10.95. The skirt: velvet-top corduroy with two pockets, inverted pleat, narrow self belt—we've used a leather one. In 10-18, about \$8.95. Both by Korday in dyed-to-match russet, purple, green, cyclamen, gold—and separately in other colors. Rogers Van S bag, Town and Country shoes, Criterion belt. Gloves by Wear Right.

Like the fairy tale princess, this long-sleeve slipover is as good as it is beautiful, and you'll feel like the princess wearing it! Dolman sleeves and crew neck are noteworthy. Of 100% Austrian zephyr, sizes 34-40 and 10-16, in oxford, tan, blue, gold, green, red, lavender, purple, about \$7.95. By Select Sportswear. The skirt, by Korday, pin-check imported all wool tweed, with two pockets and four gores for fashionable flare. Sizes 10-18, in green and russet tweed, about \$12.95. Jewelry by Bill Agnew, Wear Right gloves.



Match-mates again: short sleeve semi-fitted classic slipover is topped by a long sleeve classic cardigan, also semi-fitted. Both in 100% Austrian zephyr, by Select Sportswear; 34-40, 10-16. Short sleeve sweater about \$5.00; long sleeve about \$7.95. The flare skirt—two diagonal pockets—in all wool J. P. Stevens flannel to match, by Century Sportswear. Sizes 10-18, about \$7.95. Dyed-to-match in navy, purple, black, green, wine or for contrast—in other colors.







BY NANCY CRAIG

Radio Television Mirror

Food Counselor.

Heard 4 P.M. EDT.

Mon.-Fri. on WJZ-TV.

All ways delicious:



MY FAMILY sniff happily and appreciatively whenever I make our favorite beef stew. Mushrooms give a dark rich flavor to the broth. Mushroom caps, stuffed and baked, lend fragrance and garnish the serving platter. I serve very little besides the main dish. An antipasto type salad starts the meal, garlic bread aids the stew, poached pears with a pecan meringue add the finishing touch to the meal. A few or a generous number of mushrooms, canned or fresh, can turn an ordinary dish into an appetizing, always anticipated delight.

(Recipes tested by the Macfadden Kitchen)

WINE BEEF STEW

Makes 6 servings

2 pounds beef stew meat	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup tomato sauce
2 tablespoons butter	3 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons cooking sherry	1 cup beef stock or bouillon
6 mushrooms, quartered	1 cup red wine
1 clove garlic, minced	1 teaspoon salt
	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper
	1 bay leaf

Cut beef into 2 inch cubes. Add to hot butter in saucepan. Brown on all sides. Stir in sherry wine. Remove meat. Add mushrooms and minced garlic; cook for 1 minute. Stir in tomato sauce and flour to make a smooth paste. Add stock slowly while stirring. Bring mixture to a boil. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup red wine, seasonings, bay leaf and beef. Cook over low heat about $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours or until meat is tender. Add remaining red wine

during cooking period. Serve stew in rice ring.

STUFFED MUSHROOM CAPS

Makes 6 servings

12 mushrooms	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons butter	dash pepper
3 tablespoons chopped onion	1 teaspoon lemon juice
3 tablespoons chopped celery	$1\frac{1}{4}$ cups soft bread crumbs

Wash mushrooms; remove stems. Chop stems fine. Melt butter in skillet. Add chopped stems, onion and celery. Cook over low heat for 5 minutes. Add salt, pepper, lemon juice and bread crumbs. Mix well. Fill mushroom caps using a small spoon. Place stuffed caps in greased baking pan. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) for 15 minutes. Garnish with parsley.

MOLDED CRANBERRY NUT SALAD

Makes 6 servings

1 package lemon gelatine	$\frac{1}{2}$ can jellied cranberry sauce
1 cup water	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped nuts
	1 tablespoon lemon juice

Dissolve gelatine according to directions on package using 1 cup water. Chill until mixture thickens. Crush cranberry sauce with a fork. Add chopped nuts and crushed cranberry sauce and strained lemon juice to lemon gelatine. Divide among 6 individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold and serve with relishes.

RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR **F**OR BETTER LIVING

Game Of The Day is heard every day of the week on MBS, sponsored by Gillette Safety Razor Co., R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., local sponsors. Check paper for time.



I'm a

In summer, everything's hurried at the Helfers'. Hurry to get Daddy up, get him a snack when he's late getting home, hurry him off to today's game—halfway cross-country, sometimes!



Al didn't lay eyes on the pretty Hartsdale home—where Ramona, Mona and Mother keep the fires burning—until the purchase contract was signed.



Next to Ramona, Al loves baseball. And Ramona

loves Al, so how can she object to sharing him with a "rival"?

hickory widow

BY RAMONA HELFER

IT'S JUST my luck. If I were the wife of a writer with a bad temper he'd probably be underfoot all the time, but I'm married to Al Helfer, a prince of men and a dream come true—and seven months of the year he travels all over the country as sportscaster for Mutual's baseball coverage!

For instance: when we moved into our present home at Hartsdale, New York, he didn't even see the house before he signed the purchasing contract. I caught him with pen in hand at La Guardia between planes and moved in with our daughter and my mother.

During the first few weeks our new neighbors were extremely kind but they

seemed to be sorry for me. One day neighbor Ruth Muller came over. "I don't mean to intrude," she said, "but if you need any help around the house my husband will be glad to give you a hand."

I didn't quite understand at first, but as we began talking I realized that Ruth and our other neighbors thought I was a widow. I told her that I was really only a "baseball widow." (I was very happy for the opportunity to explain because Al, when he does get home, generally arrives at one in the morning and leaves again a few hours later to catch another plane!)

Of course, (Continued on page 84)



Mona is something of a baseball fan, too. She's certainly an Al fan—won't wear her jeans when Daddy's home, but always dresses her very best for occasions of, "I've a date with Daddy!"



Al's every bit as much a Mona fan. Once when he got home, dead tired, at two in the morning he stayed up two more hours to fix the swings he had promised her for a party the next day.



The \$64 question



*Strictly for fun . . .
four pages of radio,
TV games to while
away summer stay-
at-home hours*

ACCORDION-playing quizmaster Phil Baker made the last question of Take It Or Leave It into such a widely quoted expression that in its honor the program was renamed, The \$64 Question. After eleven years on the air, it still remains a favorite of armchair puzzlebugs who stoutly insist if they had been at the microphone, they could have



Phil Baker, \$64 emcee

answered all the questions. To settle this debatable point, here are questions taken right from the script. Now test your skill. Famous Animals: Fact and Fiction

- \$1.00 1. What animal ain't what she used to be?
 - \$2.00 2. What dog is the constant companion of Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse?
 - \$4.00 3. Why did the lion spare Androcles' life?
 - \$8.00 4. How did Pegasus differ from other horses?
 - \$16.00 5. What Victorian poetess had a cocker spaniel named Flush?
 - \$32.00 6. What animal in Kipling's *Just So Stories* was known for his insatiable curiosity?
 - \$64.00 7. What animal beat a unicorn?
- Eating and Drinking—I'll tell you what I'm eating and drinking; you guess where I am.
- \$1.00 1. I'm eating blinchiki and drinking a glass of tea with jam in it.
 - \$2.00 2. I'm eating frog's legs and drinking Chablis.
 - \$4.00 3. I'm eating a cut off the joint and drinking ale.
 - \$8.00 4. I'm eating shark's fins and drinking jasmine tea.
 - \$16.00 5. I'm eating goulash and drinking Tokay.
 - \$32.00 6. I'm eating sauerbraten and drinking schnapps.
 - \$64.00 7. I'm eating baked beans and codfish cakes and drinking my breakfast coffee.

For answers, turn to page 79.

Heard Sundays at 10:30 PM, EDT, on NBC.

Twenty questions



THE ONLY clue emcee Bill Slater gives the panel on Twenty Questions is whether the subject is animal, vegetable or mineral. They have twenty questions, answerable by "yes" or "no," with which to identify it. Here is a sample of the techniques employed by the panel. The subject of the questions below was announced as a combination of "mineral and vegetable." Follow the questions and answers. Can you identify the subject? The answer will be found on page 79.

- Q. 1. Is this "mineral and vegetable" subject located geographically?
A. Could be
- Q. 2. Is it a building or part of a structure?
A. No
- Q. 3. Is it a manufactured article?
A. Yes
- Q. 4. Is it famous for its connection with a person?
A. Yes
- Q. 5. Is this person living?
A. No
- Q. 6. Was this person fictional?
A. No
- Q. 7. Was he a military figure?
A. No
- Q. 8. Was he an American?
A. Yes
- Q. 9. Was he an elected government official?
A. No
- Q. 10. Was he an entertainer?
A. No
- Q. 11. Was he an early Colonial American?
A. No
- Q. 12. Was he a Westerner?
A. No
- Q. 13. Did he live in the Twentieth Century?
A. Yes
- Q. 14. Was he connected with the government in any way?
A. No
- Q. 15. Was he a scientist?
A. Yes
- Q. 16. Was this subject an invention?
A. Yes
- Q. 17. Was this a farm implement?
A. No
- Q. 18. Was this something to be used in the home for pleasure?
A. Yes
- Q. 19. Was this man Edison?
A. Yes
- Q. 20. Was this his _____?
(The panel guessed it . . . did you?)

Originally a parlor game, Twenty Questions is now in its sixth year on the air and TV. This is a perfect party game. Invent your own subjects, such as: A kiss (animal), MacArthur's corn cob pipe (vegetable), and the Golden Gate Bridge (mineral).

T.Q. heard Sat., 8:00 PM, EDT, Mutual. Can be seen on DuMont stations, Fri., 8 PM, EDT. Sponsored by the Mennen Co.



Emcee Bill Slater and T.Q. panel regulars

More
SUMMER
FUN games
next page



Strike it rich



*Strictly for fun . . .
more radio, television
games to help while
away summer stay-
at-home hours*

The pay-off . . . producer Walter Framer and M.C. Warren Hull congratulate Lt. E. J. Halter on his answers.



STRIKE IT Rich, Warren Hull's lively afternoon question session is known as the "quiz show with a heart" because contestants selected have a worthy need of the prize money. Each starts with fifteen dollars, and each must decide before every question whether to risk all or part of his winnings. A correct answer doubles the amount placed on that question. Compare your luck and skill with a recent contestant. Start with fifteen points. See if you could have Struck It Rich! Answers are on page 79.

A quadruplegic Iwo Jima hero, seeking funds to help him get a house and whirlpool machine, bet the limit and won on each of these. Was awarded \$480 plus a \$20 bonus.

1. *Shaker*: A vibration of a portion of ground is called an earth——what?
2. *Music Quiz*: What orchestral instrument in its literal translation means "small" and is small?
3. *On Your Mettle*: What is the name of a British Crown Colony in western Africa? There's metal in the name, so be on your mettle and name it.
4. *Star and Song*: This famous star is a clarinet-playing bandleader, a familiar sight in his battered top hat as he sings "When My Baby Smiles At Me." Who is he?
5. *Isle of Somewhere*: There's a small island in the South Pacific with a population of two hundred and fifty. It has gigantic statues and archeological remains of unknown origins. It was discovered in 1772 on a day in spring the Christian world celebrates with joy, and from this day got its name. What is it?
6. *Music Quiz*: Are "lyrics" the words or music of a song?
7. *Word Wonders*: Mildew is a kind of fungus. What is "curfew?"

Strike It Rich is heard M-F, 4 P. M. EDT, CBS. Seen CBS-TV, M-F, 11:30 A. M. EDT; Wed., 9 P. M. EDT. Sponsor: Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.



Break the bank



Emcees Bud Collyer and Bert Parks individually and collectively join a winner-finale.



EVER SINCE the founding of the institution, the bank, people have been trying to break it. Effective June 5, 1946, this was legalized by the arrival of the radio program, Break The Bank, followed two years later by the TV version. Now you need have no qualms. Go ahead and see if you can break this bank. You'll find the answers on page 79.

1. What famous actress emcees the radio program, The Big Show?
2. Name the suave newspaper columnist who emcees Toast of The Town.
3. Born in Huntington, West Virginia, this blonde Amazon has made a name for herself on TV. Who is she?
4. What famous husband and wife team won acclaim for their Halls of Ivy?
5. Mary Livingstone is to Jack Benny what Portland Hoffa is to what famous comedian?
6. On what TV anti-crime program is Walter Greaza called "chief" by his agents?
7. Name the two stars who portray the Bickersons on both TV and radio.
8. What former pitching ace telecasts many of the New York Yankee's home games?
9. Name the Senator who made TV history with his crime investigations.
10. The beautiful wife of Rex Harrison is a TV star in her own right. Name her.
11. Generally acknowledged to be the First Lady of Television, she recently became Mrs. Skitch Henderson. Who is she?
12. Who is the noted hockey announcer who kibitzes emcee Bud Collyer on the radio version of Break The Bank?
13. Name the actor who plays "Harrington" in Mr. District Attorney.
14. This ex-barber makes the girls swoon on his Supper Club. Who is he?
15. You Bet Your Life this quizmaster is quick on the quip. Name him.
16. Who is the lone gal member of the regular Twenty Questions team?
17. Name the late world-famed conductor whose Boston Symphony rehearsals were broadcast.
18. What famous radio commentator toured Tibet with his son?

Break The Bank heard M-F, 11 A.M. EDT. NBC. Seen weekly NBC-TV. Consult your newspaper. Sponsor: Bristol-Myers.



Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6200



IT'S A SKILLFUL blending of recognizable past and present, fact and fiction, which makes you feel, when you see Hawkins Falls on TV, that this is somehow a reflection of your own life. The skill in the blending is the skill of the actors and of the show's creators, writer Doug Johnson and producer Ben Park—who feel that everyone holds a small town in his heart—as nostalgic memory or hope for the future.

The town of Hawkins Falls itself is the main character, but many of the citizens play important roles: Belinda Catherwood, self-elected defender of morality and culture and history . . . Knap and Lona Drewer and runaway Roy whom they adopted . . . Laif Flagle and Millie, his wife, whose poignant devotion makes more sophisticated citizens a trifle jealous . . . Jake Debrow, the know-it-all barber . . . Janet Weaver, Belinda Catherwood's niece . . . Doc Gibbs, the educated hobo . . . Judge Sharp and Elmira Cleebe and Jonathan Kratz and so many others. Now that you've met them here you'll want to visit them daily in their own home town—which might well be your home or any town in the U.S.A.—Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6200.

Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6200, may be seen Monday through Friday at 5 P.M. EDT, NBC-TV stations, sponsored by Surf.



Belinda Catherwood's precise ways and unbending views on practically any subject that comes up are a trial to her niece, Janet Weaver, (Played by Hope Summers, Nancy Brougham.) Major Izzah Cornwallace, one of Hawkins Falls' settlers, was an ancestor of the history-venerating Miss Catherwood.

Not a serial but a "television novel"—a warm story that touches heart and funnybone, with the town itself as the main character

Hoping to convince Belinda she should donate to Lodgeman's Fund, Jake (Les Spears) carries in her groceries, treats her to a few know-it-all opinions.



In Hawkins Falls, says Lona (Bernardine Flynn,) a mother knows a child's born with a fear of water—especially if it's on a washcloth! Roy (Bruce Dane) and Knap Drewer admit the truth of those words.

The Danes' back porch makes a fine gathering place for a neighborly confab: Knap Drewer (Frank Dane,) Millie Flagle (Ros Twohy,) Janet Weaver. (Dane's real-life son is his show son as well.)



Janet Weaver and Gillie, her chum (Jean Hawley,) are at the we'll-be-pals-forever-and-forever stage. Getting around Aunt Belinda requires many a whispered conference in Janet's bedroom (far rt.)



Most devoted couple in the town—Laird Flagle (Win Stracke) and his wife, Millie. While she does the week's wash—old-fashioned style—he serenades the girl he loves more with each day.

Conference of the staff and the cast. You haven't yet met the three men in foreground. They are writer Doug Johnson, announcer Hugh Downes and show's producer Ben Park.





Junior Mirror



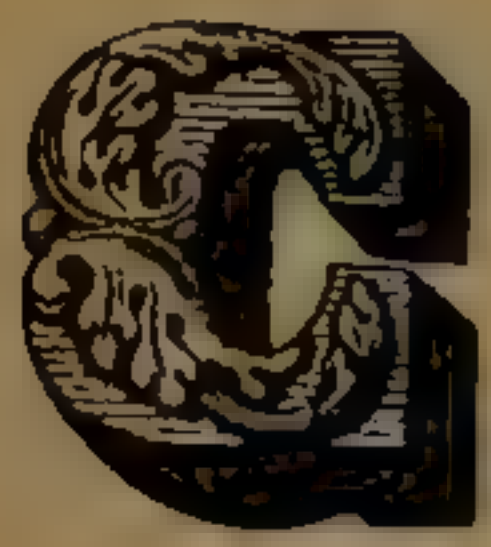
Wildlife Quiz

By Sgt. Preston

If you'd like to do some reading that's a lot more fascinating than fiction, just try books about animals. Here's a sample of what I mean, in the form of a little quiz:

- a) One particular bird has such keen sight it can spot a field mouse in the grass while flying at terrific height. What bird is it?
- b) If you've gone fishing, you've probably dug worms for bait. Bet you don't know how big earthworms grow in Australia?
- c) Ever been curious about how fast some of the wild creatures can move? Take a guess at these—mule-deer, jack rabbit, swallow.
- d) This is really hard to believe, though it's true. Know a large animal who actually lands on his head when he jumps?
- e) Ever hear stories about animals sleeping with one eye open? Know what mammal, found in Africa, *never* closes its eyes?

Here are the answers: (a) It's the hawk who has such keen eyesight. (b) Down there, earthworms grow as much as twelve feet long! (c) The mule-deer can travel at 35 miles an hour. Jack rabbits' speedometers hit 45. The swallow's really a speedster—110 m.p.h.! (d) Biggest sheep in the world, the Argali, lands on its head. (e) The African elephant shrew even sleeps with its eyes wide open! (You can hear Sgt. Preston on Challenge of the Yukon on Sundays at 6 P.M. EDT, over MBS stations.)



Captain Video on Planet 1-X-7

Captain Video, adventurer in space travel of the future, champion of right, is seen M-F at 7 P.M. EDT on DuMont TV stations. In these pictures, just as you saw them on TV, Al Hodge is Captain Video, Don Hastings is the Video Ranger, Hal Conklin is Dr. Pauli, Natalie Core is Queen Karola, Kem Dibbs is Geral, John Martin is Asbek, Walter Black is Kaan and Nat Polen is Maha.

When this Captain Video adventure starts, Dr. Pauli, the Captain's arch enemy, is hiding out at the home of Professor Nyari, well known Egyptologist. As the doctor and the professor look through some old hieroglyphic tablets, Dr. Pauli discovers and deciphers a fantastic ancient formula for the most powerful force in the world. He decides to move his operations to Planet 1-X-7—taking the tablet with him—where he can construct the necessary intricate machines to create this force, use it to conquer the world.

Captain Video receives reports from his space agents that Dr. Pauli's rocket ship is on the way to Planet 1-X-7. Immediately he calls in the Video Ranger, and together they take off in their super-rocket ship. Meanwhile, Dr. Pauli has landed on Planet 1-X-7 and started construction. Dressed in the costume of the planet he comes up from underground retreat to scan the heavens for signs of danger. Captain Video approaches, releases his emergency rations rocket, preparing to land. Dr. Pauli is knocked out by the concussion of the landing rocket. His faithful aide, Corin, seeing this, quickly goes underground to report to Queen Karola, who reigns over Planet 1-X-7. Fearing that Captain Video will discover Dr. Pauli, she tells Corin to go back and rescue him.

Now, follow the rest of this adventure through the pictures at the right:

1. Captain Video and the Ranger land. Armed with Atomic Rifle, Cosmic Ray Vibrator, wearing atmosphere suits, they spot the footprints of Dr. Pauli. Using inter-space radio they notify agents to close in, then they go underground.

2. Exploring caves leads Captain Video to throne room of Queen Karola. He finds Geral, the Martian space Captain, also trying to track down Pauli. Ranger radios that Pauli has escaped in their ship, sends solar-system-wide alarm.

3. Geral and Captain Video join forces, start back to Earth. On Venus, Asbek of Jupiter and Kaan of Mars instruct Maha of Eos to go to Earth, for Maha becomes invisible at will. Pauli has landed on Earth with Captain Video in pursuit.

4. Playing the hunch that Pauli has returned to the professor's home, Captain Video and the Ranger look through every room, but Dr. Pauli has put on his Cloak of Invisibility. He corners them and mercilessly prepares to immobilize them.

5. Suddenly the helpless Captain and Ranger hear sounds of struggle, and the gun clatters to the floor. The situation is saved as Dr. Pauli comes from invisibility, held in the steel grip of Maha, the only one who is able to penetrate the Cloak!



*From north of the
border comes
a daytime serial of
great warmth
telling the story of
one woman's*

Brave voyage

PRODUCED in Canada, with all Canadian actors, *Brave Voyage* tells the story of Helen Marsh, a young schoolteacher in a small town near Toronto. Having been brought up to believe she was an orphan, Helen discovers that her father, Mr. Manning, is still alive, but in prison on false charges. Investigating the circumstances in his case, she manages to clear him of all guilt and he is released. Now Helen finds herself reliving the same nightmare; her husband, Gordon, a prominent writer, has been falsely convicted of murder.

Helen, convinced that Dickie Schuyler is guilty of the crime, appeals to the governor, but all she can obtain is a promise that the matter will be taken under advisement. Desperate, she decides to try to make Dickie confess his crime by confronting him with her knowledge of it. Dickie's reaction only confirms her suspicion, but now Helen finds her life endangered by this man who has already murdered one woman.

Brave Voyage is heard M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, CBC Trans-Canada, sponsored by Rinso.



*Mimi, a favorite with all *Brave Voyage* listeners, proudly poses for her picture.*

Left, Gordon Marsh and his wife, Helen (John Scott and Beth Lockerbie), discuss a new episode.

The cast: Emily Wiley, Helen's best friend (Peggy Brown); Mrs. Harris, the Marshs' housekeeper (Jane Mallett); Helen, Gordon and Mr. Manning (Syd Brown).





Only Lilt's Superior Ingredients give such a Superior Wave! You can use the Lilt Refill with any plastic curlers and, for only \$1.25*, get a wave far more like Naturally Curly Hair! Guaranteed by Procter & Gamble!

Party Dress, Jane Derby



A Lilt wave looks lovelier, feels softer, is easier to manage than any other home wave! Only Lilt's superior ingredients give such a superior wave!

No Other Home Permanent Wave looks...feels...behaves so much like the loveliest **Naturally Curly Hair!**



Refill \$1.25*
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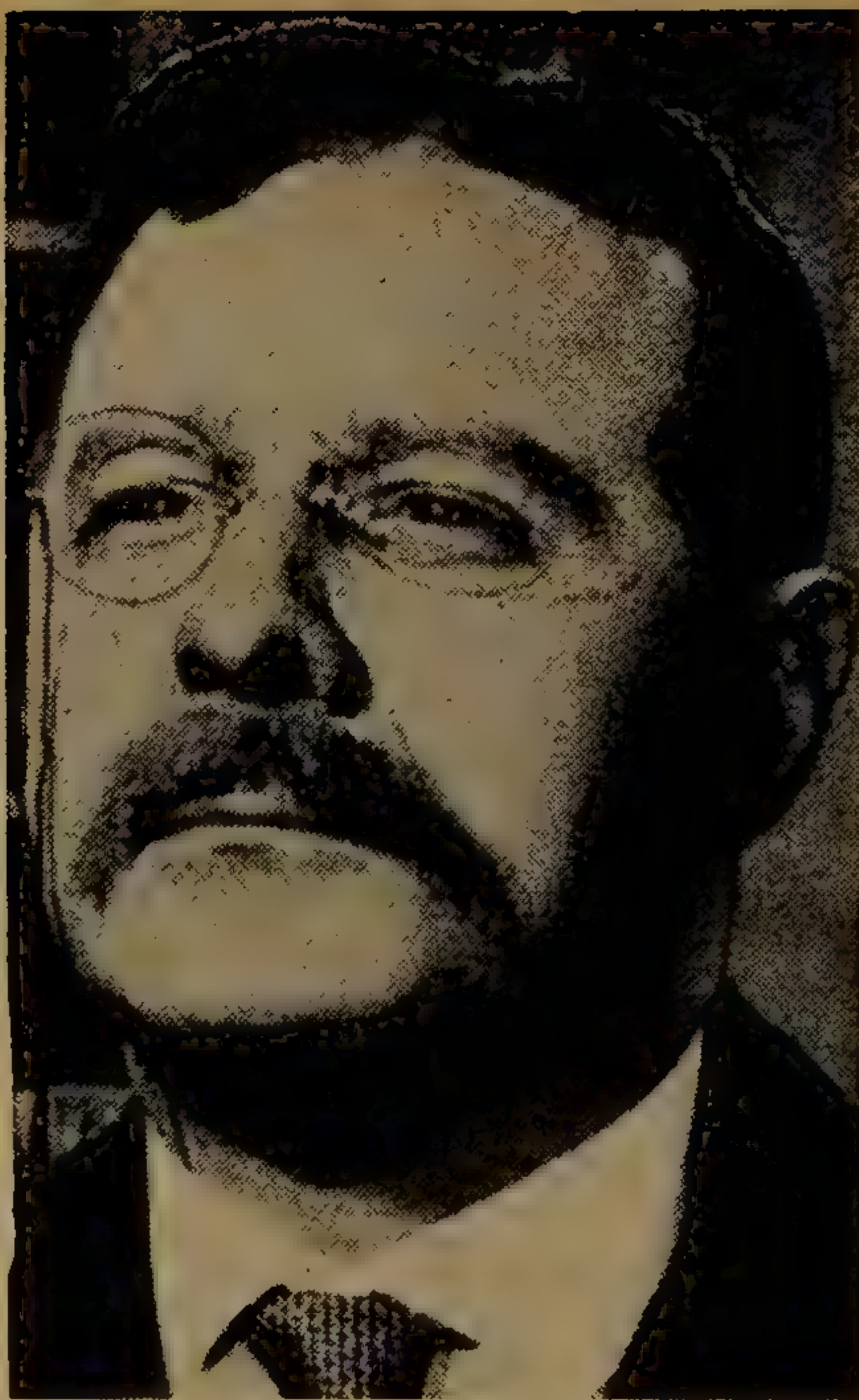
Home Permanent
Procter & Gamble's Cream-Oil Cold Wave

Never before such a gentle, yet effective Waving Lotion!
Never before a wave so easy to manage!

Never before such a natural-looking wave
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Never before such assurance of no kinky, frizzy look!

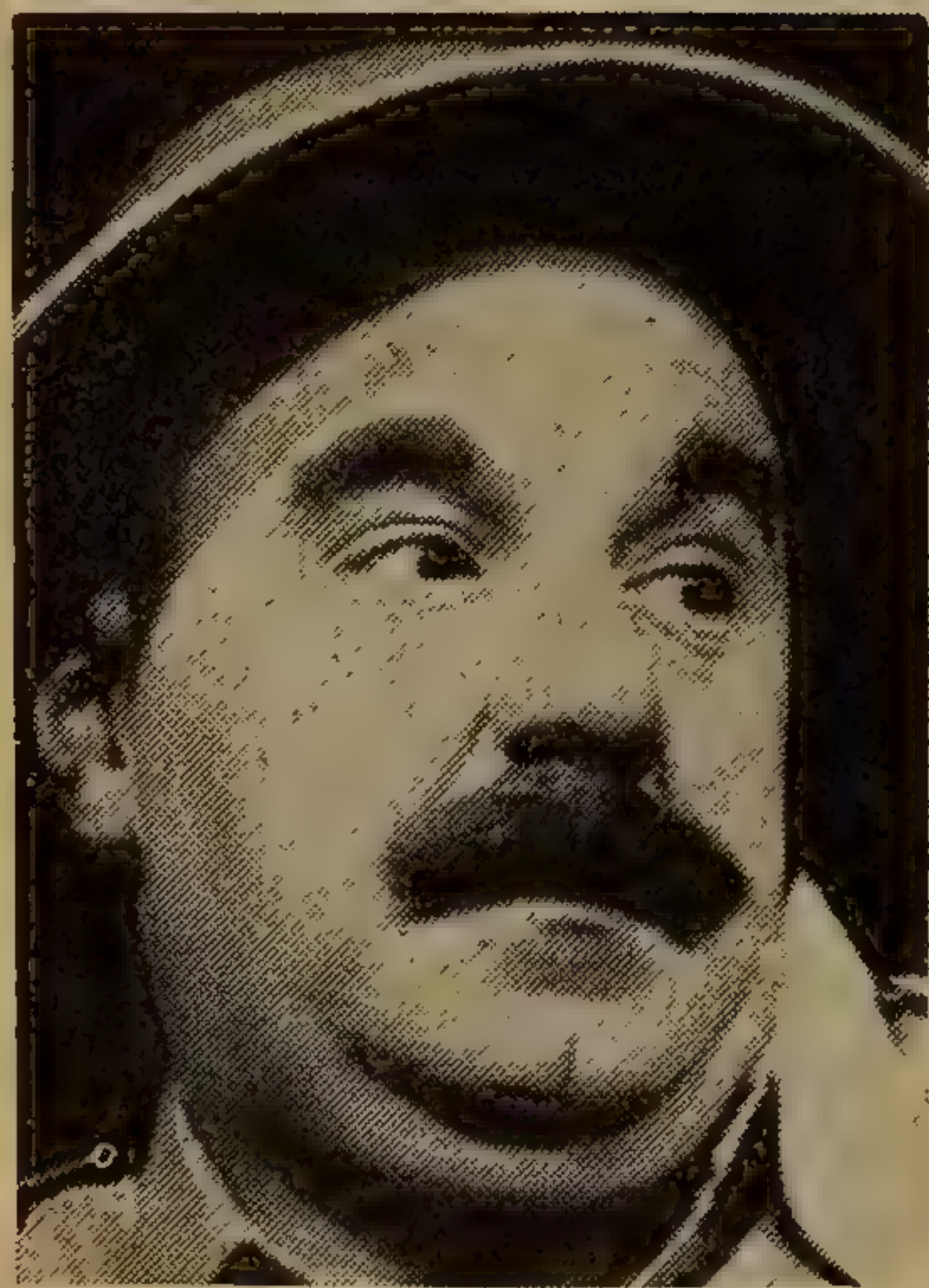
Money-back Guarantee: Both the Lilt Refill and Complete Kit are guaranteed by Procter & Gamble to give you the loveliest, softest, easiest-to-manage Home Permanent wave you've ever had—or your money back!

MANSON AS THE VILLAINOUS NERO...



AS TEDDY "BIG STICK" ROOSEVELT...

USING HIS OWN "RUBBER PUSS"...



AS A LIGHTS OUT EXPLORER ..



OFTEN AS A POLICEMAN...



AS A SUPER-FIENDISH MANIAC...



FINALLY, IN CASE YOU'RE CURIOUS—AS HIMSELF.

One man's faces

YOU'VE seen Maurice Manson in dozens of TV shows, but you've probably never once recognized him as the same man you saw before—the man with as many different faces and personalities as he has roles.

Most of the historical figures you see on TV—anyone from Nero to Napoleon—are portrayed by Manson. To prepare for the make-up job on these exceptionally difficult roles he usually spends several hours in the Public Library picture file, studying the face from all angles.

The voice to be used, for any role, is another problem Manson has to face. If possible he listens to recordings of the

person he is to portray so that he may come as close as possible to actual speech. Imagination often has to take over on its own, however, for Manson has been called on to play parts ranging from the voice of a telephone receiver to a talking cocker spaniel.

Actual research finally over, Manson arrives at the studio about four hours early to put on his own make-up. Noses, ears, face lines, require careful and slow application. If an authentic wig is not available he often has to glue his hair on strand by strand.

Once the face is on, there still remains the costume problem. Manson keeps his

own equipment—paddings, corsets, even lifts. He has suits to make him look fatter or thinner, suits that make him look like a gangster and others in which he looks like what the well-dressed man will wear.

But as drastic as the changes are on the outside, the change on the inside has to be equally great. Manson will accept a part only if he believes he can fit it mentally as well as physically. So well does he suit the parts he does play, however, that after watching one of his recent TV performances, his mother made the classic remark: "Son, you were wonderful—which one were you?"

A face that only a mother could love—but probably wouldn't recognize

"Easy to be
**LUX
LOVELY**"

says **CLAUDETTE COLBERT**

Starring in

"THUNDER ON THE HILL"

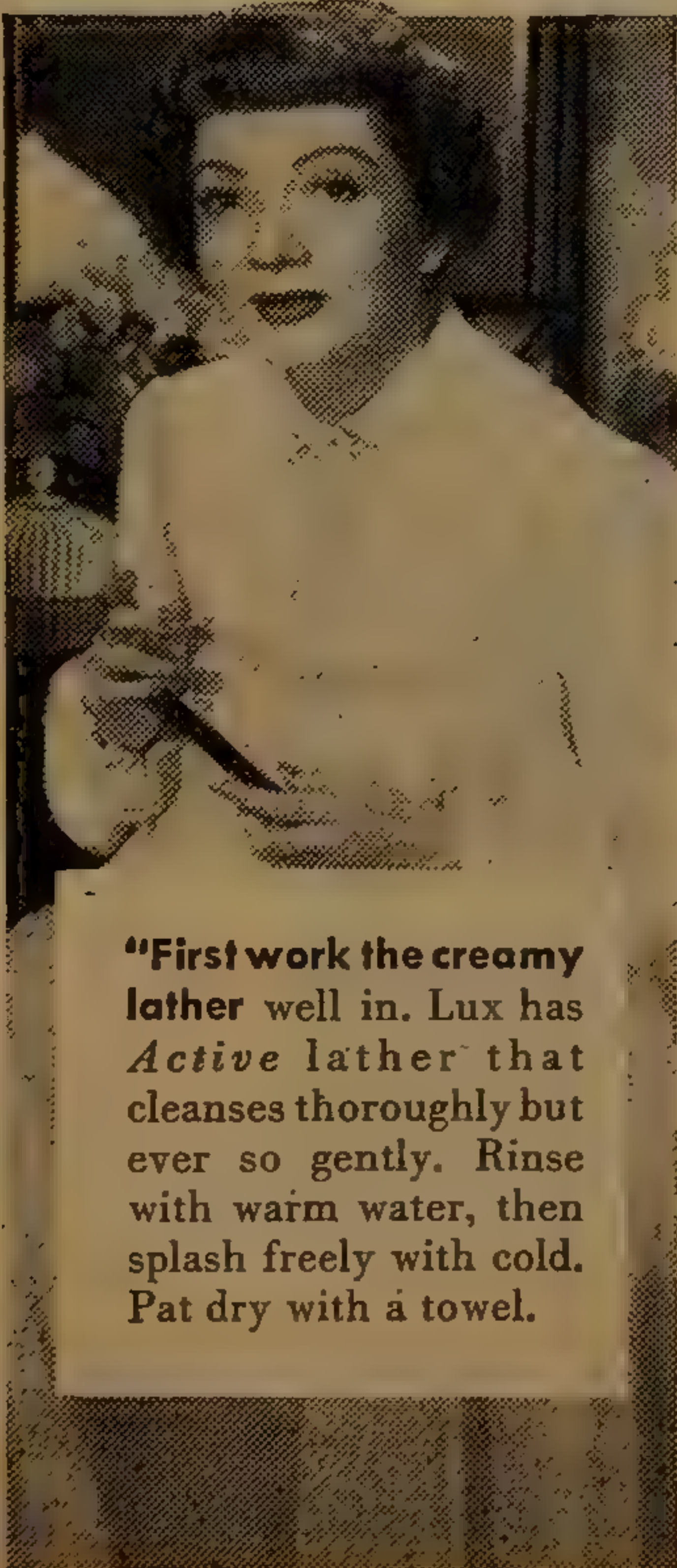
A Universal International Picture



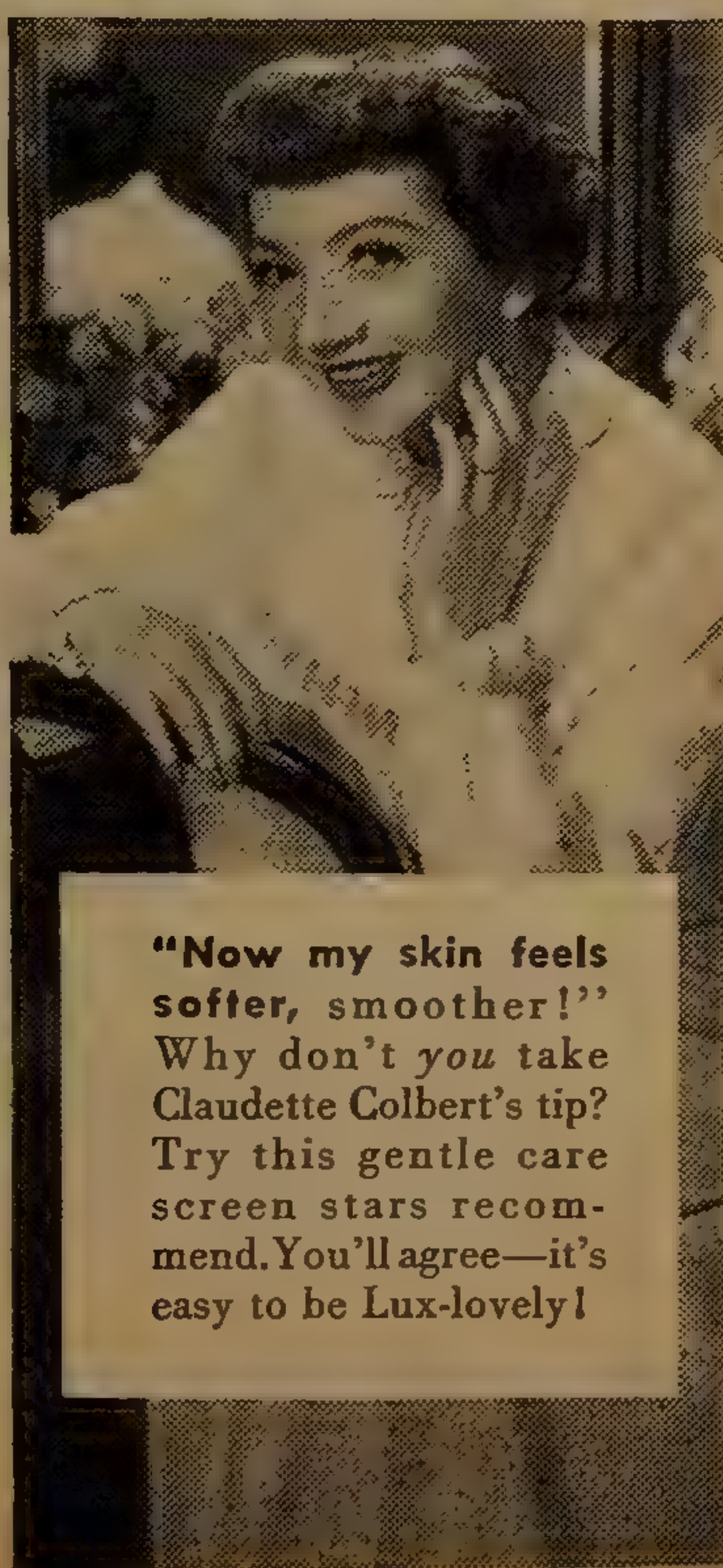
"My beauty facials really make skin softer, smoother"



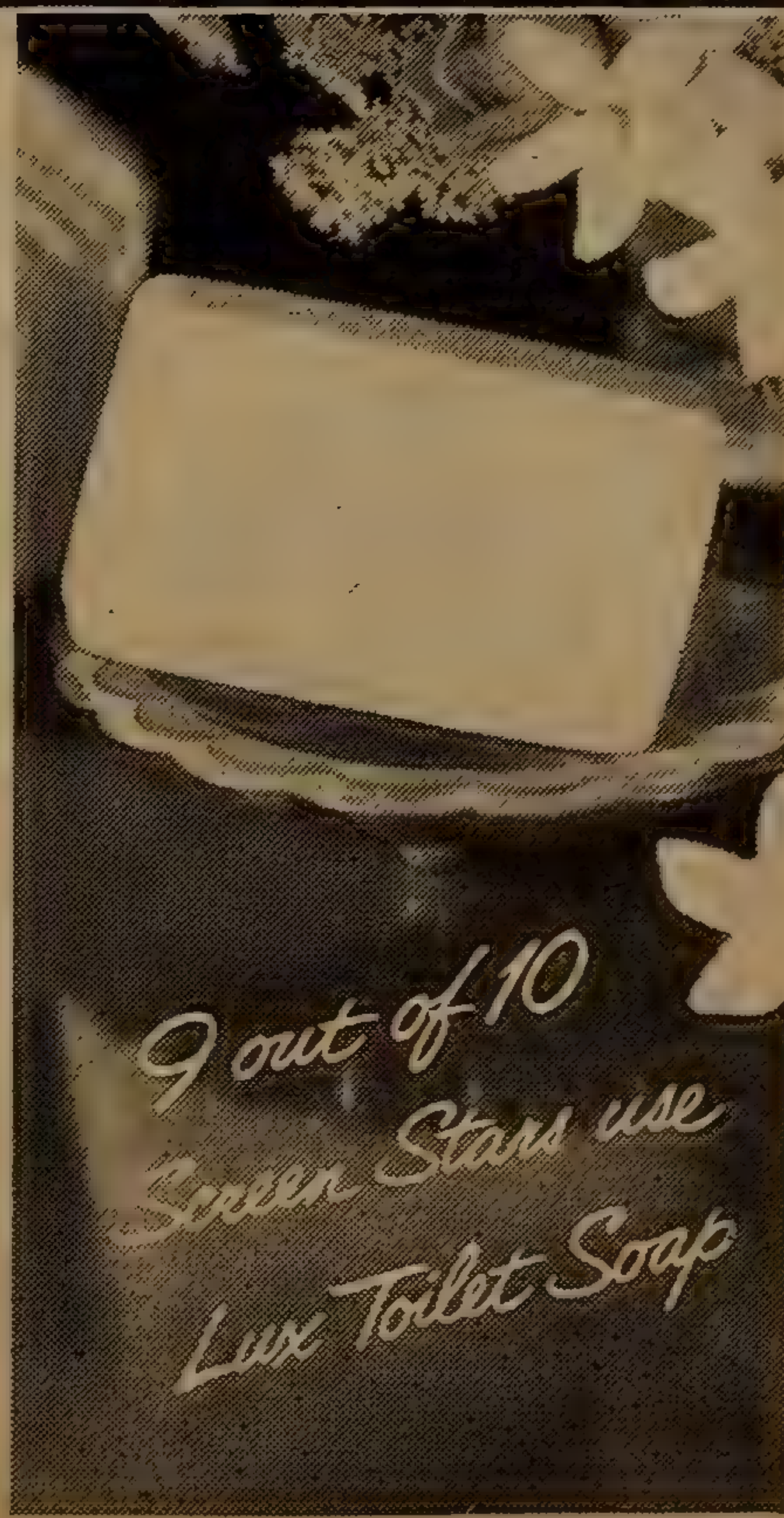
"I've found Lux Soap facials really make skin lovelier," says glamorous Claudette Colbert. "It's such an easy beauty care, but one I know I can depend on. Here's all you do:



"First work the creamy lather well in. Lux has *Active* lather that cleanses thoroughly but ever so gently. Rinse with warm water, then splash freely with cold. Pat dry with a towel.



"Now my skin feels softer, smoother!" Why don't you take Claudette Colbert's tip? Try this gentle care screen stars recommend. You'll agree—it's easy to be Lux-lovely!



*9 out of 10
Screen Stars use
Lux Toilet Soap*

CHOOSE A DREAMY GUY

(Continued from page 32) unknown dream man—for we'd been dating a year by that time, and Bill fits the description to perfection. Only three months after that article was printed came Christmas time—and Bill proved his sentimentality by gifting me with a pin that I'd admired in a shop window *the summer before!* Moreover, he too wants to live in New York City because he too was brought up here. And he is television and radio director of Warwick and Legler Advertising Agency—and for years before entering the agency, he prepared for it by holding all kinds of jobs in the entertainment world. Of course I think he's bright, humorous, and completely wonderful—so that (somewhat) covers Mr. Warwick.

You can see that when it comes to marriage, a man-hater is just as delirious as any other wife—over her own dreamy man! What else could she be, when everyone we know has pitched in to make us as happy as possible?

For instance, neither Bill nor I will ever forget the midnight we returned from our honeymoon. Hot, rumpled and exhausted from a long flight from Florida, we unlocked the door of our brand-new apartment, expecting to face six dark and dusty rooms—and we knew, all too well, what little furniture studded those rooms: a bed, two night tables, two chests of drawers, and (in the living-room) a sofa and coffee table. You can imagine our delighted astonishment when we found that our mothers had been there earlier, getting things ready . . . so, while our sparse furniture was still sparse, we stepped into a living-room with lights going, flowers arranged in bowls, and a tray laid out with cold drinks and sandwiches. In the bedroom, we found more flowers—and in the kitchen, we found an ice-box fully stocked for meals the next day! With such thoughtfulness on the parts of our mothers, our "real life" got off to a marvelous start. Naturally, we stayed up until dawn eating sandwiches and admiring our new home.

Our friends have been equally thoughtful, before the wedding ever took place. All the girls on Leave It to the Girls had out-done themselves at a shower for me, for instance. Maggi McNellis presented me with a linen breakfast set with the note, "This is for when he cooks you breakfast in bed." (That'll be the day!) Robin Chandler gifted me practically with a cute yellow garbage pail. Dorothy Kilgallen gave me a luncheon set with a card that read, "This is so you can have us all to lunch when you get back from your honeymoon—for a conference on married life." Producer Martha Rountree gave me an ice bucket—and as a result of that kitchen shower, my kitchen is the one room of the house that is fully furnished! It has everything you can imagine, from Waring mixers to a rolling pin (this last being a gag present from my ten-year-old nephew). I will also add, here and now, that I can cook. The only thing I haven't yet made for Bill is a cake, and I'm dying to try one.

Our two hundred wedding presents were all sensational too—although it'll be the year '82 before I get through writing

thank-you notes. For instance, Tex and Jinx gave us a double silver picture frame, with the name "Eloise" engraved on one side, and "Bill" on the other. Ed and Pegeen Fitzgerald presented us with a darling gift: a gold key for our front door. Then, too, we got dozens of gifts from stranger-friends—the people who watch me on television. From these nice people came, among other things, napkins with hand-crocheted edges, a beautiful crocheted doily, some blue and yellow pot-holders, and even a picture of me, framed!

And how could a man-hater resist my wedding—which I thought was beautiful naturally! We were married at four-thirty in the afternoon last April 6th, at St. Ignatius Loyola Church at 84th Street and Park Avenue in New York City—and over a thousand people jammed into the church. (There were so many that they were even out on the sidewalk.) This crowd was made up of friends *and* listeners . . . and proved that if we'd asked everyone we wanted to the reception afterward, we'd have had to rent Madison Square Garden!

Instead, our reception was small and limited mainly to members of our families. It was held at the home of Mrs. O. J. Sterling—otherwise known as my sister Dorothy. New York's Mayor Impelliteri came, and my uncle Admiral Carl Fink, and Ilka Chase, and dozens of cousins, aunts and uncles of both Bill's and mine. Afterward we left on our honeymoon. I'm proud to say that my honeymoon trousseau was perfectly matched—although why I'll never know, since I'd buy a green dress four weeks before I'd get a chance to buy the shoes that went with it! I'm also proud to announce that I managed, by bouncing vigorously on suit-



Eloise has a large collection of tiny, delicate cups and saucers. Her husband adds to the display whenever he comes home from a trip.

cases, to get everything into two suitcases and a face case.

Then we were off on a two-week honeymoon that turned out to be as hectic as the way I talk on television. We went first to St. John's in the Virgin Islands, a wonderful honeymoon spot. There were only eight cottages on the whole island, all of them removed from the others and surrounded by tremendous porches. If we wanted maid service, a maid would materialize out of the scenery—and if we wanted to see people, we could go to the commissary in the center of the island to buy food and to meet the other people there. Mostly, of course, we lay on our own private beach soaking up the sunshine.

After four days there, we went to St. Thomas Island to the Virgin Isle Hotel, which is the last word in chic hotels anywhere (they even sent champagne and fruit to our room). Then we were off for Havana, with a one-hour stopover in San Juan—long enough, we proved, to get to the new Caribe-Hilton Hotel for lunch and still get back to the plane! In Havana, we stayed at the Nacional Hotel, and saw the entire island with a wonderful Cuban driver named Mike. Then we went to Palm Beach, Florida, for twenty-four hours (and two parties in our honor) before flying back to New York City and our "settled" life.

As I say, marriage for a man-hater who only hates men thirty minutes a week is as wonderful as it is for other (lucky) wives. And for Bill and me, it has been much as we expected, because we didn't rush hysterically into it. We'd known each other a good year and a half—in fact, during our courtship we'd introduced a couple who got married and even had a baby before we got around to signing our marriage license! This long wait was due to the fact that both of us wanted to be sure we were entering a lifetime partnership. By the time we were formally engaged—last December 16th, when he gave me my ring—we were both positive that we were.

I first met Bill in highly unromantic circumstances, at the National Broadcasting Company. One morning, my director and I were winding up rehearsals on a daily radio show I was then doing. Just as we finished for the day, the door of the studio opened and Bill Warwick walked in—he was a new NBC director, and still getting acquainted. We were introduced, and we lunched together. For the next three days Bill worked on my show with me. Then he asked me out on a date, and we've been going out ever since. During the eighteen months we went together, we discovered that we enjoyed many of the same things—parties at friends' homes, night clubs, amusement parks, and of course visiting each other's families. Both of us loved television, and loved to go out, and loved people.

We also loved giving each other presents. You've already heard about Bill's last Christmas gift to me—that long-remembered pin. But we gave each other dozens of mad little gifts, right along. He gave me some of those China kissing bugs, and a set of little China animals; I gave him some kissing rabbits, and gag books like *How to Play Golf*. Also, he knew that I collected after-dinner coffee cups—and everytime he returned from a

business trip anywhere, he brought me a new cup for my collection. Months ago, too, he gave me a gold "13" for my charm bracelet—because 13 was the number of his plane when Captain Warwick was a fighter-pilot during the war. And I found out that he was not only thoughtful about presents—but about such things as telephoning when he knew he'd be late for a date.

Actually, there is only one thing about Bill's tastes that doesn't jibe with mine—he's an outdoor man, who thoroughly enjoys every sport, while I'm in my element on a sofa. Now, I like swimming, and I have enough sense not to be crashed in the head by a boom when sailing—but as for tennis and riding, I've already told Bill that I'll be glad to welcome him home. He's agreed to let me stay off horses and tennis-courts; but he's determined to teach me golf, and I've had to give in on it. So don't be surprised to see me batting my way out of sand-traps from now on—remembering that, if I can ever break 100, my father-in-law has promised to give me a matched set of clubs.

YES, I FIND marriage a fine institution. We both like to sleep late in the mornings, and on Sundays we like to poop around in old clothes. Bill's handy around the house, and while he's happily putting up hooks in the kitchen, I'm contentedly arranging closets—with frills on the shelf-edges, and everything stacked neatly. Both of us stage a wild celebration over each new piece of furniture that finally reaches our empty apartment; our plan is for semi-modern furniture, a beige-white-and-blue color scheme, and plenty of comfort. Of course we'll have two television sets, one in the living room and one in the library.

My "career" doesn't interfere with my married life at all—even though I'm now doing a brand-new weekly radio program, Musical Merry-Go-Round (starting a week after my honeymoon), as well as my three usual television shows, Eloise Salutes the Stars, Leave It to the Girls, and Quick on the Draw. But everything blends.

Last week, for instance, I finished a personal appearance and rushed into a supermarket to buy dinner supplies. I was all done up in my new Navy blue suit, my initialed blouse, white felt hat, stone martens and a huge orchid . . . but nevertheless I was wheeling a wire basket around and loading it high with groceries. Shortly a few other housewives gathered around—strangers to me, but very nice ones—and asked, "Well, Eloise, how do you like this marriage routine?"

I held out my hands, with the nails all chipped from tearing open wedding presents, and said, "I love it, even though it's left its mark on me—why, it's no problem at all!"

Bill seems to feel the same way about our marriage. Recently a friend asked him, "How can you get a word in edge-wise, married to Eloise?"

He said, "I can talk almost as fast as she can—and I can do it louder!"

It isn't, either . . . as I say, girls, if you insist on marrying, be sure to do what I did: and pick one of the dreamy ones!



Wherever soap is used or sold,
Wives and merchants, young or old,
Know for sure that nothing else
Washes clothes like good old FELS.

Summer fun DRIES your skin



Sun-basking
coarsens skin

TORRID SUMMER SUN tends to bake the outer layer of your skin—make it look coarser, summer-dry.

HERE IS A QUICK UN-DRIER to soften and relax your summer-dried skin.

After you've been out in any strong summer sun or dusty, drying wind—smooth your hot, parched face with soothing, softening Pond's Dry Skin Cream (hands and arms, too). Don't be stingy. This rich, rich cream spreads easily. Your dry, thirsty, tight-feeling skin will "soak it right up"—become softer, moister, more comfortable *at once!*

3 features

Three features make Pond's Dry Skin Cream effective. 1. It is very rich in *lanolin*—most like the skin's own oil. 2. It is *homogenized*—to soak in better. 3. It has a special softening *emulsifier*.

See its effects on your skin. At night—work in richly for extra softening. By day—use *lightly* for a smooth look under make-up. And *all summer*—use immediately after any sunny, windy exposure.

You can be *generous* in using Pond's Dry Skin Cream—it is so sensibly priced—55¢, 31¢, 15¢, and 98¢ for the extra-generous *biggest jar* (all plus tax).

START NOW to repair, ease, soften your summer-dry skin. Get your jar of Pond's Dry Skin Cream today!

(Continued from page 30) "We don't do anything alike. After all, we spend so much of our working time together, we'd probably kill one another if we shared all our leisure time, too. I like outdoor sports, spend a lot of time on the golf course. But Gracie can't stand the sun. I like bridge. Gracie doesn't play. You know Gracie—her hobby is window shopping, and her country club is Sak's."

That's how it is. George goes off with the boys to Hillcrest Country Club. Gracie heads for Wilshire Boulevard with the girls. They get home at night, George tells Gracie about that approach shot on the eighth that Sarazen in his prime never pulled off any better. Gracie tells George about the darling little blue silk with the silver buttons she picked up for peanuts. Everybody's happy.

GRACIE tells a story to point it up. "We envied the Mortimers. They seemed to have the ideal marriage. Always together, sharing every moment, every interest. We thought maybe there was something wrong with us, the way we like to do separate things. One day the Mortimers were having breakfast. Mr. M. said, 'Please pass the salt.' His wife said, 'I want a divorce!' So now George and I don't wonder any more—we know we've got the system!"

Just the same, some Beverly Hills neighbors who've glanced in the windows as they passed the Burns house recently (that's one of the outdoor sports here, like golf and window shopping) have whispered that things may not be so good with George and Gracie after all. There's George in one room, muttering to himself. There's Gracie in another room, muttering to herself. What d'you know, the Burnses aren't speaking!

Sure they're speaking, same as always. They're just rehearsing lines for their TV show. "It's this way," George explains. "We play only one scene together while the rest of the scenes are with other people. I'd be feeding Gracie everybody's lines but my own—and probably end up remembering everybody's but my own."

"It wouldn't be fair," Gracie says with a twinkle, "for poor George to have to memorize the *whole* show. And," she adds with modest pride, "that one scene we do together, we don't have to practice at home! Why, we know each other's ways so well we can just feel out that scene!"

George and Gracie cast a unanimous vote on television. They're crazy about it. "It's like a new lease on the profession," George tells everyone who'll hold still long enough. "It's being in the theater again. We've got the live feeling radio never gives."

"No," Gracie puts in. "You couldn't ad lib in radio without rattling the paper. In television you're *real* people. And the audience feels it. They know you can make a mistake because you're human, and if you do—so they like you for it."

George points out that TV is like the stage or vaudeville. Video performers don't have, aren't expected to have, the glossy perfection of the movies. "So we don't all come out looking like Dolores Del Rio. Nobody minds. But sure, there are

problems. When you haven't acted before an audience for a long time, you can even forget how to pick up a telephone. The darn thing looks at you and you look at it, and you wish they'd give you a bulletin on these new inventions ahead of time. But pretty soon you get used to it again and, the way you did on the stage, you find you're having a swell time and so's the audience."

In any Burns and Allen audience having a swell time you'll find J. Benny in the front row. There's something about George that gets you—just a look at that sour puss—before he opens his mouth. Even if I do laugh so hard I ruin his jokes before he finishes them, George still says I'm his best audience. I think I can say that I'm known in these parts as one who offers a mite of competition to anyone in the comedian racket, but I'll doff my toupee to George any day.

Come to think of it, this is pretty white of me. Ask George about me and he'll tell you some outrageous stories. In fact, they've grown so awful over the years George has been telling them, that even he is beginning to get insulted for me.

That's George's long suit, insulting his friends, and because I'm about the oldest friend I take the worst roasting. I'd guess we've been pals for around twenty-eight years, George and I. I've even forgotten, it's been so long, how we came to meet in the first place. That's not important—what is, I think, is that we've both hoed the long row to success without losing track of each other. George and I used to share a room back in the old vaudeville days. When he married Gracie, I had to move out and take a single which made, I remember, quite a hole in my budget. Our paths have been crossing ever since. In vaudeville we often played the same bill. In radio we guested on each other's shows. Now, since we've got our feet wet in television, we still exchange appearances. It's no act, either—we don't show before an audience and then forget each other in between. Many's the B & A business conference I've been asked to sit in on, and George is always ready to rally around with help and advice if I need them.

GEORGE has developed terrifically as a comedian since the old days. Darn him, you can't top him! Not professionally or socially, either. In our gang—which includes, besides George and Gracie and Mary and me, the William Goetzes, Claudette Colbert and her husband Joel Pressman, Danny Kaye and his wife, the Charles Viders, Barbara Stanwyck—George shines as the brightest star. We hang on his every insult. (But we know they're only for laughs. George never gets mad at anyone, really loves everybody.)

Years ago, I gave up trying to beat George to the punch. It's a waste of time. Like George and Gracie's wedding night, back in 1926. They were in Cleveland and I was playing San Francisco, so I hadn't been in on the festivities. I felt I should rectify this by a friendly telephone call—along about three A.M. I got my gag all worked out and put through the call. Man's voice answers, "Hello, George?" I say.

"Send up two orders ham and eggs," he growls, and slam goes the phone, leaving me with my mouth hanging open.

I finally got my own back, though. It took years, but I made it. George and Gracie went to England two years ago to play the Palladium. The night before their opening, I flew to London as a surprise. I put up at the same hotel and, with Jane Wyman, who was in England then, playing the operator, we called George, Jane making sure the call sounded as if I were still home. We talked a few minutes, with me wishing George lots of luck on the opening. As soon as I'd hung up, I strolled into the next room, where George was telling everyone how sweet it was of his old pal to call and wish him luck. He looked up and saw me. I don't care if I never do another thing to George—the memory of the look on his face will last me a lifetime.

GOOD AS they always were at whatever they turned their hand to, I think George and Gracie have topped their previous best now that they're in TV. George holds the show together as if he carried it around in his pocket, and Gracie's timing and naive delivery are great. They've developed the perfect formula for themselves, and TV's their medium, no doubt about it. Not an easy medium, either. (Don't I know it! I knocked my brains out doing four TV shows last season. I couldn't do a weekly, or even a bi-weekly television show, and keep on with radio, too.)

The use of repetitious gags, for instance, is pretty well limited in TV. Like the laugh George and Gracie used to close their act with, in vaudeville days. Gracie would wander across the stage with a piece of apple pie in her hands. When George asked why, she'd say, "You never know when you're going to meet a piece of cheese." A good gag—but in TV you can only pull it once and it's dead. (Just as well, Gracie says, "It's all for the best—I used to gain a lot of weight, eating that pie every night to keep it from going to waste.")

George and Gracie, besides working out a sure-fire formula, have shown wonderful judgment in picking a solid supporting cast. Bill Goodwin is one of the best, and Bea Benadaret and Fred Clark are perfect as the Mortons, their neighbors. Fred is Bea's third husband in the role of neighbor Harry Morton. "I tell all the girls," Gracie says, "that TV's a good way to get a husband!"

The Burns and Allen video show is a full-time business for George. With his writers—Harvey Helm, Sid Dorfman, Paul Henning and brother Willy Burns—George always keeps one show ahead. The day following a program, George and the writers huddle in their office near Hollywood and Vine, spending whatever time is necessary working out show-after-next's story line—based, always, on something simple that will offer a lot of laughs when developed. Then they scatter, to work separately on what they've dreamed up, until the following Friday. Between writing sessions, though, no one's idle. That week is spent in constant rehearsals with the entire cast, anywhere from one to four hours a day, of the up-coming show. Following the Thursday performance, George and the writers meet again, read over what they've

FAMOUS NUDES

Which type is your baby?



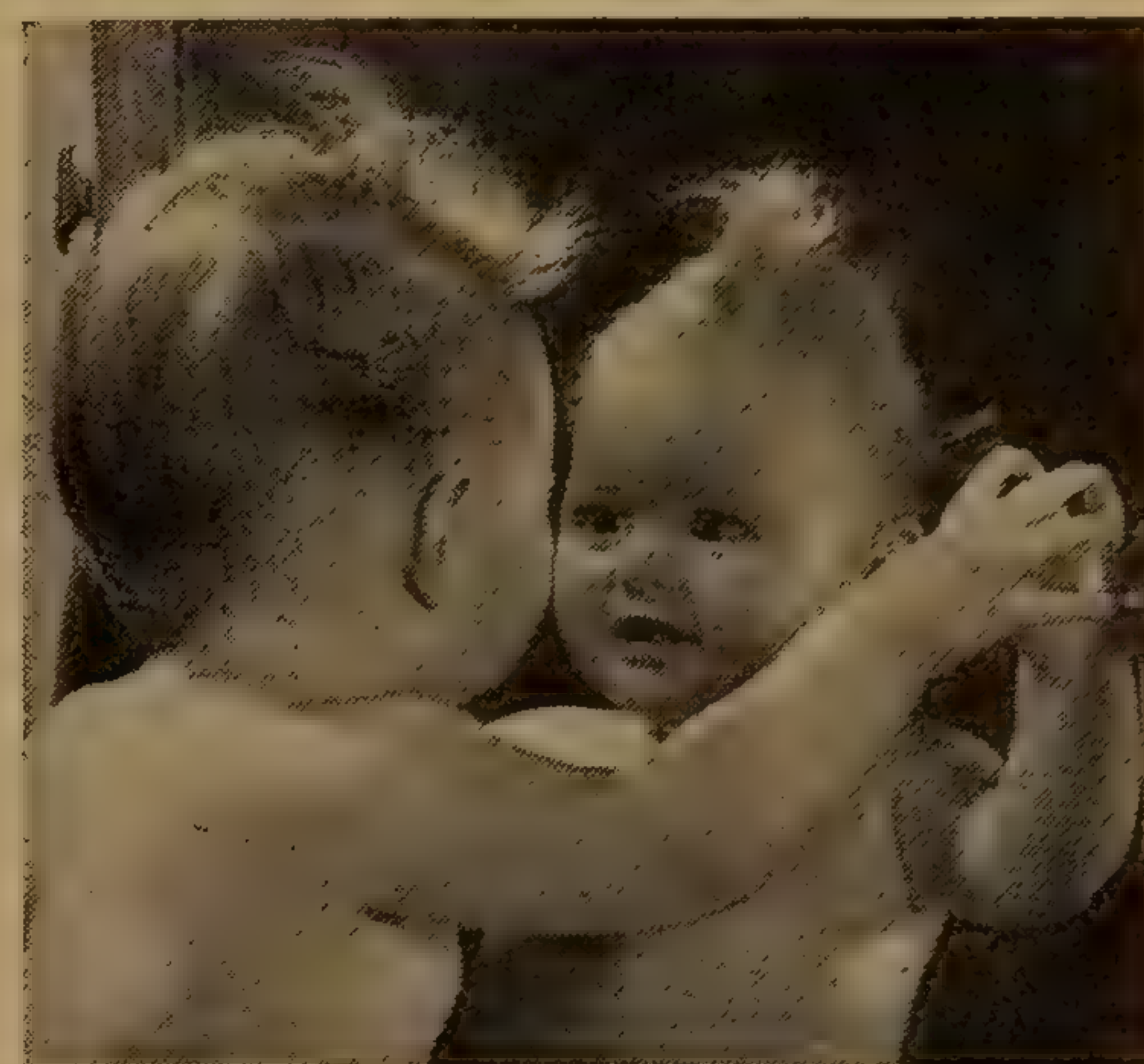
BOOKWORM... goes in for good books and good looks—the Mennen Baby Oil kind! Give your angel the silken comfort of this blissfully smooth, fragrant oil. You get more ounces for your money.



HALE-FELLOW-WELL-FED... why dress for dinner when you can wear Mennen Baby Oil? Feels like satin to tender skin... contains heavenly Lanolin. Guard against diaper rash, skin irritations this safe way.



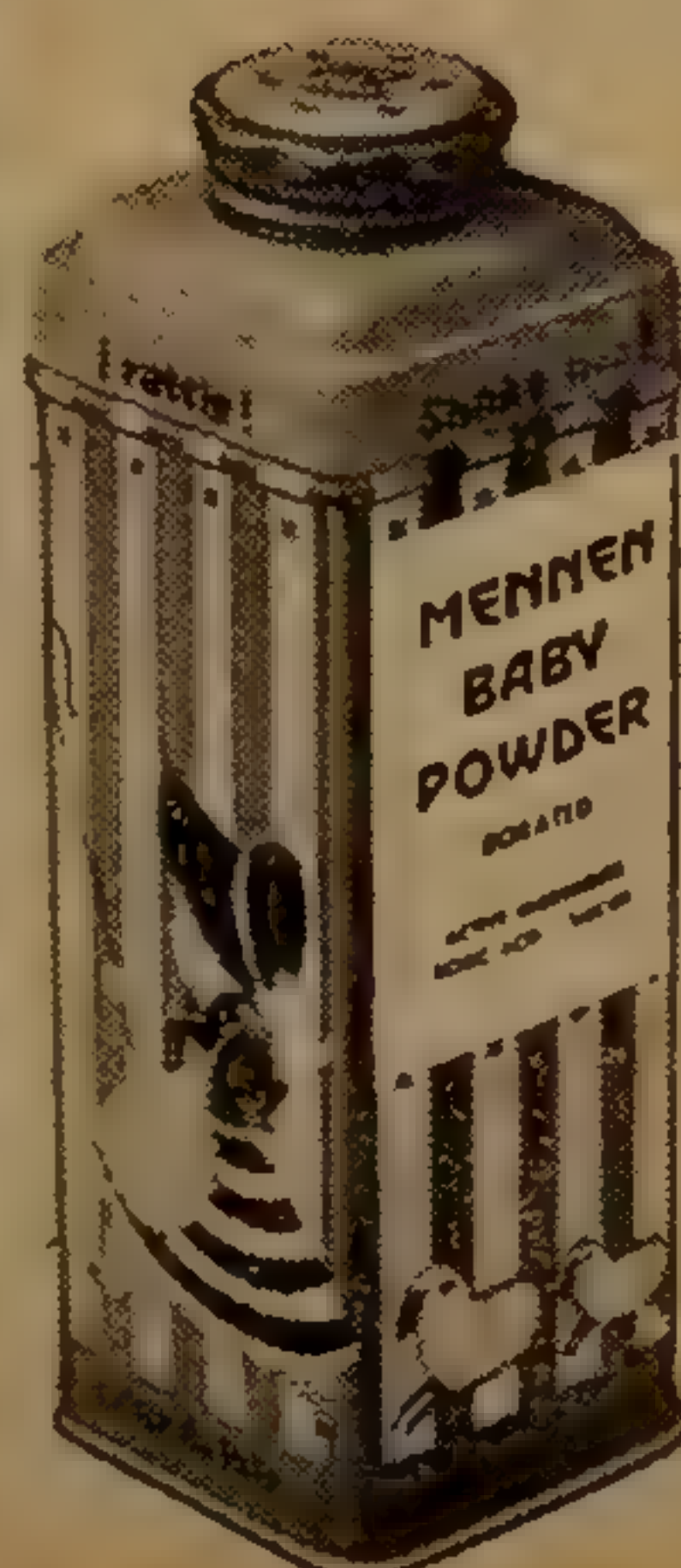
MAD HATTER... well, *somebody's* got to amuse mother! She gives him such extra-good treatment: Mennen Baby Oil after baths, at diaper time, always. So pure, so good. More economical, too.



GLAMORPUSS... wouldn't *you* be smitten with *your* charms if you got luxurious Mennen Baby Powder? Soft as a caress, delicately scented—the finest, smoothest made! And baby gets a jolly Built-in Rattle... entertaining Mother Goose pictures on container. Cute toy, when empty.



*Best of all
for baby's skin*



Every baby is the right type for

MENNEN
BABY PRODUCTS



Mennen Baby Oil gives you more ounces for your money than other major leading brand.

Edna's DISMAL



PERIODIC PAIN

Menstruation is natural and necessary but menstrual suffering is not. Just take a Midol tablet, Edna, and go your way in comfort. Midol brings faster relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know," explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper). Write Dept. R-91, Box 280, New York 18, N.Y.

Edna's BRIGHT WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores
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produced separately during the week. On Monday they begin putting it together and by the following Thursday night they have a completed show. Then comes Friday and the whole routine starts over.

Because he's both actor and interlocuter, George's part is lengthy—but he says that Gracie's is more difficult from a memorizing standpoint. Come to think about it, that's probably true. In the case of George and the others, there are cues to work from. But Gracie's lines don't depend on any one else's. For instance, George might ask, "How do you feel tonight, Gracie?" and her answer, instead of the easy-to-remember, "Fine, thanks," can be anything as far-fetched as, "Isn't it too bad about Blanche's sister's husband's little boy's cat's kittens?"

Ask Gracie if she has trouble memorizing and she'll just make a face at you and shrug her shoulders. But according to the people on the set, she's the first one to have her lines letter perfect. Although George is in charge of writers and ideas, Gracie gets in her important two-cents' worth all along. It's always been that way, with their radio show as well. George and the writers work up a script, and then they try it out on Gracie because her judgment is good on everything. She knows what's funny, she knows what's in good taste, and she knows what's in-character for her to say. On the set, too, Gracie seems to sense anything that will be out of key when it meets the feminine eye—which is always cocked, as is natural with the female, to spot mistakes—and her ideas are never overlooked. So Gracie has the last word and from the smoothness of the show you can tell that George is right to work on the Gracie-knows-best principle.

Everyone they work with likes and respects George and Gracie. They're easy-going people, but perfectionists about the show. George is the more out-spoken of the pair, and Gracie, who's rather shy, likes it that way. She looks to him to do the official talking. Gracie's a worrier about how she's going to look. She shouldn't be—whenever and wherever you meet her, she's perfectly turned-out, looks great.

The idea for a Burns and Allen TV show was hatched at a luncheon at Romanoff's. George was sold immediately, eager to get to work, but Gracie wasn't so sure. George had to kid her into it, but now she's delighted. George, of course, thinks it's great. Gives people a chance to recognize

them, he says. "Now that we're being seen again, people know who we are by just looking at us."

That lovable old ham has a wonderful time playing to the audience. Timid Gracie—and it's no act—plays to the four walls of the set. (Very retiring, Gracie is, as a matter of fact. There's the time they still tell about at CBS, for instance. Ordinary TV show rehearsal, it was—everything in a state of orderly confusion, with people running off in all directions and coming back a few minutes later for their heads. Presently Gracie's absence was noticed and a posse went in search of her. She was discovered, some time later, huddled under one of the big cameras. Said she, defensively, as she was hauled out, "It was cool down there!")

Of course, the Burns' two youngsters, Ronald and Sandra, watch Mom and Pop on TV. Although they're away at Chadwick, a private school about forty miles out of town, they see the kinescopes when they come home every other weekend. "Ronnie always say it's great," Gracie tells you, "because Ronnie's a good politician."

"Or wants something," George adds.

"Sandy's more critical," says Gracie.

"She also is full of suggestions," George puts in. "And they all turn out to be friends of hers."

One of George's big weaknesses—except that he can turn it into a gag, so it's an asset after all—is his poor memory for names. To give you an idea, there was the time when George and Gracie were starting a new radio series, a few years back. The sponsor's advertising agency planned an all-out campaign and sent one of their top publicity representatives to work with George and Gracie on it. This guy, Carroll Nye, had been in pictures in previous years. He literally moved in with the Burns, stayed at their home for weeks working with them on the campaign. At one point, George and Gracie managed to escape. They were enjoying a movie when Nye's face flashed on the screen.

George nudged Gracie. "Look! There's what's-his-name—you know, him, the fellow who's living with us!"

Sure, I admire George. I think he's tops in the laugh racket. I think he's tops as a great guy. But maybe here's the real reason we've remained close friends through all the ups and downs of nearly thirty years—my name and Gracie's are the only ones he can remember!



\$1,000

... is offered to alert radio listeners who keep their eyes open. This is not a contest. There is nothing to buy. Get the details about this \$1000.00 offer on

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

Every Sunday afternoon on 520 Mutual radio stations



Program highlights in television viewing

New York City and Suburbs August 11—September 10

Baseball Schedule for Television Viewing

DATE	TIME	GAME	CHANNEL
Saturday, Aug. 11	1:30 P.M.	Boston vs. Dodgers	9
		Phila. vs. Giants	11
Sunday, Aug. 12	2:00 P.M.	Boston vs. Dodgers	9
	2:30 P.M.	Phila. vs. Giants	11
Monday, Aug. 13	1:30 P.M.	Phila. vs. Giants	11
Tuesday, Aug. 14	8:30 P.M.	Dodgers vs. Giants	11
Wed. & Thurs., Aug. 15-16	1:30 P.M.	Dodgers vs. Giants	11
Friday, Aug. 17	8:30 P.M.	Phila. vs. Yankees	11
Sat. & Sun., Aug. 18-19	2:00 P.M.	Phila. vs. Yankees	5 & 11
Tuesday, Aug. 21	1:30 P.M.	Cin'ati vs. Giants	11
	8:30 P.M.	St. Louis vs. D'gers	9
Wednesday, Aug. 22	1:30 P.M.	St. Louis vs. D'gers	9
		Cin'ati vs. Giants	11
Thursday, Aug. 23	1:30 P.M.	St. Louis vs. D'gers	9
Friday, Aug. 24	1:30 P.M.	St. Louis vs. Giants	11
	8:30 P.M.	Chi'go vs. Dodgers	9
Saturday, Aug. 25	1:30 P.M.	Chicago vs. Dodgers	9
		St. Louis vs. Giants	11
Sunday, Aug. 26	2:00 P.M.	Pitts. vs. D'gers	9
		Chicago vs. Giants*	11
Monday, Aug. 27	8:30 P.M.	Pitts. vs. D'gers	9
Tues. & Wed. Aug. 28-29	1:30 P.M.	Cin'ati vs. D'gers	9
		Pitts. vs. Giants	11
Thursday, Aug. 30	1:30 P.M.	Pitts. vs. Giants	11
	8:30 P.M.	Cin'ati vs. D'gers	9
Saturday, Sept. 1	1:30 P.M.	Dodgers vs. Giants	11
Sunday Sept. 2	2:30 P.M.	Dodgers vs. Giants	11
Monday, Sept. 3	1:30 P.M.	Boston vs. D'gers*	9
		Phil. vs. Giants*	11
Wednesday, Sept. 5	8:30 P.M.	Phil. vs. Dodgers	9
		Boston vs. Yankees	11
Thursday, Sept. 6	1:30 P.M.	Phil. vs. Dodgers	9
	2:30 P.M.	Boston vs. Yankees	5 & 11
Friday, Sept. 7	1:30 P.M.	Phil. vs. Dodgers	9
	2:30 P.M.	Wash. vs. Yankees	5 & 11
Saturday, Sept. 8	1:30 P.M.	Giants vs. Dodgers	9
	2:00 P.M.	Wash. vs. Yankees	5 & 11
Sunday, Sept. 9	2:00 P.M.	Giants vs. Dodgers	9
		Wash. vs. Yankees	5 & 11

* Doubleheader

Announcers and sportscasters for the Giant games include Russ Hodges and Ernie Harwell; for the Yankee games, Mel Allen, Dizzy Dean and Art Gleason; for the Dodger games, Red Barber, Connie Desmond and Vince Scully.

Monday through Friday

1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show • 2

Durward Kirby and the gang with Garry, who went from radio writing to jesting when called in as a last minute fill-in for a comedian.

2:30 P.M. First Hundred Years • 2

Daytime serial pivoting about the life of newlyweds played by Olive Stacey and Jimmy Lydon.

3:00 P.M. Miss Susan • 4

Pleasant, radiant Susan Peters enacting the day-to-day problems of a successful woman lawyer.

3:30 P.M. Remember This Date • 4 (T & Th)

Bill Stern, once stage manager at Radio City Theatre, with an audience participation quiz.

4:00 P.M. Strawhat Matinee • 4

Until Kate Smith returns, Mel Martin is your host to a full-hour variety show from Cincinnati.

5:00 P.M. Sheriff Bob Dixon • 2

There's drama for the youngsters plus demonstrations of handicrafts and woodlore.

5:00 P.M. Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6200 • 4

Well-paced, well-written daytime serial of the pressures and personalities of small town life.

5:00 P.M. Mary Hartline Show • 7

Pretty Mary's games, songs and stories for the small fry with Chet Roble at the piano.

5:30 P.M. Howdy Doody • 4

The moppets' puppet hero with Bob Smith.

7:00 P.M. Ernie in Kovacsland • 4

For uninhibited wackiness, Ernie Kovacs is tops.

7:00 P.M. Captain Video • 5

Video's ace science fiction series with Al Hodges, Sunday school teacher in private life.

7:45 P.M. TV's Top Tunes • 2 (M, W & F)

Blonde warbler Peggy Lee and throaty Mel Torme with the Fontane Sisters and occasional guests.

7:45 P.M. News Caravan • 4

John Cameron Swayze, a news expert now, admits his real ambition was to go on the stage.

Monday P.M.

8:00 P.M. Pantomime Quiz • 2

Mike Stokey, emcee, pits two teams of movie actors against each other in acting and identifying sayings, situations and songs sent in by viewers.

8:00 P.M. Cameo Theatre • 4

Theater-in-the-round with Albert McCleery directing special effects.

8:00 P.M. Present Perspective • 7

A two-hour period planned to give you background on current issues.

8:30 P.M. Godfrey's Talent Scouts • 2

Humorist Herb Shriner subs during August.

8:30 P.M. Voice of Firestone • 4

Howard Barlow, an excellent baritone, himself, conducts chorus and orchestra for top artists.

9:00 P.M. Lights Out • 4

Tremble with fear as the sinister tales unfold.

9:00 P.M. Wrestling with Dennis James • 5

Two hours on the mat with "Okay Mother" James in grunt-and-groan sessions.

9:30 P.M. It's News to Me • 2

Panel Quiz with John Daly as moderator.

9:30 P.M. Somerset Maugham Theatre • 4

For the summer only, weekly half-hour dramas adapted from the pen of the famous author.

10:00 P.M. Summer Theatre • 2

Comedies, mysteries and light dramas make up the summer series with Betty Furness as hostess.

11:00 P.M. Chronoscope • 2

Subtitled, "The Truth of the Matter," with background facts on headline topics.

7:30 P.M. Beulah • 7

Ethel Waters continues as Beulah until early fall when Hattie McDaniels takes over the witty, cheerful role of housekeeper in the Henderson home. Others: Butterfly McQueen, William Post, Jr.

8:00 P.M. Meet the Press • 4

The same moderator and same format as the Sunday show but featuring different name-in-the-news guests and a fresh panel of crack newspapermen.

8:00 P.M. Court of Current Issues • 5

The prize-winning opinion program with thirty minutes of incisive cross-examination of authoritative exponents of vital issues. Irving Sulds, producer, creates a typical courtroom scene.

8:30 P.M. Juvenile Jury • 4

A panel of five children discuss questions concerning parents' minor difficulties with their offspring. Originator Jack Barry moderates.

8:30 P.M. John Hopkins Science Review • 5

The absorbing, exciting "show-how" of science mixes new subjects with reruns from last winter's program. Aug. 14, "Which Came First"; Aug. 21, "Fireflies and Metabolism"; Aug. 28, "Don't Take Your Heart for Granted"; Sept. 4, "Magnificent Microscope."

9:00 P.M. Fireside Theatre • 4

A special series of live shows for the summer with original scripts and adaptations from famous short stories. Albert McCleery directs.

9:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Bands • 5

Buddy Rogers, who plays eight different instruments himself, emcees the weekly showcase of big name bands plus top-flight variety acts.

9:00 P.M. Q.E.D. • 7

The provocative, amusing program with mystery questions posed by viewers. Fred Uttal moderates. Panel: radio producer Hi Brown, actress Nina Foch, musician-magician Richard Himber.

9:30 P.M. Suspense • 2

Now in the midst of its new experiment with producer-director Robert Stevens presenting documentary material in the usual tense format.

9:30 P.M. Life Begins at Eighty • 7

Old but young in heart and then some as emcee Jack Barry discovered when a guest, 86, demonstrated a "pivot punch" and Jack's eyes popped. Panelists: Georgiana Carhart, 85, John Dranuy, 90, and Fred Stein, 82.

10:00 P.M. Danger • 2

Tight dramas of people in jeopardy, produced by Charles W. Russell, movie-radio actor and husband of Hollywood actress Nancy Guild.

10:00 P.M. Original Amateur Hour • 4

This famous program continues to entertain as well as inspire countless amateurs. Ted Mack notes that over 500 "original amateurs" have attained professional success in show business.

11:00 P.M. Broadway Open House • 4

Elephantine funny-man Jack E. Leonard ad-libbing with statuesque Dagmar, dancer Ray Malone, pert songstress Eileen Barton, vocalist Buddy Greco and the music of Kirby Stone's Quintet.

7:30 P.M. Chance of a Lifetime • 7

Jovial John Reed King, aided and abetted by blonde beauty Cindy Cameron, poses puzzlers to contestants that pay off in handsome, valuable prizes plus chance at "Mystery Voice" jackpot.

8:00 P.M. Godfrey and His Friends • 2

Arthur is fishing but not "his family." The show goes on with Marion Marlowe, Janette Davis, Frank Parker and Haleloke, backed up by the Chordettes, Mariners and Archie Bleyer's orchestra.

9:00 P.M. Strike It Rich • 2

This popular daytime show can now be seen by evening viewers as well. Warren Hull continues to emcee the program as the audience decides which of the contestants seems most worthy of financial assistance.

9:00 P.M. Kraft Theatre • 4

Masterly produced and cast with excellent actors. "KTT" obtains its scripts from Broadway and Hollywood success plus novels and original stories.

9:30 P.M. The Web • 2

One of the best of TV's who-dun-its with top yarns by the Mystery Writers of America. Franklin Heller, producer, is a model railroader.

9:30 P.M. Shadow of the Cloak • 5

Debonair actor Helmut Dantine cast as Cloak and Dagger agent in suspenseful tales of intrigue.

9:30 P.M. Wrestling from Rainbo Arena • 7

Feature cards with 60-minute time limit, plus tag games and shorter matches. Announcer Wayne Griffin loves the action, color and comedy even though a grappler once landed on his head.

10:00 P.M. International Playhouse • 5

Dramatic imports from over the seas starring British actors and films noteworthy for their excellence.

10:00 P.M. International Boxing Club • 2

During the summer, films of the best boxing bouts of the past year. Dennis James comments, aided by boxers and professional sportsmen.

10:00 P.M. Break the Bank • 4

Contestants get ten questions worth ten to 500 dollars with a chance at the big cash bank that sometimes has been as high as \$9,000. Emcee Bert Parks on the eve of one of his first broadcasts broke the bank himself with a set of boy twins. Bud Collyer is host with music by Peter Van Steeden's orchestra.

10:30 P.M. Stars Over Hollywood • 4

From the golden coast, screen actors in stories of comedy and light romance. On film.

10:45 P.M. The Sports Spot • 2

Jim McKay, star of "The Real McKay," is emcee of this show devoted to all sports. McKay has done considerable play-by-play coverage in radio.

Thursday

7:30 P.M. *The Lone Ranger* • 7

Silver bullets and a silver horse carry the Masked Rider through exciting Western adventure.

8:00 P.M. *Burns and Allen* • 2

Because the dollar is worth only fifty cents, Gracie believes we can lower the cost of living by raising the cost of money. Husband George Burns understands, maybe. But such are the problems on this show with Bill Goodwin, and John Brown and Bea Benadaret. Biweekly: Aug. 16 & 30. Alternating with—

Starlight Theatre

Hollywood stars in top romantic dramas. Bi-weekly: Aug. 23 & Sept. 6.

8:00 P.M. *It Pays to be Ignorant* • 4

The eight-year-old parody of panel-quiz shows with Tom Howard as the patient, frustrated quiz-master, baffled by George Shelton, Harry McNaughton and gravel-voiced Lulu McConnell.

8:00 P.M. *The Morgan Show* • 5

Not Henry but Al, popular Chicago pianist, and his boys, whipping up lots of pleasant music.

8:00 P.M. *Stop the Music* • 7

Bert Parks takes a summer breather while versatile funnyman Phil Silvers emcees the money-musical game. In the show: piquant Betty Ann Grove, lovely Marion Morgan, Jimmy Blaine.

8:30 P.M. *Amos 'n' Andy* • 2

The 25-year-old radio classic now filmed in Hollywood for TV. Amos played by Alvin Childress; Andy by Spencer Williams, University of Minn. graduate, screen writer and veteran actor.

8:30 P.M. *Treasury Men in Action* • 4

Forceful, tense dramas culled from the files of the U. S. Treasury Department. Walter Greaza, highly-praised actor, scores as T-Men's Chief.

9:00 P.M. *Your Esso Reporter* • 2

Balanced news pictorial coverage with top CBS reporters. Winston Burdet from New York; Howard K. Smith, London; David Schoenbrun, Paris; Ned Calmer, Rome; Robert Pierpoint, Tokyo and others.

9:30 P.M. *Big Town* • 2

Action-paced series of a newspaper man who always gets his story. Pat McVey, as Steve Wilson.

10:00 P.M. *Racket Squad* • 2

Film series drawn from real life stories of rackets, emphasizing that the public's pocketbook is in greater danger from swindlers than theft. Reed Hadley stars as Captain Braddock.

10:00 P.M. *Freddy Martin Show* • 4

Musical variety for the whole family with the "singing saxophone man" himself as emcee and spotlighting pianist Murray Arnold and singer Merv Griffin.

10:30 P.M. *Quick on the Draw* • 4

Exuberant, quick-witted Eloise McElhone is mistress of ceremonies in this cartoon-charade series. A guest panel puzzles over questions.

11:00 P.M. *Broadway Open House* • 4

See Tuesday, 11:00 P.M., for review.

Friday

7:30 P.M. *Say It with Acting* • 7

The very amusing variation of charades featuring Bud Collyer and winsome Maggi McNellis as emcees. Guest teams from B'way plays compete.

8:00 P.M. *Quiz Kids* • 4

Joe Kelly, chief quizzier, has the time of his life and you will, too, as the youngsters are confronted with ingenious visual questions. Panelists: Joel Kupperman, 14, Melvin Miles, 7, Naomi Cook, 12, Harvey Dytch, 7, Ann Wilhelm, 12.

8:00 P.M. *Twenty Questions* • 5

TV version of the long-time favorite radio game. Bill Slater as emcee and starring Fred Van Deventer, Florence Rinard, Herb Polesie, John McFee.

8:00 P.M. *Jerry Colonna Show* • 7

The side and ear-splitting comedian wiggles his mustache and pops his eyes in hysterical skits. In the glamour department, Barbara Ruick; the clamor department, Paul Sells.

8:30 P.M. *Man Against Crime* • 2

While Mike Barnett (Ralph Bellamy) takes a vacation from this crime series, brother Pat Barnett fills in. Pat is played by Robert Preston.

8:30 P.M. *The Clock* • 4

We, the People takes a hiatus and tempus fugit. This show is concerned more with serious drama than "chillers" but the clock continues as narrator controlling the action.

9:00 P.M. *Film Firsts* • 2

Feature films made in Hollywood shown for the first time on TV. Aug. 10, "The Man Who Lost Himself," starring Brian Aherne and Kay Francis; Aug. 17, "Room to Let"; Aug. 24, "Turnabout," starring Carole Landis, John Hubbard and Adolphe Menjou; Aug. 31, "Old-Fashioned Girl"; Sept. 7, "Let's Live Again."

9:00 P.M. *Door with No Name* • 4

Movie actor Grant Richards plays Doug Carter, hand-picked operative for the nation's most hazardous assignments.

9:00 P.M. *Hands of Destiny* • 5

Original stories of violence, cast with Broadway actors and directed by Dick Sandwick.

9:00 P.M. *Pulitzer Prize Playhouse* • 7

Excellent casts, memorable stories and fine production make this one of the top TV shows.

9:30 P.M. *Front Page Detective* • 5

Stage and screen star Edmund Lowe as flippant columnist-detective in hard-hitting stories.

10:00 P.M. *Cavalcade of Sports* • 4

For the summer only, a filmed sports newsreel of the week's highlights.

10:00 P.M. *Cavalcade of Stars* • 5

It's gleeful time with Gleason, comedian-emcee, in a lively variety show featuring the June Taylor Dancers, Sammy Spear's orchestra and guests.

10:30 P.M. *Emotion* • 2

English made film series with thirty-minute plots depicting the basic human emotions of love, fear and hate against unusual, weird backgrounds.

10:45 P.M. *Great Fights of the Century* • 4

Famous fights of the ring, recorded on film: Aug. 17, John Son vs. Stanley Ketchell; Aug. 24, Joe Louis vs. Natie Mann; Aug. 31 & Sept. 7, TBA.

11:30 A.M. Date with Judy • 7

A light, pleasant family comedy with attractive Pat Crowley as boy-crazy Judy. Anna Lees plays her mother; Judson Rees as her father.

12:00 Noon Big Top • 2

Spectacular circus acts with unicyclists, big cats, bands, acrobats and aerialists.

12:30 P.M. Faith Baldwin Theater • 7

Stage and screen luminaries in dramatizations from the vast library of Faith Baldwin. Biweekly: Aug. 11 & 25, Sept. 8. Alternating with—

I Cover Times Square

Broadway newshound Johnny Warren, played by Harold Huber, ferrets out yarns of what he calls "the biggest aquarium in the world on land."

1:00 P.M. Laraine Day Show • 7

Laraine is elegant hostess to a variety of entertainment and interviews. Musical background provided by the Bill Harrington Trio.

4:00 P.M. Mr. Wizard • 4

The "magic" of general science makes for excitement as well as education for youngsters. Don Herbert as "Mr. Wizard" and Bruce Lindgren.

5:00 P.M. Italian Feature Film • 9

Some of the best films come from Italy and all of these have English titles: Aug. 11, "Four Steps in the Clouds"; Aug. 18, "Queen of the Opera"; Aug. 25, "Hey Day for Marriage"; Sept. 1, "The Merry Chase"; Sept. 8, "Captain Tempest."

6:00 P.M. Space Patrol • 7

The thrills of chase, in space, replete with rocket ships, space-o-phones and beautiful heroines.

7:00 P.M. So You Want to Lead a Band • 2

The swing and sway maestro, Sammy Kaye, constructs a bright musical show with studio contestants competing as amateur bandleaders.

7:30 P.M. Beat the Clock • 2

Prizes worth \$100 and up for contestants who can perform tricky parlor stunts. Bud Collyer, emcee, aided by Roxanne, Conover model.

7:30 P.M. Stu Erwin Show • 7

The laugh-provoking problems of a high school principal (Stu) and his wife (June Collyer) and daughters (Sheila James and Ann Todd).

8:00 P.M. Summer Film Theatre • 2

Full-length motion pictures filmed in England, many J. Arthur Rank productions.

8:00 P.M. Saturday Round Up • 4

An action-packed, stirring series of typically Western film sagas starring Kermit Maynard.

8:00 P.M. TV Teen Club • 7

For the young in heart of all ages, Paul Whiteman's full-hour talent hunt among the younger generation. Young Nancy Lewis as his co-emcee.

9:00 P.M. Wonderful Town • 2

Glamour-guide Faye Emerson in a superb show. A different city is saluted each week.

9:00 P.M. Midwest Hayride • 4

The long successful hillbilly and variety show from Cincinnati.

9:00 P.M. They Stand Accused • 5

Courtroom drama from Chicago. Fictional cases of broad human interest with professional actors.

9:30 P.M. The Show Goes On • 2

Q. Lewis, whose Christian name is Robert, collects totem poles and ancient records, but herein presents fresh entertainers for talent buyers.

10:00 P.M. Songs for Sale • 2

Comic Steve Allen, an established songwriter himself, introduces embryonic songwriters and their unpublished work. Music by Ray Bloch's band.

10:00 P.M. Doodles Weaver Show • 4

Zany comedy show with Marion Colby and starring Sheffield Winstead Weaver.

10:30 P.M. Assignment: Manhunt • 4

Andre Baruch is host to adventure-mystery series.

4:00 P.M. Meet the Press • 4

A newsmaking press conference as reporters fire questions for thirty unrehearsed, uncensored minutes at people in the news. Martha Rountree and *American Mercury's* Lawrence Spivak moderate.

5:00 P.M. Gabby Hayes Show • 4

That ole bearded polecat, Gabby, with dramatizations of heroic stories from American history as well as some tall stories about his fabulous family.

5:00 P.M. Super Circus • 7

Super entertainment for everyone thrilled by the gaping jaws of lions and leopards, trapeze artists and other sensations of the big ring. Claude Kirchner, ringmaster; Mary Hartline, band-leader; Sliffy, Scampy and Nicky, clowns.

6:00 P.M. Hopalong Cassidy • 4

Tried and true Westerns with rustlers, guns and horses starring Bill Boyd, who has so many awards, one whole office room is reserved for them.

6:00 P.M. Ted Mack Family Hour • 7

A compact vaudeville show of versatile talent with authoritative Ted as your genial host.

7:00 P.M. Gene Autry • 2

Adventure on the range with the cowboy star, whose first recording, "Silver-Haired Daddy," made in 1930, has now sold 5,000,000 copies.

7:00 P.M. Leave It to the Girls • 4

Something new has been added. Now charming Maggi McNellis allows men to enter complaints about the girls and so mayhem continues. Panelists: guest and regulars, with one hardy male.

7:00 P.M. Summertime Review • 7

Pops Whiteman relaxes from the heat as baritone Earl Wrightson takes over as emcee; guest stars and songstress Maureen Cannon.

7:30 P.M. Go Lucky • 2

If you enjoyed playing "Coffee Pot," you'll like this brand-new quiz as celebrities go through antics for the benefit of studio contestants.

8:00 P.M. Toast of the Town • 2

As TOT celebrates its fourth year on TV with outstanding variety, Emcee Ed Sullivan credits the show with breaking his stoneface into a smile.

8:00 P.M. American Inventory • 4

\$87,500 has been donated by the Sloan Foundation to create this network program employing experimental techniques in adult education. Social and economic problems are discussed.

8:30 P.M. Recital Hall • 4

Outstanding musical artists presented just as they would be seen and heard by a concert audience.

9:00 P.M. G. E. Guest House • 2

Pianist-humorist Oscar Levant opens the door to theatrical celebrities with a variety of entertainment plus Oscar's fine piano interpretations.

9:00 P.M. Philco Playhouse • 4

Excellent drama adapted from best-sellers under the exacting direction of Gordon Duff.

9:00 P.M. Rocky King, Detective • 5

Scientific police detection solves heinous murders on this show, starring well-known movie comic Roscoe Karns as the genial Inspector.

8:30 P.M. The Plainclothesman • 5

Using camera technique that makes you the detective, crime puzzlers are unscrambled with Ken Lynch in title role; Jack Orrison as Sgt. Brady.

10:00 P.M. Celebrity Time • 2

Conrad Nagel is your host to the game and fun session as celebrities team up with football coach Herman Hickman and Mary McCarty.

10:00 P.M. American Forum of the Air • 4

Theodore Granik with provocative current topics.

10:30 P.M. What's My Line? • 2

The guess-your-occupation show stays on for the hot months as panelists stagger their vacations. Moderator, John Daly; experts: Arlene Francis, Dorothy Kilgallen, Louis Untermeyer, Hal Block.

Summer Fun Answers

SIXTY-FOUR DOLLAR QUESTIONS

FAMOUS ANIMALS: FACT AND FICTION

1. The Old Gray Mare
2. Pluto
3. Because Androcles had removed a thorn from its foot many years before.
4. He had wings (Mythological: the steed of the Muses)
5. Elizabeth Barrett Browning
6. The Elephant's Child
7. Lion

EATING AND DRINKING

I'll tell you what I'm eating and drinking—you tell me where I am.

1. Russia
2. France
3. England
4. China
5. Hungary
6. Germany
7. Boston

STRIKE IT RICH ANSWERS

1. Earthquake
2. Piccolo
3. The Gold Coast
4. Ted Lewis
5. Easter Island
6. The words
7. A police regulation stating that fires or lights are to be out and people to be off the streets at a set time.

TWENTY QUESTIONS ANSWER

Edison's first phonograph

BREAK THE BANK ANSWERS

- | | |
|------------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Tallulah Bankhead | 10. Lilli Palmer |
| 2. Ed Sullivan | 11. Faye Emerson |
| 3. Dagmar | 12. Win Elliot |
| 4. Ronald and Bonita Colman | 13. Len Doyle |
| 5. Fred Allen | 14. Perry Como |
| 6. Treasury Men in Action | 15. Groucho Marx |
| 7. Frances Langford and Lew Parker | 16. Florence Rinard |
| 8. Dizzy Dean | 17. Serge Koussevitzky |
| 9. Estes Kefauver | 18. Lowell Thomas |

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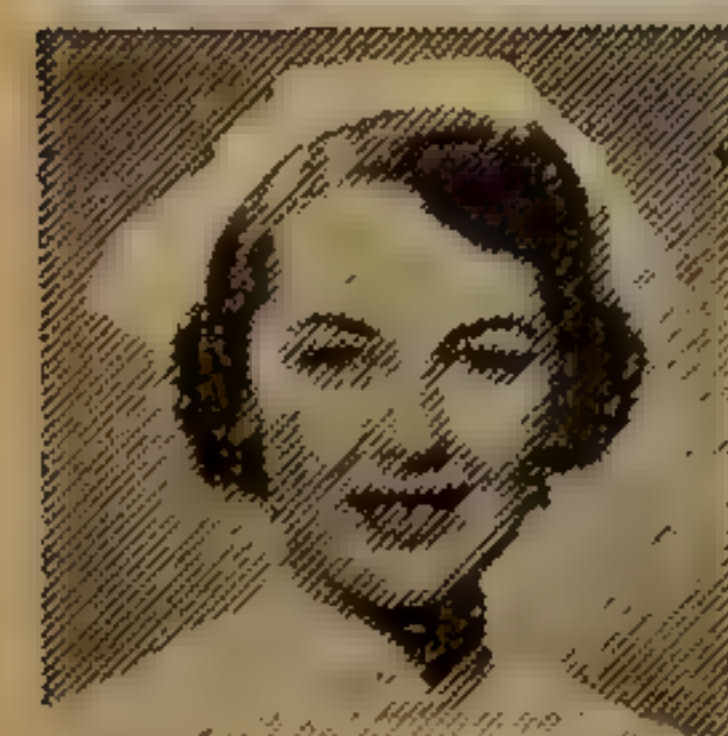
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Information Booth

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we'll try to find the answers

Long Memory

Dear Editor:

Will you please tell me what part Jane Morgan takes in *Our Miss Brooks*? Also, did she play in *New Haven* in a stock company? It was a good many years ago, but I think it is the same woman. I always enjoyed her acting very much.

Miss J. R., New Haven, Conn.

Jane Morgan has the hilarious role of the landlady in *Our Miss Brooks*. As for the *New Haven* stock company—you may possibly be right, since the English-born actress has toured throughout the United States in road companies with such well-known stars as Charlotte Greenwood and Barbara Stanwyck.

Space Man

Dear Editor:

Would you please give me some information about Frankie Thomas who plays Tom Corbett on one of my favorite television shows, *Space Cadet*? Is he married and how old is he?

Miss A. W., Dayton, Ohio

Frankie Thomas is in his mid-twenties and he is as yet unmarried. He lives on a farm in New Jersey with his parents, Frank and Mona Thomas, both of whom are still quite active in radio work. Frankie, a famous child star in movies and radio and on the legitimate stage, can also be seen in the television film revival of "Tim Tyler's Luck."

Count Carleton

Dear Editor:

I would like to see a picture of the actor who plays the role of *The Count of Monte Cristo*. Where was he born, and is he married?

Mrs. K. B., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Here's Carleton Young—every bit as dashing as his radio role of *Monte Cristo* would lead you to believe. Carleton was born in Westfield, New York. He had little intention of becoming an actor, but when the principal of his high school—who was also a minister with great love for the theatre—saw him act in the senior class play, he urged the boy to take up acting. After graduating from Carnegie Tech's Dramatic Institute, Carleton was in several Broadway plays and had the *Ellery Queen* role on radio. He and his wife, Barbara, have two boys and a girl, age fourteen, ten and nine.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, RADIO TELEVISION MIRROR, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer if we can either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to attach this box to your letter along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.



Carleton Young



Jane Morgan



Frankie Thomas

ROBERT THE "Q"

(Continued from page 46) show on which you play the newest platters as well as rare old ones? I'm referring to your "Steven Got Even" and "If I Give Up the Saxophone."
Jack C., Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Jack:

I play them whenever I can sneak them away from the stamp collectors. Why stamp collectors? They buy my records, then stamp on them.

Dear Mr. Lewis:

What do you do with all that money you make on The Show Goes On and on Robert Q's Waxworks and as a Godfrey replacement on his morning show? You must be getting rich.

Donald B., Cleveland, O.

Dear Don:

After sending in my taxes, I was able last week to make a down payment on two steaks.

Dear Bob:

I'm a young girl eighteen and a half years old and have just won a beauty contest in my home town. I have blonde hair, big blue eyes, am 5'6" tall, and I am told that I strongly resemble Lana Turner. How can I break into television in New York?

M. O., New York City

Dear Miss Oh!

Please call my office immediately.

Dear Mr. Lewis:

I'm a young girl eighteen and a half years old, very serious and studious but not at all good-looking. How can I break into television?

Jennie M., New York City

Dear Miss M.

Get yourself an agent.

Dear Mr. Lewis:

What is the favorite show that you have ever helped to create on either radio or television?

Elmer J. Jr., Louisville, Ky.

Dear Elmer:

The Show Goes On—and I mean this seriously, because of the wonderful opportunities it affords young professionals. This gives all of us connected with the show a great personal satisfaction, and is a subject too close to my heart ever to joke about.

Dear Bob:

Outside of appearing on the Arthur Godfrey shows, what was your favorite replacement stint?

Harold Q. H.

(mine's for Quentin)

Dear Harold:

The time that I replaced Faye Emerson on her show and wore the lowest cut suit I could find.

Dear Mr. Lewis:

I understand that you are a bachelor. Doesn't any woman want you?

J. L. S., Fargo, N. D.

Dear J. L. S.

Yes, there's a lady sheriff in Montana and I think she's the only woman who is looking for me at the present time.

Dear Mr. Lewis:

Are you handy around the house? For instance, are you able to make your own bed?

Jennie L. S., Peoria, Ill.

Dear Jennie:

Not having the right kind of lumber handy I haven't attempted this yet.

Dear Mr. Lewis:

Perhaps you can answer this question: Wasn't Herbert Hoover our last Republican President?

R. T., Newark, N. J.

Dear R. T.:

It certainly begins to look that way.

Dear Robert Q.:

It's a pleasure to have you in my living-room each week.

M. A. G., Chicago, Ill.

Dear M. A. G.:

I don't recall being there and had better see my doctor. I may have amnesia.

Now let's let this whole subject rest right there!



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YOU MAY BE NEXT TO MAKE \$100
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Big money is yours showing gorgeous Christmas Cards! Friends and neighbors gladly order at sensational low prices! You sell 50 EXCLUSIVE Christmas Cards for just \$1 and up. Easy orders pay you huge profits. On 200 boxes of 21-card \$1 Assortments, you make \$100. Big line of over 100 sensational money-makers.
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Harford Frocks, Dept. E-214, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

DAGMAR'S MY SISTER

(Continued from page 42) Bobby Joe fifteen, Theresa Marie thirteen, and our baby, Danny, is nine. Our little five-foot mother, an ex-schoolteacher, was actually christened Spicie—which we think is the cutest possible name for her. Our six-foot-two dad, Ray, is an engineer.

When Sis tells people she is just being herself on television, it's true in a way, because she always had such spontaneous wit and gaiety, always came out with unexpected comments that forever kept us laughing. One Christmas when she didn't come home we could hardly stand it, because when she was there she made our holidays so jolly. Playing little jokes on us. Fixing things up pretty. Spending her last cent for wonderful presents, like the Christmas when she bought three bicycles at one time for the younger children.

Sis is definitely the sentimental type anyhow, the kind who cries regularly at important occasions like christenings, graduations and weddings. It's typical of her that tears ran down her cheeks when Judge Frank McNamee was making her Mrs. Danny Dayton last May 21. Danny says that when he turned to put the ring on her finger and saw her face he wanted to tell the judge to stop making Sis cry, he felt so bad. Nobody had a chance to warn Danny that Sis might weep, because when Sis flew out west to marry him at Las Vegas, in the Chapel of the Flamingo Hotel, no one knew their plans. I knew they'd been dating since they were in a play together two years before, and I could see they were crazy about each other, so I wasn't really so surprised.

Sis was married in a high-necked gray lace dress, and they say she made a beautiful bride. She and Danny did try to keep the wedding a secret for a while but it got out. In fact, when they went into the supper room at the hotel for their dinner, Mickey Rooney was performing there and he recognized my sister, yelled "Dagmar!" and promptly stood on his head in greeting, which certainly tickled Sis.

How she got to be Dagmar dates back to June 14, 1950, when the telephone rang one night at 9:30 and she was asked if she could come on Broadway Open House at 11:00. That night Sis began creating the girl called Dagmar—and the mail and response was so terrific that she's been Dagmar ever since. All of Dagmar's cutest mannerisms are really natural to Sis. She holds her head straight and high, and she tosses her hair when she is amused or amusing, just as Dagmar does. And she gets that same little note of surprise in her voice if she comes out with something funny without intending it, and we start to laugh at her.

Sis herself laughs a lot at Dagmar. There was a picture of her in a Dagmar pose in a recent magazine and Sis took one glance at the typical Dagmar expression she'd put on for the photographer, she laughed out loud and said, "Look at that face. She looks like she never had a brain and never will have one!"

When Sis first came to New York six years ago to visit our Aunt Theresa she got a job as a model. Then she heard about

an audition for the Olsen and Johnson stage show, "Laughing Room Only." She had never been in a show before. "I just thought I should do it," she says. Chic Johnson asked what experience she had, and "I didn't think there was any use starting out just dancing and such stuff when I knew I could act, so I just told Mr. Johnson I didn't want to go into all that talk and foolishness about what I had done before and he should let me read for him and then if he liked me, fine, and he could tell for himself that I had plenty of experience for the part." She got the job and individual billing right from the start. The night before the show opened she confessed that she had no previous experience and Mr. Johnson thought it was the funniest thing he had ever heard. It's unusual for Sis to lie, I must say, because she is known for her frankness and directness—but it sure worked out fine that time.

It has never been hard for Sis to tackle anything new, even when we were kids. One of our funniest stories about Sis was the time a big company had a bicycle riding contest in our town. The other girls talked her into competing, although she had never owned a bicycle and had never tried any trick riding. She just got on and watched the others and when they stood up and took their hands off the handlebars and did stunts she did them too and somehow or other she managed to keep her balance and win a bicycle!

Sis was always winning cups for dancing, although she never had a lesson. Sometimes when we were still in our teens I would wake up late at night and find her tap dancing until I thought the house would come down. Dad got so proud of her talent that he made her perform for everyone who came to the house. She had leads in school plays, too, and was always popular with boys—but Sis was never what you'd call "boy crazy."

When she was in Junior High, Sis shot up, but actually she is only five foot eight now, and high heels add the extra three inches. Her natural hair is more red-gold than blonde, but this color is better for television. She has lovely blue eyes and looks very much like Dad and brother Jackie. My mother is dark.

Sis has a very small waist—only twenty-four inches—and a thirty-nine bust. I don't know her weight because she never gets on a scale, "so I can truthfully say that I don't know what I weigh," she says, and

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means it. She was never self-conscious about her figure or her height and she never cared if a man was shorter than she. When someone asked her if Danny was as tall as she is she answered that he was slightly taller but it wouldn't have mattered either way, and in her best Dagmar manner she added, "I just like someone who is sweet and very intelligent and likes the higher things of life." She was acting Dagmarish but she really feels that way.

We didn't expect Sis to be a performer. After high school she went to business school to learn shorthand and typing. Her first job was as cashier in a loan company office, and she felt so sorry for the people who borrowed money and couldn't pay it back that she had to quit.

Sis has always been the busiest somebody in the world, never sitting still except when she has something interesting to read or is looking at television. She hates to write letters, so she telephones or telegraphs instead—and her bills are enormous. She's a grand cook, the kind who makes the plainest foods look and taste like a dream. One Saturday night not long ago she baked a meat loaf and to surprise me she put my name on it with strips of cheese, and it was so pretty I didn't want to eat it.

She likes to shop but doesn't have much time for it any more. I can buy her most everything, even shoes, but she has her own ideas about dresses, especially evening gowns. She always looks for a long torso line and not much trimming. On her programs she has had to wear some she didn't like, because in the beginning her salary was small and gowns were lent to

her by famous designers—beautiful things, but not always her type. Now she is designing some of them herself and getting the kind she knows are becoming to her. Jewelry doesn't interest her too much, except for the choker pearls she wears so much, the watch Danny gave her last Valentine's Day, and her wedding ring made up of a row of baguettes with a row of smaller diamonds on either side.

Her one big extravagance is a clean powder puff every day. Not the inexpensive kind that is made to be used once and thrown away, but the real good big soft ones. I keep one hidden away for emergencies and the last time we ran out of them I said, "Don't worry. I've got a puff for you." "No, you haven't," Sis told me. "I found it the other day and used it." Now I hide them in all sorts of odd places.

Danny says that her outstanding characteristic is her love for people, and I guess he's right. She's just naturally sociable and she loves to talk. I can't get anything done when she's around because if no one else is there she keeps running in to tell me things she has just thought of and wants me to know about, like people she has met, conversations they had, plans she wants to make, observations about everything. She is very careful of people's feelings and will go miles out of her way to keep from offending someone.

I know about the fan mail because last November I left my job as receptionist and secretary with the bus company in Huntington to help Sis with her mail and act as her assistant when she needs one. The mail was getting enormous and there were so many demands on her time for benefits

and special things, like being crowned Queen of Armed Forces Day, and Miss Welder of 1951, and performances for fund-raising drives for sick children and wounded veterans. I guess her biggest kick was having a tank christened Dagmar.

Sis has moved to a penthouse opposite Central Park, with a forty by twenty-four foot living room where she and Danny can entertain their friends when he isn't in Hollywood making pictures.

Sis is still decorating the new apartment. The living room is in pale gray and white, with a fireplace flanked by tall, carved walnut built-in bookcases and antique mirrors. Two gold covered sofas face in front of the fireplace and lamps and chairs provide pleasant spots of color. There will be lovely drapes as soon as Sis has time to select them, and as she says, "With those tall bookcases we'll have to have a book party when we get all furnished, because to fill that many shelves we'll need plenty of Dagmar's En-cy-clo-pee dee-i-ays and Shakes-pee-ree sets." Sis's bedroom is going to be feminine and frilly, the way she likes it.

A reporter asked her recently if, now that she's married, she intends to stay in TV. "You may say," Sis answered in her best Dagmar manner, "that I am still interested in my literary work and in educating the people."

I don't know about the educating, but I do know she loves to make them laugh and forget their troubles—just as she often made us forget ours in the house in Huntington where the nine Egnors never dreamed that one of them would turn out to be Dagmar!

Which of these Hair Shades is yours ?

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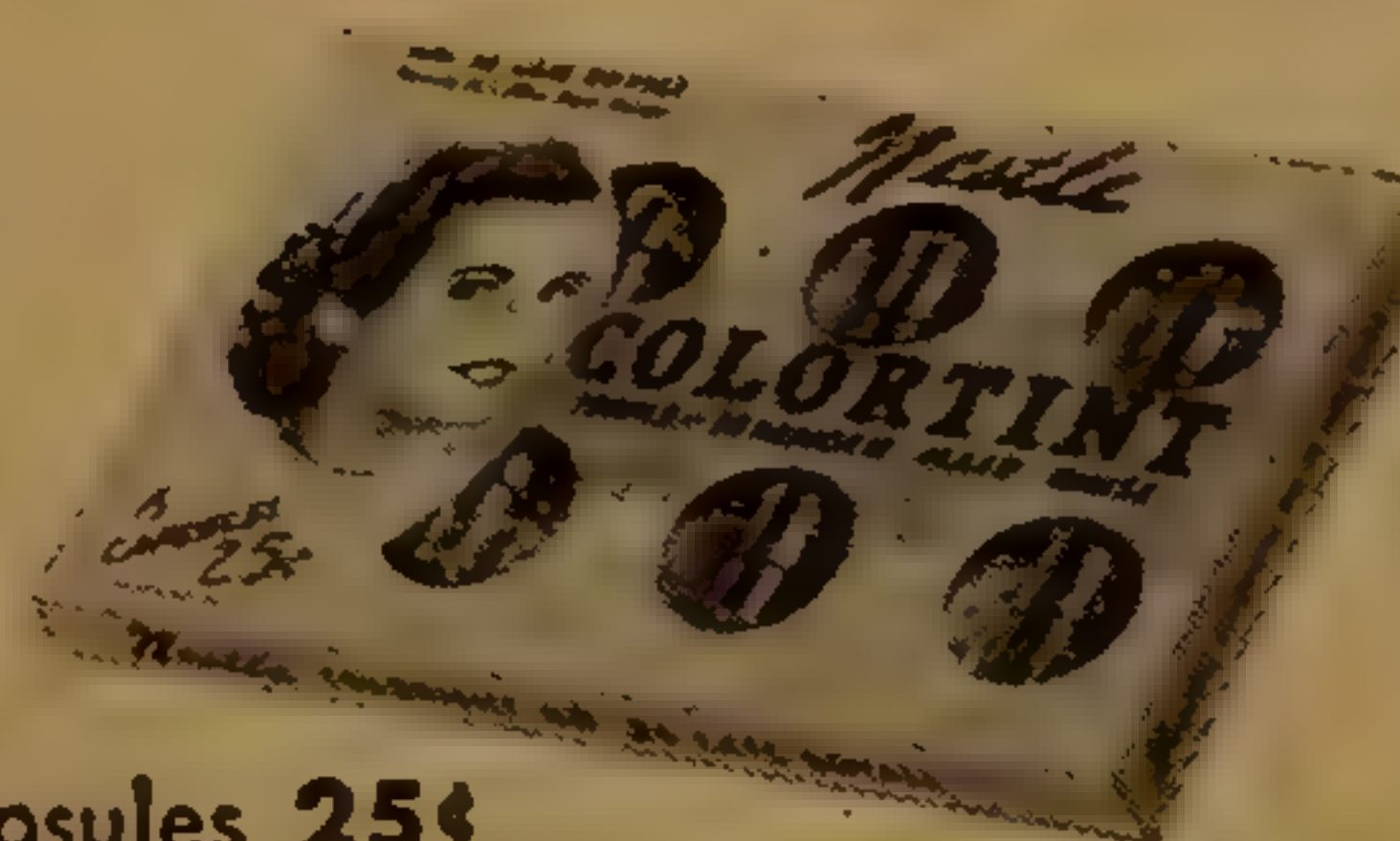
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HAIR DRESSING



I'M A HICKORY WIDOW

(Continued from page 57) with my own years of experience in show business, I can appreciate the strain of Al's work. For years I traveled with Paul Whiteman as solo pianist and then on my own, playing theaters and night clubs. But I don't believe I ever went through a period of "one-nighters" for seven months at a time as Al does. You know, Mutual doesn't cover just one ball club, but all the teams in both leagues. Al may have breakfast at home, hop a plane for Boston to do the play-by-play, and be in Chicago for a late dinner.

pride in my husband. You could well call him a hero, although not to his face, for he saw quite a bit of action commanding PC's, destroyer-escorts, etc. He took part in many engagements and was commanding officer of an anti-submarine squadron that spearheaded and fired the first shot of the Allied invasion of Sicily. It was in the invasion at Palermo that his back was injured when German dive-bombers nearly blew up his ship. As a matter of fact, the whole incident was dramatized on Cavalcade of America, Alfred Drake starring as Al Helfer.

But that seems far away now. Al's life as an announcer is safer but nonetheless hectic. We tried to settle down for a while, but Mutual wanted Al to come back, went about it rather cleverly. In November of 1947, he began a network news commentary. Usually, Al is lively and gentle and great fun. But sometimes he just locks himself up. That's when I know he has a problem. Finally, he told me about it, "Mutual wants me to cover baseball and that means a lot of traveling."

Well, the poor dear loves baseball. Perhaps not so much as he loves his wife and child, but sports run a close second. So, knowing all these things, I encouraged Al to broadcast baseball again.

Our home in Hartsdale is quite beautiful. It's on a hill, topping a natural rock formation. The style of the house is English, made of brown wood and stucco. We have six giant oak trees, enormous rhododendrons and a beautiful lawn. As a matter of fact, our neighbors, a lawyer on one side and a chemist on the other, help with the gardening during the summer. Al pays them back in the fall and winter, for he's quite handy with carpenter's tools and loves to putter.

Our only child, six-year-old Ramona—we call her "Mona" so the two of us won't get confused—agrees with her mother that the sun sets and rises on Al. Every morning when she gets up she asks, "Will Daddy be home today?" Of course, from March through September, she usually gets a negative answer. But when Al does have one of those rare evenings at home Mona refuses to wear her blue jeans or play dresses. She primps up and dons only the best for Daddy.

AL IS CRAZY about her and makes those infrequent hours at home count. He plays Old Maid with her or teaches her acrobatics. Mona likes to play piano for Daddy. She couldn't help learning around me, although I don't believe in formal lessons for a child of her age.

Mona has learned a lot about baseball, just as I have. In the days when Al covered only Giant games, (Now with Al announcing all games, we show no partisanship.) I got to know the players and their wives. Sid Gordon, Willard Marshall, Buddy Kerr and Sheldon Jones were all sweet guys. Johnny Mize and his wife Jean were particularly good friends. Once Johnny talked Al into his uniform before a regular game and it was rather amusing.

"You used to play ball," Johnny coaxed. "Why don't you get out there."

That was in 1949, and in the pre-game

"WE'LL SETTLE down and live like real people," I told Al when we got married. And we honestly tried for a while. We first met before the war, when we were both working at Mutual. I had my own musical program. Al and Red Barber were doing baseball. We couldn't help noticing Al. He's a brawny six-foot-three with the kind of face that a young artist told me she would like to chisel on the side of a mountain.

In 1943 Al and I began seeing each other with the sudden realization that we were in love. We talked about getting married. Al was in the Naval Reserve, on active duty at Miami. I went to the Olympia Theatre in Miami for a two-week engagement, found that Al could get away occasionally to see me, and stayed—playing the Bali Club—for two months.

We were talking about the wedding then, only postponing it until he got a leave. I bought a complete wedding ensemble, safely stored it in my mother's home and began an extended theatre tour. I was in Boston when Al phoned.

"I'm calling from Solomon's Island."

I nearly fainted away. Although it would have been impossible to phone from the Solomon Islands in the Pacific, naturally it was what I thought of. "It's in Maryland," he added quickly and went on to invite me to a wedding the next day in Baltimore. Our wedding.

I was nearly in tears when I got to Baltimore the next morning, for I didn't have time to pick up all of those special clothes. In fact, I remember changing dresses in the railroad station for the ceremony. But married we were on June 14, Flag Day. Al was a Commander in the Navy and so handsome in his white uniform he took my breath away. Neither of us, however, looked groomed for long. As usual on parade days, it rained, and we were caught in the storm. When we got to a train, to begin our honeymoon and continue my theatre tour, the train was jammed. You know what travel was like during the war—anyone was lucky to find room to stand in the aisle. And that's exactly what we did.

"This is no way to begin a honeymoon," Al said. "I'll be back in a few minutes."

He was gone ten and when he came back, we had a drawing room all to ourselves. And so Al spent his two-week leave with me.

Al gets cross when anyone mentions his war experiences in print. He doesn't believe in trading on such things in his business. But as his wife, I have some prerogatives and one of them is rightful

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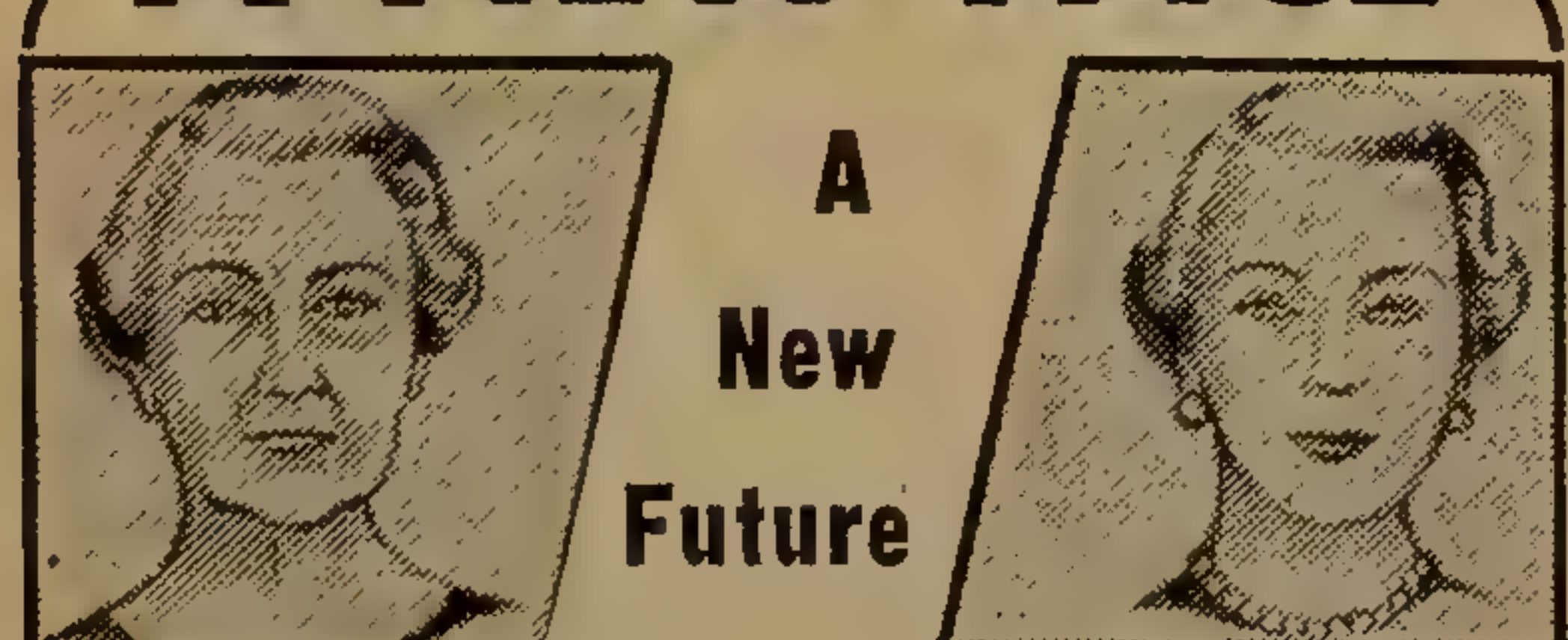
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warmup Al came out on the field wearing Johnny's uniform while Johnny hid in the dugout. The players knew what was up, but Manager Leo Durocher didn't. Al was taking peps, sweeping up the ball and whipping it back but it wasn't long before he began to slow up. "You're getting as slow as an old woman, Mize," Durocher called, or words to that effect.

When Al turned grinning, I think Durocher was a bit relieved. So was Al. The last game he played was an exhibition in 1939 when he pitched with the Dodgers. He got one of his prize souvenirs that day. Because Al is such a big man, he couldn't find a Dodger uniform that fit. Babe Ruth, who was on the field, gave Al one of his old Yankee uniforms. That, of course, hangs with Al's other souvenirs which include a ball cap from every team in both leagues.

AL IS NOW on the air seven days a week and this season has taken off only one day. That happened when Mona had her tonsils out.

We had telephone calls all day long from all over the country. One woman called from the mid-west, said she was seventy-eight, and asked to be called "Grandma." I don't get jealous of "Al's gals," as the men on production call them. I don't blame them for getting excited. Of course, they treat Al as one of the family and write, "We wait for you so we can just sit back to talk baseball."

And then they are always sending gifts, usually the most luscious foods. When we got a twenty-two pound smoked ham from Kentucky, it was just too much for the family. Al invited all of the men who work the broadcast to come up to the house after a New York ball game. He announced this over the air. Before the game was over he had a telegram from Utah. "Crate of strawberries now enroute by air for your ham dinner."

Al's a good friend, a man who likes people. When he has evenings free, neighbors come over for conversation and music.

But I am solely housewife and mother, I keep away from network studios and agents who might inveigle me into a "few" engagements. My hands are full running the house, raising our daughter and keeping Al's accounts. My next-door neighbor, Ruth Muller, mother of a six-month-old baby, is a concert violinist who has appeared many times on TV. We get together for frequent musical evenings. I do a lot of reading, too, and enjoy television. But my life really begins again the moment Al returns home, no matter how tired he is, which reminds me of the most difficult job I have. That is getting Al awake in the morning. When he gets home after midnight and must be up at six in the morning to take off again, you can readily understand how exhausted he is. I coax and finally get him walking. I make sure he has enough shirts and underwear in his bag, for a man his size can't always find clothes that fit.

I drive him to LaGuardia Field and we talk about Mona, baseball, something to fix in the house, or just about us. And when he turns at the cabin door of the plane to wave goodbye, I get goose bumps all over. The plane takes off . . . And I'm a baseball widow again.

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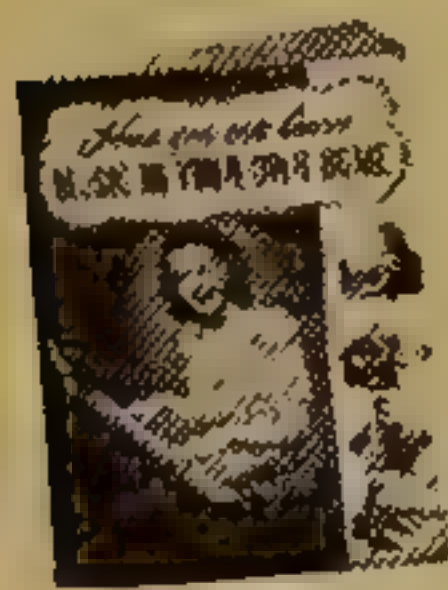
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Daytime diary



AUNT JENNY How far can a wife go in trying to help her husband? In Aunt Jenny's story about the Bakers, Laura is faced with the problem of knowing she can help Jim get the job he needs if she will go to her ex-boy friend, Phil Porter, and ask for it. Pocketing her pride, she finally does talk to Phil, and Jim gets the job. But Phil can't keep from rubbing it in, and the Baker marriage is almost wrecked until Phil's sister steps in.

M-F, 12:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Despite the efforts of Rupert Barlow to undermine their marriage, Mary and Larry Noble are happier than ever as Larry begins work in the revival of the play in which he first starred last year on Broadway. Still determined to part the Nobles, Rupert brings to New York charming Dora Dean, the young movie actress, who had fallen in love with Larry while he was working in Hollywood.

M-F, 4 P.M. EDT, NBC.

BIG SISTER Ruth and Dr. John Wayne have been through many emotional ups and downs in the course of their married life, but never one more shattering than that caused by the interference of Millard Parker. Has Parker actually managed to convince John that he has valid reason to be jealous of Reed Bannister? Reed made no secret of once having loved Ruth Wayne . . . has he changed, or is Parker right?

M-F, 1 P.M. EDT, CBS.

BRIGHTER DAY Because she and her father cannot agree on her responsibility to her baby, Althea Dennis is drifting farther away from family attachments. Reverend Dennis is pained by this, but refuses to allow Elizabeth to go on sacrificing herself for her selfish sister. Is he justified in hoping that some good will come to Liz from her California trip? Will she renew her contact with Manny Scott—and Nathan Eldredge?

M-F, 2:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL "The Full Moon Murder Case" involves reporter David Farrell and his wife Sally in the slaying of a famous song-writer, who is stabbed to death near a wooded section of his country estate. The case becomes complicated when it is learned that a lunatic, escaped from a nearby asylum, was at large at the time of the crime. What leads does David uncover to help the police capture the murderer?

M-F, 5:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

GUIDING LIGHT Too late, Bertha Bauer awakens to the realization that she herself may have driven Bill into the arms of another woman. Has he left Bertha for good, or will she get him back, as she vows to do? Meta also is having emotional problems with the hostile children of reporter Joe Roberts. And Trudy, planning a Mexican trip, does not know that it will be all the more exciting because of a man named Clyde Palmer.

M-F, 1:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

HILLTOP HOUSE Julie Paterno finds a wry kind of humor in reflecting on the astonishingly bad taste of Dr. Jeff Brown-ing as far as choosing wives is concerned. His first brief marriage was a disastrous experience, and now, when he was on the verge of marrying Julie, her scheming cousin Nina swept him into a whirlwind elopement. How long will it be before Nina shows him at last what her true colors are?

M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, CBS.

JUST PLAIN BILL Bill Davidson and his daughter Nancy are trying to help Bill's old friend, Stanley Warner, through a crisis in his life. In a tragic accident, Stanley ran over and killed his son. Nancy is especially sympathetic because her first child was killed in similar circumstances. But Stanley's wife, Bessie, hysterically, refuses to believe it was an accident, and has accused her husband of murder.

M-F, 5 P.M. EDT, NBC.

KINGS ROW Red-headed, beautiful Randy McHugh finds herself helpless in the emotional tangle of an impossible love when she and Dr. Parris Mitchell acknowledge their feeling for one another. For Parris has an invalid wife from whom his conscience will never permit him to free himself. What happiness can there be for these two? Will they have to renounce one another—or is there another way?

M-F, 3:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Learning that Colonel Bell has plotted against him, Barry has a furious quarrel with the Colonel which is made doubly significant when shortly afterwards the Colonel is poisoned. He might have killed himself, but the police think Barry did it, and when Chichi learns of Barry's trouble she astounds Papa David and herself by leaving her wheel chair to walk to the phone to talk to him.

M-F, 3 P.M. EDT, NBC

MA PERKINS Though Fay manages to conceal the extent of her disappointment, the Perkins family and their friends have no doubt that she is much upset when a business commitment forces Spencer Grayson to postpone their wedding. However, Ma insists that young Tom Wells come to her house to convalesce after his accident, so Fay and Ma have plenty to do. Is Fay almost too interested in Tom's successful recovery?

M-F, 1:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Lawyer Alison Gray obtains a confession in which Lord Henry Brinthrop confesses to the murder of Keith Carlyle. Sunday, knowing her husband is innocent, works desperately to vindicate him before Alison has a chance to proceed with her plan to present the confession to the authorities. But in her efforts to save Henry, Sunday naturally comes close to the real murderer, thus exposing herself to terrible danger.

M-F, 12:45 P.M. EDT, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Because Sadie Mercer was so kind to Mr. Young while he was imprisoned by the two hoodlums recently, the whole Young family tries to help when Sadie marries Eddie Barker. Mr. Young gets Eddie a watchman's job at the bank and the young couple seem set for a happy life in Elmdale when suddenly Gil, Sadie's old boy friend, appears and begins to threaten her. Will her past trap Sadie?

M-F, 3:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

PERRY MASON Lawyer Perry Mason tangles with one of the most dangerous adversaries of his career when Anna B. Hurley fights him over the strange affair of May Grant and her daughter. Nobody except those intimately involved was ever supposed to learn the truth about the little girl. But when Perry discovers the link between May Grant and glamorous star, Kitty Di Carlo, he knows he holds the key to Anna's downfall.

M-F, 2:15 P.M. EDT, CBS.



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Daytime diary

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS When Carolyn became the wife of Governor Miles Nelson, she was too mature to believe that only happiness lay ahead, but she was not entirely prepared for the sinister forces that were already conspiring to affect not only their marriage, but Miles' career. Annette Thorpe, powerful and wealthy, has not resigned herself to losing Miles to Carolyn. In what subtle way will she try to get what she wants?

M-F, 3:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE Dr. Jim Brent, his friend Frank Dana, and others in Merri-mac who are concerned stand aghast as the truth about the Overton family begins slowly to emerge from concealment. Jim, as a doctor, and Frank as an editor, are instrumental in exposing the activities of the Overtons, but how will this affect Jim's relationship with Jocelyn McLeod, the lovely niece of the Overtons, who interests Jim so much?

M-F, 3:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Believing that Gil is finally lost to her after his marriage to Cynthia Swanson, Helen Trent continues with her career as an important Hollywood gown designer, uncertain what place wealthy Barclay Bailey may come to have in her life. Columnist Daisy Parker, Helen's enemy, convinces Barclay's mother that Helen is indeed the fortune hunter Mrs. Bailey believes her to be. Will Barclay listen to his mother?

M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

ROSEMARY Bill Roberts, on the point of straightening out his marriage to Rosemary, is stunned when Blanche Weatherby dies of a bullet wound after accusing him of shooting her. In spite of the story told by Rosemary's friend Blondie, which refutes Blanche's story, the police take Bill into custody. Rosemary immediately leaves Springdale to be with Bill in New York, hoping she can help in some way to prove his innocence.

M-F, 11:45 A.M. EDT, CBS.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON Never before, in the course of her happy life with Stan, has Terry Burton faced quite the problem that beautiful Amy Westlake poses. Stan's new partner at the Burton Store is not only a lovely woman but a very shrewd one. To Stan, she appears merely intelligent, but Terry cannot help suspecting that Amy's mental activity is directed toward success with Stan rather than with the store.

M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS Stella's distrust of Ben Jasper is well founded, for he is part of the gang of jewel thieves headed by Keith and Virginia Manton. Keith plans to "retire" after the gang's current job is concluded, but Ben Jasper has become more ambitious. He is determined to marry Laurel's friend Hollis Page, who will inherit a fortune when her grandmother dies. Though she doesn't know Ben's plans, Stella suspects the worst.

M-F, 4:15 P.M. EDT, NBC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Peg Martinson has very nearly achieved her goal of ruining Nora's life. Armed with proofs which she herself does not know to be faked, Peg has used her influence as a trustee of Page Memorial Hospital to force Dr. Jensen to ask Nora and Dr. Robert Sergeant to resign. Nora and Dr. Sergeant are unable to protect themselves against the charge of financial juggling. Will this trouble ruin their romance?

M-F, 2:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

WENDY WARREN Though Mark Douglas' adventure in Europe is now behind him, his continuing nightmares and incomplete flashes of remembrance indicate to his friends that he has not recovered from the rigors of his captivity. Anton, on behalf of the Intelligence Department, asks Wendy to try to help Mark remember, for he may be suppressing vital information. Will this hold up Wendy's marriage to Mark?

M-F, 12 Noon EDT, CBS.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE James Carter finds renewed faith in the solidity and loyalty of his family life when he learns that the mysterious business which occupied his son, Jeff, was far from discreditable. When Jeff finally takes his father and mother into his confidence, James is so relieved and happy that his relations with his other children, strained by his fear that they were drifting away, become happy once more.

M-F, 4:45 P.M. EDT, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Anne Malone, uncertain of the feelings or desires of her estranged husband, Jerry, postpones solution of her own problem with regard to Sam Williams, whom she planned to marry after divorcing Jerry. Does this mean that Sam's son, Gene, will renew his hopeless efforts to persuade Anne that she is in love with him, a boy ten years her junior? What will happen to Gene's ill-starred marriage to Crystal?

M-F, 1:30 P.M. EDT, CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Victoria Loring, sister of Dr. Anthony Loring, has been Ellen Brown's enemy ever since Anthony and Ellen first fell in love. When Ellen now learns that Victoria herself is in difficulties which may end in the disruption of her own marriage plans with fortune-hunting Cornelius Drake, she tries to help the completely unhappy Victoria. But her efforts only manage to increase Victoria's enmity.

M-F, 4:30 P.M. EDT, NBC.

REMEMBER THIS DATE

(Continued from page 27) sail to an unexplored land, where they could worship as free men.

There were villains aplenty on their ship. Not only was the Captain a rough pirate in the pay of Brewster's enemies, but renegades had been planted among his followers to usurp his leadership. The boat itself was primitive, with leaky decks and cracked beams. On board this ship went decent, God-fearing men with their children and wives. Some died, many were violently ill. After two months on the ocean, the Captain landed them—not in a warm climate where they would have a chance to survive winter, but in the cold November of the north. Before Brewster and his friends went ashore, they drew up a paper that made them the first democratic body to reach the new world. They signed the famous "Compact" by which the first "civill body politick" was organized with "government by consent of the governed."

Perhaps you've guessed that I'm talking about the Pilgrims who landed at Plymouth Rock. Sure, we remember the courtship of Priscilla Mullins by John Alden and Captain Myles Standish—but how about the bravery of the Warrens and Whites and Cookes and Fletchers and all of the women and children? We remember them on Thanksgiving, celebrating their first harvest—but that came later, much later. The act of supreme courage came when they left Holland, in spite of unknown dangers, savagery, starvation and death to win the dignity of free man and his right to think and worship as he pleased. So I say, remember this date of momentous undertaking, September 6, 1620.

PEPPER YOUNG

(Continued from page 39)

Meanwhile Mrs. Trent's plans to break up Carter's marriage gathered momentum. She hired a thug, Gil, to uncover a "past" in either Pepper's or Mr. and Mrs. Young's lives. When this failed, she instructed Gil to frame a scandal in whatever way he thought most effective. This turned out only too well—Sam was charged with robbing the bank and killing the night watchman. Since the night watchman, on his deathbed, had said Sam was the last person he had seen, the case seemed airtight. However, Sam obtained permission from the sheriff to pick up a lead in Chicago and try to clear his name. In Chicago he located Sadie Mercer, Gil's girl friend. Sadie finally broke down and gave him the names of the thugs—which he, in turn, relayed to the police. But before the police could find Gil and his gang, the gangsters kidnapped Sam and, it was assumed, killed him. This latest violence was more than Mrs. Trent could stand. She confessed her role to Carter. But before she could tell the sheriff, the police located Sam unharmed and he returned to Elmwood a free man.

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WHEN HAZEL stopped off at the Barbours' on her way home, she found everybody there busily talking about Margaret. She had been calling, it seemed, all afternoon, trying to locate her mother.

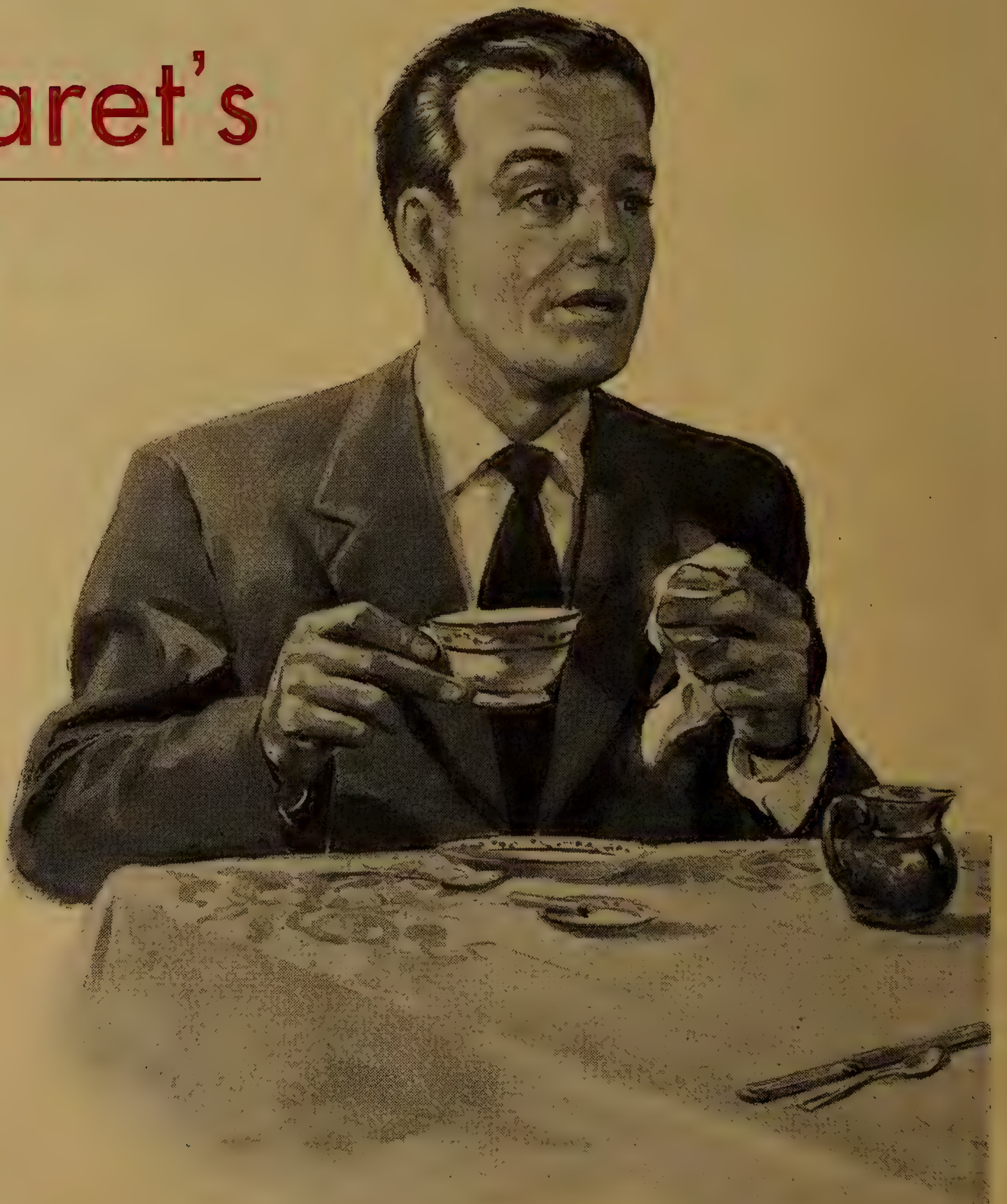
"It sounded like something dreadfully important, Hazel dear," Fanny Barbour said, handing her daughter a fragrantly steaming cup of tea with an affectionate smile. "Margaret isn't in any kind

of trouble, I hope. Is she, Hazel?"

"Margaret doesn't even get into trouble," Hazel said gloomily. "She doesn't get into anything. She's in an awful stage—I don't know what to do with her. Why, just last night at dinner, after Dan had kidded her about asking for two helpings of chocolate cake, she looked at him and wailed, 'What difference does it make how fat I get? I never get a date anyway.' And then she pushed

Margaret's "Barbour Book"

*A first love,
a first big dance,
escorted by
the boy of her
dreams . . . she's
growing up, thought
Hazel—or is she?*



*"What does
it matter how fat
I get," wailed
Margaret pushing
her plate away, "I'll
never get a date!"*

her plate away, muttered about being the only girl who hasn't had a date this term, and dashed out."

Cliff, who was spending one of his rare afternoons at home, grinned. "I think she's going to be a good-looking gal when she gets started. She was crying on my shoulder all afternoon, before she went home, about how none of the kids at school ever date her. I don't (Continued on page 92)

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(Continued from page 91) think she's that much worse-looking than most of the girls her age, from what I've seen."

"Well, thank you," Hazel said sarcastically. "There's nothing wrong with Margaret's looks. She just isn't as forward as some of the others. That Geraldine friend of hers—purple lipstick an inch thick. I don't know what the child's mother can be thinking of to let her go around like that. And the clothes. . ." Hazel shuddered.

Fanny said comfortably, "Margaret always looks neat and tidy to me. And she has a very pretty complexion. But she does look as though she isn't having too good a time, dear. Couldn't you do something about it?"

"What?" Hazel challenged. And Fanny had to admit she didn't really know. "Anyway," Hazel went on, "it's just this boy-crazy phase she's going through. You know how Margaret has always been—she gets these periodic enthusiasms and throws herself into them with such feverish abandon that nobody can live under the same roof with her. Then it runs its course, and there's a dull period, and all of a sudden bang—as Hank and Pinkie used to say—she's off to the races again. I think this business about dates is pretty much the same thing. It will follow the same course, I tell myself. But in the meantime, well—you've seen her. The great Queen of Tragedy. Nobody has ever, ever suffered as Margaret Murray is suffering now."

Cliff reached for another piece of marble cake. "I don't think you've got it right, Sis. After all, Margaret's fourteen. I'd be inclined to say that as far as she's concerned, this business about boys and dates is here to stay."

"Maybe," Hazel said. "But somehow I don't think so." She frowned, remembering the complete childishness of Margaret's pout. She had looked about ten. . . "I know it will come sooner or later. But I don't think this is it. She's not ready, it seems to me. If only she'd get over this Rodney Dwyer business—"

"That's it!" Fanny said happily. "That's what I couldn't remember. She said to tell you, Hazel, if we saw you or spoke to you, that it was about Rodney Dwyer and would you please hurry home at once."

"Please, please, hurry, as I remember it," Cliff grinned.

Hazel put a hand to her forehead with a groan. "Oh, no. Not Rodney Dwyer. I can't stand it. Probably she went into the Soda Bar and he was there, and she's been having hot-and-cold fits ever since. Mother," she pleaded, "couldn't I just stay here for dinner and not go home at all? I can't face any more of Rodney Dwyer—and as for Dan, he may just leave home."

But of course she went, almost at once. Prepared for some trivial incident involving the worshiped Rodney, and prepared, too, to give it the quiet, enduring attention she felt a mother should offer, Hazel was surprised to find a Margaret she hardly recognized waiting impatiently on the porch. She laid eager hands on Hazel and drew her inside. "Where have you been? I'm on pins and needles. Wait till I tell you—" Blazing with radiance, she danced around impatiently while Hazel went upstairs to change. "Listen, will you? I've got a date with him! For the big dance!"

Hazel stopped stock still on the stairs. Her impulse was to say, "I don't believe it." But it must be true if Margaret said it. And the child was transformed. In fact she was so radiant she looked positively feverish. She ran upstairs and into Hazel's room, pulled a housecoat out of the closet and tossed it on the bed. Then she got down and began pulling off Hazel's shoes. She had so much energy, all of a sudden, that she apparently didn't know what to do with it.

"Just listen, will you, sit there and I'll tell you all about it," she chattered. "Don't do a thing but listen and tell me what you think I was just sitting there on the porch, see, and the phone rang! And it was Jerry—Geraldine Connor, you know." Margaret sat back on her heels, savoring again the glory of that moment. "She said—Mother, she said that Rodney Dwyer had agreed to take me to the dance next week."

Hazel was immediately annoyed. "What do you mean, he had agreed?"

"Well, he had asked Jerry—everybody asks her, you know how simply desirable she is—but she already told Frank Perkins she'd go with him. Only Rodney's

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a pretty important guy around school—basketball and track and all that—so Jerry was in a quarry.”

I wish she were, Hazel thought, but automatically she said, “In a quandary, dear.”

“Yes, well. So Jerry—she thinks awful fast, you know—she said would he take me, and if he did, we’d all be together anyway. We’d be double-dating, see; and we’d be the same party. And Rodney...” Margaret’s eyes took on the calf-like glow that made Hazel want to kick her. “He said... he would.”

WELL, THOUGHT Hazel, of all the out-and-out calculating nerve, that girl Geraldine really has it. Then she looked more closely at Margaret. There was no question in her daughter’s happiness. As far as she was concerned, a pearl of enormous price had been laid in her lap with no strings attached. Beyond the blazing fact that she would be going to the dance with the great Rodney, she saw no shadows—no maneuvering on the part of that calculating little minx who called herself a friend; no reluctance on the part of Rodney, no condescension... Hazel smiled inwardly, remembering her conversation with Cliff. “That’s one for me,” she thought. “Margaret is still a child. She’s not really ready, not really involved emotionally with this dating business. If she were, she’d be crying her eyes out because Rodney Dwyer had to be worked into a date with her, and that the only reason he agreed was to be with Geraldine Connor.”

Hazel put a loving hand on her daughter’s shoulder. “I think it’s tremendous,” she said loyally. “It’s terribly, terribly exciting. Let’s go down and get dinner, and tell Dan, shall we?”

Dan, surely the most affectionate and devoted stepfather in the world, was suitably delighted at the news. He talked about Rodney of his own free will all through dinner, asking questions about the boy’s scholastic and athletic achievements quite as though the next step were to inquire about his intentions. Margaret was so delighted by his interest that she gave him an extra kiss before she asked to be excused and left Dan and Hazel to their second cups of coffee. She ran upstairs, and they heard her rummaging around in drawers and closet. Then there was a brief period of silence, and she came slowly down the stairs again and stood in the doorway. One hand was raised to clutch the door-frame; the other lingered at her throat in a gesture that was pure Bette Davis. Head thrown back, mouth tense with emotion, she said starkly, “Mother. I can’t possibly go. I haven’t a thing to wear.”

There was a slight explosion as Dan gulped over his coffee. He put the cup down and looked soberly at Hazel, but his eyes were gleaming with suppressed laughter. “Happy day,” he said. “Today we are a woman.”

“Not quite,” Hazel said softly. “Not quite.” To Margaret, she said, “Don’t worry, dear. We’ll go out Monday or Tuesday and get you something pretty. White organdie, perhaps.”

“A real formal? Oh, mother, a real evening thing, with no shoulders and a fluff—” Words failing her, Margaret

made gestures around her bosom. “Oh, I’m so ecstatic I could scream,” she cried, and flew up the stairs again.

Hazel frowned, not quite knowing why she was suddenly nervous. “She oughtn’t to be too happy. She ought to take it a bit easier. Anything might happen...” She didn’t say aloud what she was thinking, that with a girl like Geraldine Connor involved, something was bound to happen.

It happened on Monday, and it turned out to be about Clifford’s new car. Cliff Barbour always had the most noticeable car in town, but his new one, a Bernadotte, was really stopping traffic. Everyone had noticed its gleaming cream-colored length and had commented on its extravagant red-leather upholstery. According to Margaret, it had created a sensation at school, and had earned her the only notice she’d had all term from the baseball team when Cliff had obligingly driven her down to the stadium to watch practice. Of course it wasn’t Margaret they swarmed over to see, but the car... but still they had to at least say hello to her when she was sitting right there.

“Rodney saw it last week,” Margaret said, standing in the kitchen doorway and worrying at her fingernails. She looked apprehensively at her mother. “Mother. Do you think I could dare ask Uncle Cliff if—if we could borrow it?”

“Borrow his new car?”

“For the dance.” Margaret shifted and twined her feet intricately around one another. Even her ankles looked worried, Hazel thought irrelevantly. When Margaret was happy she stood with her feet slightly apart, poised almost on tiptoe... “You see, Rodney asked Jerry to ask me to ask Cliff...” Her voice trailed away and she gazed at her mother in despair. She didn’t need to finish the sentence. Hazel blazed into anger again, but silently. Nerve! Had Rodney also said, “I won’t take her unless she can get her uncle’s car?” Hazel would have bet on it. That was the way it must have been, only crafty Geraldine was breaking it gradually, so it wouldn’t look too much like a plot. She opened her lips to tell Margaret flatly that she wouldn’t permit her to go at all, and then something in her daughter’s wary, piteous expression kept her quiet. “Remember,” she told herself. “Don’t start taking it seriously. If it’s good enough for Margaret, going like this, why destroy her pleasure? It’s not as if she were seventeen and this represented a first-class social crisis. It’s just a kids’ dance. Don’t make it important.”

ALoud, she said, “We’ll see, dear. If Rodney’s a good driver—”

“Oh, he is! He’s driven every other kind of car in this town. That’s why he’s so anxious—”

“We’ll see,” Hazel repeated. Privately she determined that Cliff should lend the car. He’d been very nice to Margaret, driving her around quite as though he were a devoted swain. He would do it if she asked him to.

A phone call later to Cliff got the desired results. Margaret, radiant again, relayed the news to Geraldine, and there was an animated review of the schedule for picking up the members of the party

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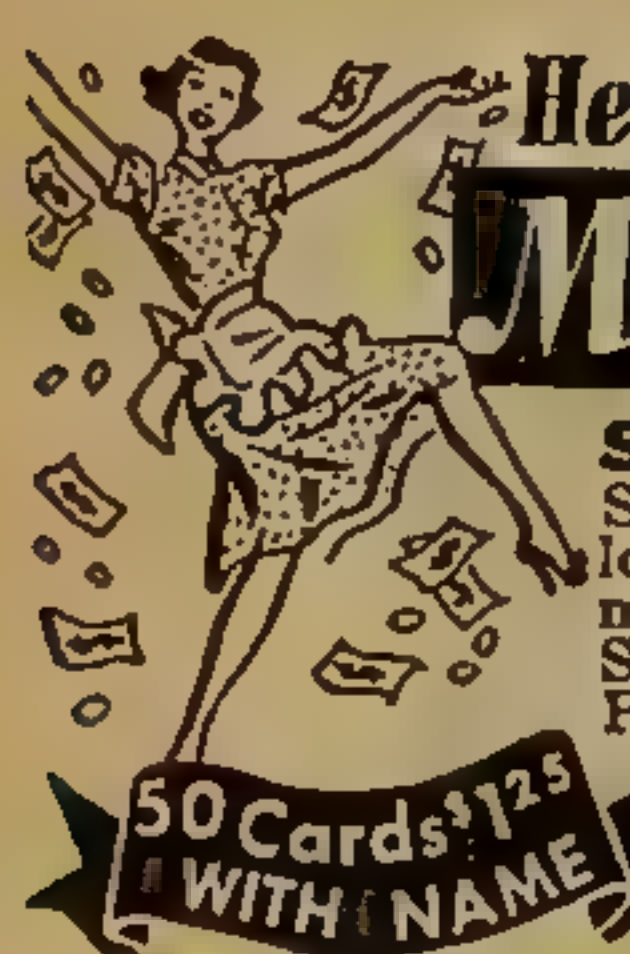


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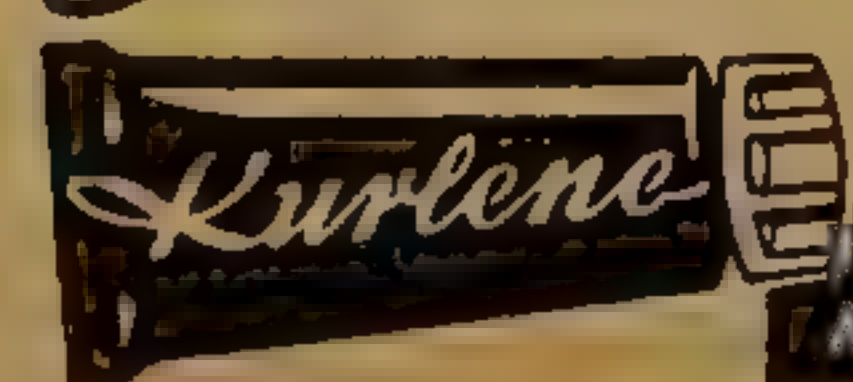
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on Saturday night who were going to have the dazzling honor of riding to the dance in Clifford's Bernadotte. It was the car they wanted, beyond a doubt—not Margaret! Hazel was briefly annoyed again. But Margaret was so happy—for the first time she was in the forefront of big things!

Having reached equanimity again, Hazel vowed not to allow herself to become disturbed by anything else pertaining to the big occasion. She was braced for a long siege of Rodney-talk; Rodney did this, Rodney said that, he stopped by my locker this afternoon, and so on. It was maddening, but after all very typical—as Fanny reminded her on the one occasion when she allowed herself a weary complaint. "Remember the Morkin boy?" Fanny asked gently, not looking up from her knitting. "The one you had such a crush on? You talked about him until your father made you put a nickel in the piggy-bank for every time you mentioned his name. You bought your first angora sweater with the proceeds, and by that time you wanted it to catch the eye of another little boy."

"But I was older," Hazel wailed.

"GIRLS ARE older younger these days," her mother said inexorably. And Hazel had to admit it was part of a mother's lot to bear her daughter's crushes.

She withstood Rodney; but for the business about the dress she was not prepared. Margaret had seemed so elated at the idea of white organdie that the dress had taken almost concrete form in Hazel's mind before they shopped for it. White and fragile, as a young girl's first dance dress should be; perhaps caught up here and there with a sprig of pink blossoms . . . charming and delicate. She and Margaret talked about it Tuesday night, and Hazel, caught up in her planning, didn't notice that Margaret kept saying, "But Mother . . ." and then not finishing the sentence. After dinner, Margaret asked permission to go to her grandmother's. It was after that that the calls began.

The first one was from Fanny herself, late Tuesday night after Margaret had come home and gone to bed. "Hazel?" Fanny asked. "Is Margaret asleep? I don't think it's good for her to know people talk about her. . . it's about her frock, dear. Margaret mentioned you were thinking of white."

Hazel uttered a non-committal sound. An unworthy suspicion invaded her.

"Well," Fanny said, "it's up to you of course, but don't you think Margaret's a bit pale for white? A pretty lilac, now—or pink. I wouldn't go so far as to say an out-and-out red—"

"Who would?" Hazel interrupted quickly.

Fanny coughed. "Please don't think Margaret's been trying to influence me, dear. It's just that I think she's right, you know—I think she's been talking it over with her little friends, dear, and they don't agree about white."

Hazel gripped the phone. Her little friends, eh? That Geraldine.

Claudia phoned the next morning, after Margaret had gone to school. After a few preliminaries, she got around to the subject of the dance, and Hazel was in

the middle of a sentence about how Margaret's excitement had reminded Fanny of her own girls, when suspicion seized her again. "Claudia," she interrupted herself to say. "Has that daughter of mine been at you too? She hasn't been talking about her gown, I suppose?"

"Well," Claudia said. "Now that you mention it, Margaret did drop in for a few minutes. Just to chat. Look, Hazel, she may be right. Had you thought about something more—well, more vivid?"

"As, for instance, red?" her sister asked grimly.

Claudia was shocked. "Red! Darling. nobody wears red. No, I was thinking of a turquoise, say, or one of those in-between greens. . ."

"We'll see, we'll see," Hazel said, and hung up abruptly. If I could get my hands round that little neck of Geraldine's, she thought, I'd—well. . .

By the time Cliff called, she was no longer surprised. Margaret had been a very busy little girl indeed, it seemed. But that was her way. Once get her teeth into a project, and she held on until shaken loose. And really, Hazel thought with a certain reluctant admiration, she had planned her campaign like a general. Cliff's suggestion, made laughingly but apparently in accordance with a solemn promise extracted by Margaret, was that a nice bright blue would go very well with the red upholstery of his car. "You want the boys to see her," he pointed out. "That's been her trouble up to now—she's tall and she'll have a figure one day, just as one day she'll be a green-eyed blonde, but right now she isn't—well, she hasn't realized her potentialities."

By two-thirty, when she could begin expecting Margaret, Hazel had recovered enough from Margaret's campaign to remember her sense of humor. She had even given the matter of the dress more thought, and was on the verge of deciding that they would try some brighter colors when Margaret, rather wary, came in. Nervously she examined her mother's expression, and relaxed slightly when Hazel kissed her with a smile.

"Milk and cookies on the kitchen table," Hazel told her. "Wash up and I'll get my hat. We'll have to scoot if we're going to get your dress."

"MOTHER, I—" Margaret said, shifting her weight. Hazel knew that gesture. She waited. "Jerry's here," Margaret said abruptly. She gestured. "Outside. On the porch. I wanted to let you know first."

"How wise you were," Hazel said ominously. She had never made a secret of her dislike of Geraldine, though she had never interfered with the friendship. But if Margaret's next ace in the hole was Geraldine Connor, if Geraldine was going to add her mite to the anti-white-dress movement, there would indeed be some fireworks. Her eyes must have shown her mounting anger, for Margaret said hastily, "Please don't be angry. I thought—I only thought maybe Jerry could explain about how a white dress was simply the outside. I mean, nobody wears them. I—"

"You were pleased enough with white the other night," Hazel pointed out.

"I didn't know any better! I've never

been to a dance," Margaret said miserably. "I got talking to Jerry and the others, and they said white was strictly for kids. Everybody'll be wearing tight slinky things—maybe even black—"

Hazel shuddered at the vision, but she didn't comment. The problem right now was Geraldine. One thing was certain—she wasn't going to sit calmly down and take that little snip's insolent guidance on buying the right dress for Margaret. Margaret couldn't see it, fortunately, but the whole situation was really a humiliating one for her, and Geraldine was wise enough to be perfectly aware of that.

"Margaret, we haven't much time—if we're going to get your dress at all today we'll have to rush. Give Geraldine some milk if you want, and tell her tactfully to go away. We're too busy. And don't be so upset and nervous, dear, it's only a dance. You'll be going to dozens of them. We'll get you whatever looks best on you; it needn't be white. Just hurry."

"Oh, mother," Margaret squealed, perfectly happy again. She hugged Hazel and ran out to the porch, there to dispose of Geraldine in some briefly efficient manner of her own. Hazel, going upstairs for her hat and purse, wondered just how she would do it. Forthrightly, no doubt. . . "My mother doesn't have time to talk to you, Jerry. She doesn't like you, you know, so I guess it's just as well if you don't talk to her. Anyway, I don't have to have white if I don't want it. . ." Yes, that would be Margaret's delicate way of handling it, most likely. She wouldn't see anything wrong with telling the truth.

But Geraldine might. . . Geraldine almost certainly would. Later, Hazel spared a moment to wonder if this snub which she had offered to the powerful Geraldine hadn't rebounded in some way to cause the final crisis. . .

It was, finally, a yellow dress. Triumphant they brought it home that evening, and after dinner treated Dan to a preview. He was enchanted. Pale daffodil-yellow, pike petals, folded about Margaret's thinness, which magically became slenderness. When you couldn't see how skinny her legs were, their length immediately became the asset they would one day be. And the color, with the small amount of make-up Hazel herself had applied, made Margaret into another girl.

"Why, she is a green-eyed blonde," Hazel marveled. "Just as Cliff said. She looks lovely." She was conscious of a

feeling of enormous relief. Somehow she hadn't hoped that even a perfect evening frock could make Margaret over into a smoothly pretty girl. She'd seemed too young and awkward for anything so superficial as clothes to alter. . .

Standing in the doorway, waiting almost in agony until she was sure they liked it, Margaret stared solemnly back at them. "Well?" she asked. "Well?"

"Margaret, it's perfect!" Dan said. "You look like—well, you look glamorous. You look at least eighteen. It's wonderful, Hazel, really. She'll be a knockout."

Margaret gasped. "Glamorous, me? Oh, Dan—really? You're not just—just—" She gulped, stared for a minute, and suddenly burst into tears. Hazel's own heart gave a sudden leap. Poor kid! She was in a state over this dance. "Have I been wrong?" she thought anxiously, as she put her arm around Margaret and went upstairs with her. "Is she really all wound up in the thing? Because if she is, and if something happens. . ."

But it was Thursday then, and what could happen between Thursday and Saturday? Hazel knew, secretly, that she had never for a moment been free from the nagging apprehension that something might happen, but—it hadn't happened yet, and there was so little time left. It must all go smoothly now. The car was assured. The dress was bought, and a great success. And Margaret—well, Margaret had practically detached herself from the real world and was floating somewhere above it, looking down pityingly upon ordinary workaday mortals. She, and nobody but she, was going to the year's big dance with Rodney Dwyer. Anything else that ever happened in her life, she told Hazel fervently, could be nothing but an anti-climax.

The only thing that could happen was that Margaret might work herself into a real illness from pure excitement. On Friday, she came downstairs on her way to school with color so high that Hazel anxiously felt her forehead. Margaret impatiently brushed the hand away. "I'm not feverish, Mother! I'm just excited, that's all. Didn't you used to be when you were young and going out formal?"

Hazel bristled slightly at the word 'young,' but had to admit that mere excitement was enough to explain her daughter's high color. "And you weren't even going with Rodney," Margaret pointed out; just this side of pity.

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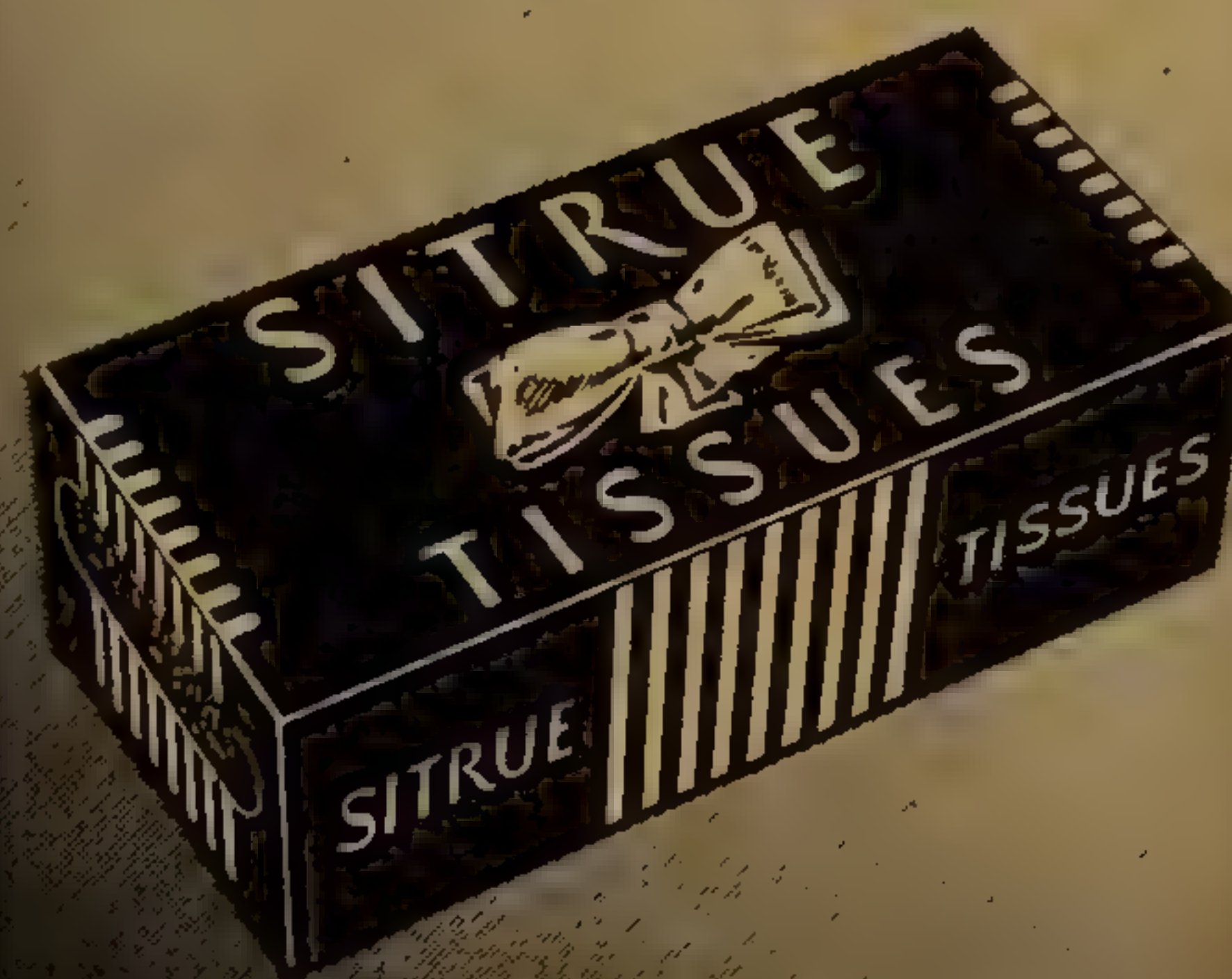
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She hoped and almost prayed for it all day long, and in fact she was probably right. It might indeed have begun to taper off, just a little, enough for Margaret to get a good night's sleep... except that that night, after dinner, Rodney Dwyer came to call.

RODNEY Dwyer himself. He was just a thin, gangling boy to Hazel, but catching some of Margaret's absolutely dumbfounded astonishment, she found herself almost fluttering as she invited him in. Margaret simply couldn't speak. Deathly pale, she stood like an agitated shadow in the hallway while Rodney awkwardly came in and shook hands with Dan. Then she murmured something indistinct and ran upstairs. It looked to Hazel as though she might be going to be sick to her stomach. She excused herself and followed, but Margaret was simply throwing cold water on her face and brushing her hair with feverish concentration. "Look like a scarecrow," she was muttering through clenched teeth. "Mother? Mother! Can you bear it? He's here! He came all by himself. Like a real date!"

"You weren't expecting him, were you?" Hazel asked.

"Expecting him? Expecting Rodney? How would I ever expect him to come see me? All by himself?" Margaret stared at herself desperately. "I look like a crow. Mother, how do I look? I can't change my clothes, can I? It would be too obvious."

"It certainly would," said Hazel, giving her a light spank on the bottom. "You look fine. Go on down and talk to him, that's all. And *relax!*" she hissed after Margaret down the stairs, but Margaret's rigid back continued to look as though it were on its way to an execution.

Shortly afterward, Hazel herself went down again. Dan had managed to engage the redoubtable Rodney in basketball talk, but it was hard going. Taking a hand, Hazel talked for a while about school in general, and then—some instinct coming to her aid—managed to work in the suggestion that there was no reason for Rodney and Margaret to confine themselves to the living-room. She had a peculiar, unshakable conviction that there was a reason for Rodney's call, that he hadn't been drawn there by an irresistible desire to see Margaret. She was certain of it when he fell upon her suggestion with all but a shout of relief, and immediately dragged Margaret off for a walk.

"Well," Dan said when they were gone. "Little Margaret is making progress, what? Seems like a nice enough boy."

"Yes, I suppose he is," Hazel said absently. She went to the window and adjusted the blind, peering out meanwhile to see what was going on. But they were nowhere in sight. Unable to sit still, she fidgeted around the room until called to attention by Dan.

"They've only been gone ten minutes, Hazel," he objected. "My word, if you're going to fidget every time Margaret goes

out on a date, well, you'll never relax."

"It's not a date," she said sharply. "Dan, I can't help it. I just don't feel right about the whole thing. That Geraldine..."

"Geraldine? Who's Geraldine?" Dan asked.

Hazel said, "Oh, well, it's all too silly." She made herself sit down then, and hold a book before her. But really, she knew, she wasn't reading. She was waiting, listening, holding her breath...

And then it came. The patter of feet on the porch stairs, the slam of the front door, the quick ascent as Margaret bypassed the living room and fled up the stair. And the final, full-stop of her bedroom door swung violently shut.

Hazel and Dan stared at one another. There was no mistaking the climactic quality of Margaret's disappearance. Even Dan's suddenly watchful expression announced that he knew something must have happened.

After a long, long time, Hazel dared to go upstairs. Outside Margaret's room she paused, but there was no sound. When she knocked, a perfectly even voice told her to come in. Margaret was lying flat on her back on the bed, staring up at the ceiling.

"Darling," Hazel said timidly. "What—"

"Don't ask me what happened. Don't ask me—anything but that," Margaret said dangerously. "I'll tell you, but don't ask me, I can't bear it."

Hazel waited. After a minute Margaret sat up and looked at her. Hazel felt a slight shock as she saw that after all the child hadn't been crying at all. She looked puzzled, yes, and maybe even as though she'd had an awful shock—but there were no tears. "You know what?" Margaret said. She gave her head a shake, as if to clear it. "I don't get it. You know what Rodney came over for? Well—it just happens that Frank Perkins has the measles, that's all."

Hazel frowned, puzzled. "Who's Frank Perkins?"

"Frank Perkins was taking Jerry, Mother, don't you remember? That's how it all started anyway—because she said she'd go with him. Well anyhow, he came down with measles so what Rodney came over for was to tell me that naturally he couldn't take me to the dance now. He'll have to take Jerry."

"WELL," SAID Hazel. She found that her hands were clenched, and made herself relax with an effort. It wouldn't do for her to get upset too; that wasn't the way to help Margaret. Everybody take it easy, she thought; that's the way: "That's pretty cool," she said. "That's one of the rottenest, meanest things I ever heard of."

"Isn't it?" Margaret said, nodding. "That's what I thought. I mean, to say the least, it's awful bad manners. If you make an appointment you keep it—unless you get sick or something, or unless you remember you made another one first. But he didn't say *that*—he just said of course he'd have to take Jerry now that she had no one to go with."

Geraldine, thought Hazel. If that wasn't a mother's instinct, I'll never have one. I knew that snip would find some way to work it all out the way she wanted it...

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she just used Margaret all along. Just used her.

"Naturally," Margaret said stonily, "I'm through with Jerry. After all if she has no better manners than that, well! But—" she sat up again. "Rodney. Think of it, mother. So—so—I mean, it was so belittling for him to come running over here just because Jerry sent him. Like a little dog, fetch and carry. . . You know something? I was so humiliated for him I couldn't even get angry! I just felt sort of pitying."

"Good for you," Hazel said. "I was afraid you'd—well, I thought you might be crying or something—"

Margaret jerked upright and turned rather wild eyes on her mother. "Cry—me? I wouldn't give them that satisfaction. Besides. . ." Her tone suddenly changed. She sounded oddly the way a cat might, looking at a saucer of cream. Her lips began to curl a little at the corners. "Besides. There's Uncle Cliff's car. Rodney really cared about that, you know, Mother. He and another fellow are fight-for the record of who has driven the most foreign cars, and the other boy is two up on Rodney now. There's one thing." There was now no mistaking the satisfaction in her voice. "Rodney Dwyer will have to grow six arms and three heads before he ever so much as gets to touch the fender of Uncle Cliff's car. That's something, Mother, isn't it?"

"YES, DEAR, it certainly is," Hazel said. She got up, feeling suddenly very inadequate. To go—to stay—which would be better? Studying Margaret's face, she got her cue. The smile had faded, and she thought she detected, at the neck of Margaret's sweater, a heightening pulse-beat and a certain amount of gulping. The tears were on their way, all right, in spite of Margaret's hardy words. Best to get out and let her cry them in peace. . .

If Margaret did cry—and certainly she must have—she didn't do it for long. Looking in on her silent room some time later—at about ten-thirty—Hazel and Dan found her sound asleep, curled round her pillow, fully dressed. Her shoes had slipped off, and they put a light coverlet over her and turned out the light and left her that way. It had been an amazing performance, a heartening display of fortitude, Dan said. "We'll never let her know how much we pitied her," he vowed. "Honestly, Hazel, I know it's all kid stuff, but I'd almost be willing to go out and give that kid the beating of his stuck-up life. The unmitigated gall of it!"

For a moment Hazel too looked rather grim. Then she smiled and laid her hand lightly over Dan's. "No matter. It's Margaret who counts. And if she can take it, we can too!"

She came down the next morning with some trepidation. Would reaction have set in? Maybe Margaret had merely been numbed by shock and her real despair would only begin to show gradually? There was the problem of the dress, too; it had been expensive, and couldn't be allowed to simply sit unused at the back of the closet. Not when Margaret could use a new suit and a few new sweaters to much better advantage.

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Pale, but steady, she ate an enormous breakfast, and then asked if she could go over to her grandmother's. She wanted to tell Cliff he needn't bother about the car. Cliff, Hazel thought, will have something to say about that Rodney Dwyer. Cliff, the sophisticated bachelor, was Margaret's idea of a man-about-town. His contempt of Rodney's crass behaviour would certainly be a valuable support for Margaret.

But Cliff, apparently, was even more upset than Hazel had expected. He called up and announced, full of righteous wrath, that they would soon see about people treating any niece of Clifford Barbour's in that fashion. "I, myself," he said, "will take that girl of yours to the dance. She'll have the best time of any of them."

"Darling, that's wonderful!" Hazel said happily.

"Well, it's the least I can do. Poor kid. And what's more she'll be the prettiest girl there. I'll see to that!"

Rescued, thought Hazel elatedly. How wonderful! The dress would be worn after all, and the car—Margaret would have the satisfaction of parading in the Bernadotte before all of them! Granted, going with your uncle was just a cut or two above going with your brother—but on the other hand everybody knew how popular Cliff was. If he was willing to forego his own engagements to spend a Saturday night with his niece, didn't it stand to reason—wouldn't the boys reason—that Margaret must have quite a lot to offer?

A little later, when Margaret came home, Hazel ran lightly downstairs to greet her, prepared for an overflow of effusion. But Margaret didn't seem excited. Yes, she agreed. Uncle Cliff had said he would take her to the dance. That was fine, she could wear her dress; it wouldn't be wasted.

"But aren't you pleased? You'll have a wonderful time with Cliff. Even better—" she stopped herself in the nick of time.

"Oh, I know, Uncle Cliff's a super dancer. It's swell." Margaret, seeing that her mother wasn't satisfied, added earnestly, "It really is swell, Mother. Don't think I don't appreciate it. Only—" She frowned, and her eyes took on that vague, puzzled look that always disturbed Hazel. Only this time Margaret wasn't vague, really. She was thinking. "Mother, do you remember Aunt Isobel?" she asked.

"Isobel." Hazel thought hard for a moment. Isobel. Dimly she recalled a thin, rather homely woman, tall, spinsterish. . . she couldn't decide whether she really remembered her or whether she had simply seen pictures of her. In any case—"Vaguely," she said. "Why?"

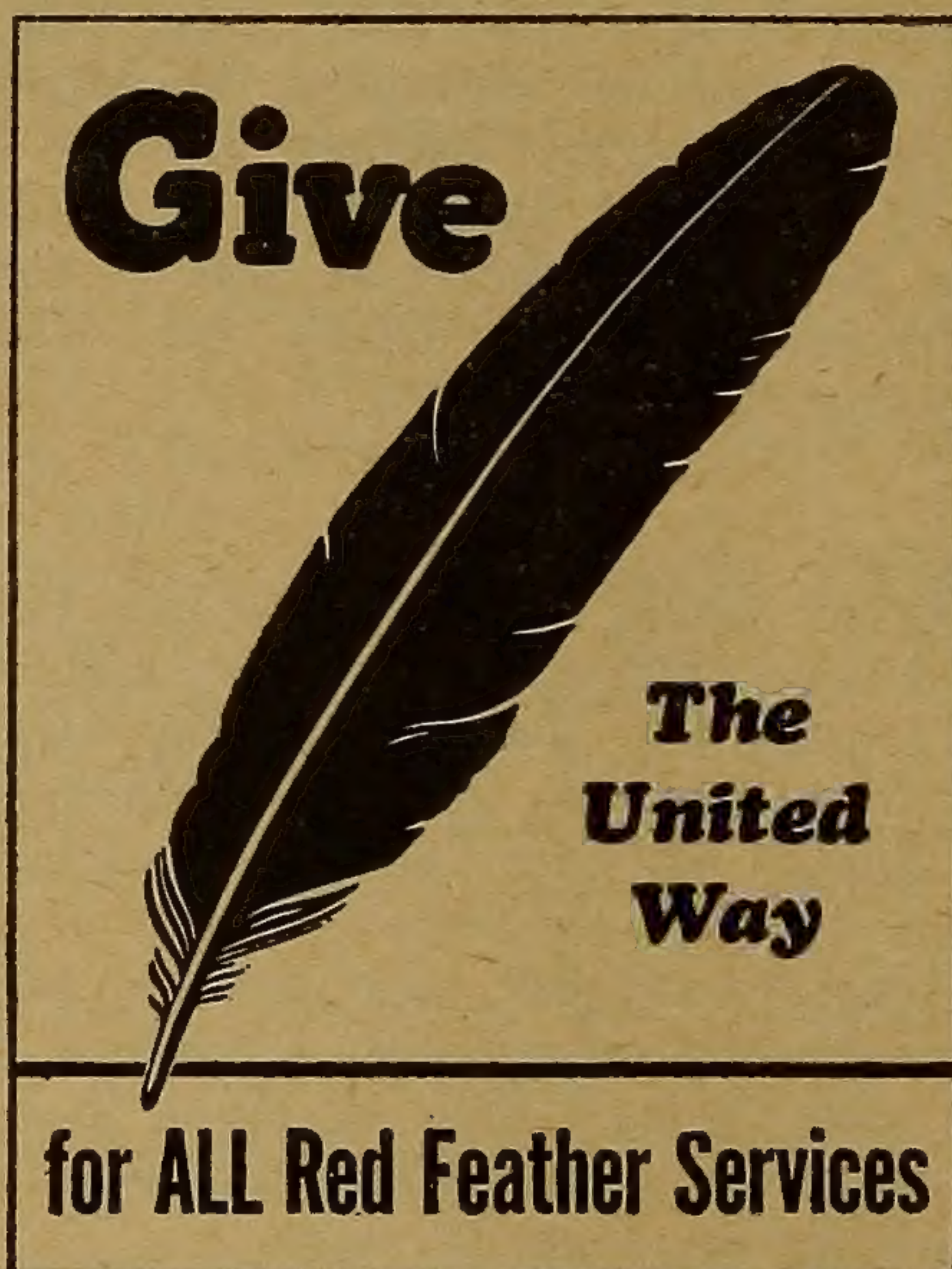
Margaret sighed. "She had a blighted romance, too. She never married. Grandfather told me."

Oh, dear! Hazel thought. Oh, no—not that! Anything would be better than to have Margaret drooping around the house, dramatizing her plight as a rejected woman, identifying herself with all the unhappy love affairs of all time. . . Spare us, she thought fervently. "She was just a sharp-tongued old maid, that's all," she said rather harshly. "Nothing romantic about Isobel. I don't know what Grandfather told you, but he was probably just pulling your leg. Why don't you go upstairs and rest a while, since you're going out tonight after all."

"All right." Margaret trailed upstairs obediently, but she still looked vague. A short time later she called down from the head of the stairs. "Mother? What about Aunt Claudia—didn't she have another love affair before Uncle Nick, even? And Uncle Cliff had two wives, didn't he?"

"What about it?" Hazel called back. What now—what strange tack was this the child was taking? She didn't like it. It would be better if she were carrying on about her disappointment, or swearing vengeance at Rodney and Geraldine, or even refusing to eat and locking herself in her room. . . But not this!

There was no further sound from upstairs, and Hazel went back to her lemon pie. But she was still disturbed, and slowly a vague suspicion at the back of her mind became more definite. Knowing Margaret . . . yes, knowing Margaret, it was possible. She could forget about the dance—at least forget about how important it had been yesterday—if she had suddenly developed another enthusiasm to take its place! But could she be as much of a child as that, still? Curiosity drove Hazel



upstairs. She had to find out, somehow. . .

Margaret wasn't resting at all. Con-torted over her desk, she was busily scribbling away, with a fat yellow pile of paper and several newly-sharpened pencils before her. She glanced up as the door opened, and grinned. "Mother, it's going to be swell—terrific! I've got to phone Grandfather and thank him."

"Thank him for what?" Hazel asked cautiously. She peered over Margaret's shoulder at what looked like a list of names. "What goes on?"

"Thank him for the idea, of course." Margaret added a name, underlined it, and and threw down her pencil. "Oh, I forgot, I didn't tell you. Listen, we got to talking, Uncle Cliff and Grandfather and I—Grandmother was out in the garden, so she couldn't interrupt the way she does, though of course I always like to talk to her—"

Hazel was conscious of a too familiar sensation. Margaret's on her horse again! Full speed ahead, all the details jumbled together so that you had to pick and poke to get the story—"Tell me simply," she said in desperation. "What did you talk about?"

"I'm going to write a book, that's what! *The Barbour Book*, maybe I'll call it—or we'll think of something else. But anyway

it got started with Aunt Isobel, and how she was blighted—I mean her love life, and that started because of me and Rodney, of course, though it's not important considering what a cheap character Rodney turned out to be—and then I got thinking about all the other romances that have happened in this family, with Uncle Cliff and Aunt Claudia and Uncle Paul, even, though I don't know how I'm going to get him to talk, but we'll see. . . And I can have pictures to illustrate it and everything. Isn't it stupendous?" Margaret finished on a squeal of excitement. "Grandfather says he'll tell me lots of stuff about San Francisco in the old days, and Mother—Uncle Cliff even said one of his school friends was a publisher and maybe he'd look at it when it was finished. I've started already, see?"

She waved her list under Hazel's nose. It was, indeed, quite long already. Hazel felt the grip of apprehension. If Margaret went around sticking her nose into all the old family love stories . . .

Then all her apprehension faded as she met Margaret's clear, bright, absorbed blue eyes. And the child had such color—why, it was like last week when she'd first heard about the dance, only better, much better! Bending, she kissed Margaret's forehead.

"I think it's a tremendous idea. Remind me tomorrow and I'll give you some pictures myself. But darling, look—it's getting rather late. Don't you want me to set your hair before you shower?"

"I guess so," Margaret said. "Just a sec." She licked her pencil and made a note, and then got up. "I couldn't work on it tonight anyway. Besides, I guess even real authors go out on Saturday night. They say no matter how devoted you are to your art you have to take some time off or you get sort of stale or something."

Hazel got the yellow dress from the closet and shook it out, hanging it on the giraffe-shaped clotheshorse that had been in Margaret's room from the time she was an infant. Margaret came up beside her, looking at the dress from half-closed eyes.

"Beauty, huh?" she said. "I guess I won't disgrace Uncle Cliff. Gee—wait till I tell him, Mother."

"Tell him—you mean that you won't disgrace him?"

"Oh, Mother!" Margaret gave a guffaw. "Tell him about the *book*! Wait till I tell him I've made an *outline*!"

Well, thought Hazel, I guess I'll have something to tell him too. That I was definitely right, about Margaret's not being ready yet to become a real adolescent. I'm glad I didn't get myself all worked up about that Geraldine. She knew what she was doing, yes, but as long as Margaret didn't, quite. . . what harm? Some girls mature so much later than others. With sudden fierce emotion, she offered up a little prayer of gratitude that she was to be allowed after all to have Margaret as a child for just a little longer. It might be only months. . . but it was something.

Margaret, looking for a hairnet, said thoughtfully, "On the other hand, maybe I shouldn't talk to Uncle Paul. He might be too—too reserved, don't you think? Mother—would you do it for me?"

"We'll see," Hazel said. "We'll see, dear." She must, she thought, remember to tell Dan, when she went downstairs, that Margaret was off to the races again.

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